DIARY

IN

CEYLON & INDIA,

1878-9.

BY

VISCOUNT HINCHINGBROOK.

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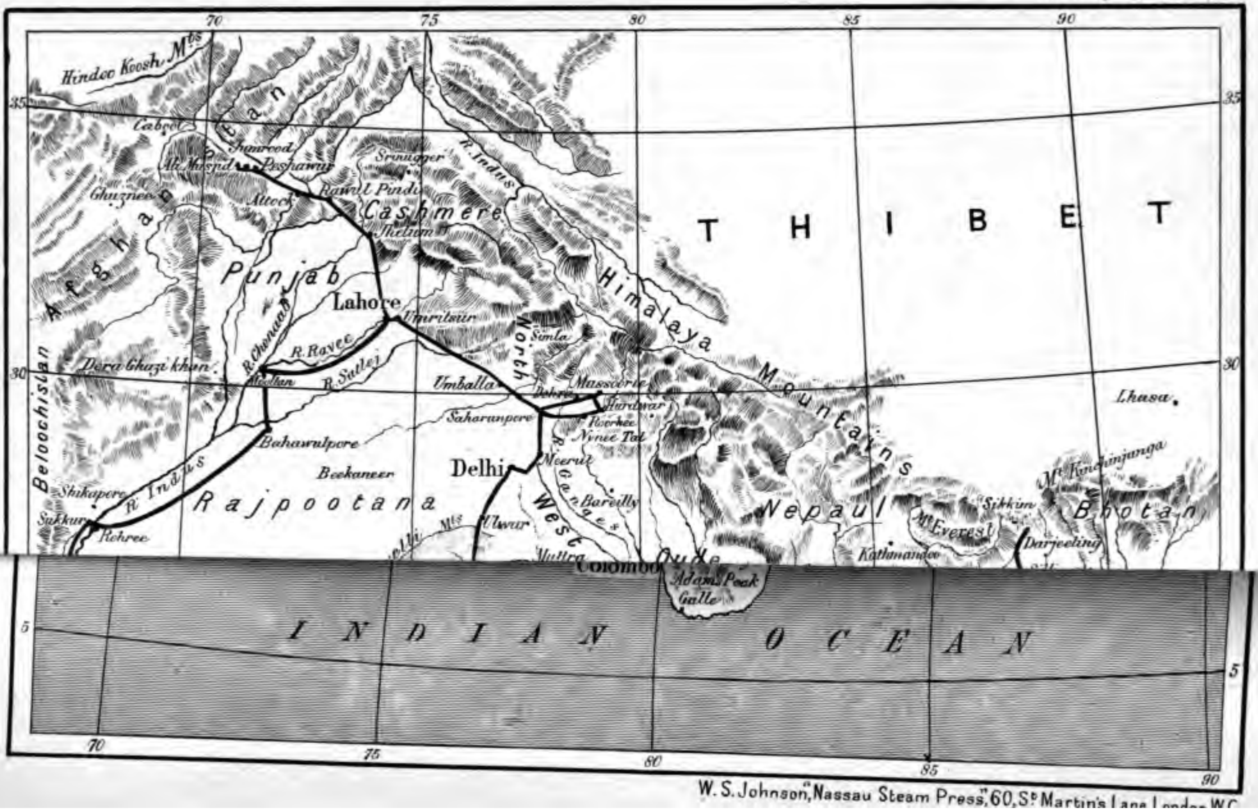
The following pages contain a short record of my daily life during my travels in Ceylon and India. Having been entertained in a very friendly and hospitable manner by men in the highest official positions and of the most conspicuous ability throughout the country, I naturally enjoyed opportunities of gaining much information with regard to Indian polity and administration, as well as other subjects, but I have omitted any allusion to such topics, as my intention has been simply to offer extracts from my diary to any friends who may be disposed to peruse them. Religious and historical matters have been briefly referred to, when it has been necessary to explain my object in visiting places of special interest.

INDIA

Shewing my Route



DIARY

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CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE TO CEYLON — COLOMBO — KANDY — LOGIE ELPHINSTONE — NUWARA ELIYA — PIDURU TALAGALA — RETURN TO COLOMBO.

I LEFT England on the 15th October, 1878, spent three days in Paris, and arrived on the beautiful, hot, still morning of the 20th at Marseilles at 6 a.m. Embarked at nine on board the Messageries Maritimes steamer, "Peiho," lying alongside the wharf, a magnificent vessel of 3173 tons, commanded by Captain Pasqualini. We got under weigh soon after 10 a.m.; the sea smooth as glass; a light south-west breeze. My *cabine de luxe* on deck is all that could be desired, roomy and airy, with four windows, containing a sofa besides the berth. The *cuisine* in all respects excellent. Passengers of all nationalities—Englishmen bound to Ceylon and China, French officers, monks, priests, and missionaries, Dutchmen for Java, Spaniards, Germans, Americans, Japanese, etc.—many of them very agreeable fellow-passengers.

October 21st.—Passing north of Corsica, we are off Elba early in the morning, and anchor in the bay of Naples at 4 a.m. on

the 22nd, from which hour Santa Lucia and every variety of Neapolitan music put sleep out of the question. Sail again at 9 a.m.; enter the Straits of Messina at 11 p.m. On the 24th, we coast along the south-west shore of Crete, and get fine views of the mountains. On the 26th, slacken speed at 1 a.m., so as to enter the canal at Port Said by daylight. After coaling, we are off at 6 a.m., and steam on slowly through the canal all day until dusk, when we make fast for the night at a "gare." The thermometer 77°. At daylight we proceed to Ismailia, where we are kept for some time to allow the homeward-bound P. and O., "Khedive," "Khiva," etc., to pass, so that, unable to get through the canal in two days, we are kept during another night at one of the stations—only eight miles from Suez. A pretty hot night, the sandflies very troublesome.

October 28th.—Anchor off Suez a short time, where a cool north breeze is very refreshing, and steam away down the Red Sea. Henceforth all is new to me.

October 29th.—The rocks "Two Brothers" are in sight, and we pass close to the Dædalus reef. This must have been dangerously in the track before the lighthouse was built, which a small steamer is provisioning, as we pass by. A pleasant life it must be to those in charge of the light! The wind being aft, it is very hot, and punkahs are already in full swing.

October 30th.—No land in sight. Excessive heat, which, in spite of a strong south wind, continues until we pass the Island of Perim, and through the Straits of Babel Mandeb about 5 p.m. on November 1st. Reach Aden at 4 a.m. on the 2nd. I am agreeably surprised with this much-abused station, and to hear from several people living here that it is not so black as it is painted. Land at 7 a.m. with a Swiss fellow-passenger, M. Favre, and have my first experience, at breakfast with the officers of the Royal Artillery, of the hospitality which greeted me everywhere during my travels. An hour's drive takes us to the native town and the far-famed Tanks. The

officers, 8th Regiment, give us luncheon, and show us the cantonments and camp. Another road, through a long tunnel, leads down to the shore, and back along the beach to Steamer Point. The boat arrangements at Aden are very good, under police supervision. Dine with the Royal Artillery. The white uniform of the officers, and the native servants at mess, are signs of our approach to India.

November 3rd.—It is too hot to renew the expeditions of yesterday; but the Hôtel d'Orient is less noisy than the steamer discharging cargo, and the Soumali boys, who swarm in Aden, are very droll. Their great idea for our amusement seems to be that they should fight each other, which we assure them is unnecessary; they are very black, with woolly hair, frequently dyed red or yellow, and are as much at home in the water as on land. The European hotels and stores are all together, in a large crescent, at the back of which is a considerable native town, inhabited by a strange mixture of Arab and African races. There is a general absence of garments, the younger members of the community being quite devoid of them. Visit the "Godavery"—the steamer which will take many of our fellow passengers to Les Seychelles and Mauritius—much smaller than the "Peiho," but apparently very clean and comfortable.

November 4th.—At 4 a.m., again under weigh. The rocky peaks of Aden are soon left behind, but land is in sight all day, and the sea perfectly calm. After leaving Cape Guardafui on the 5th, there is just swell enough to remind us we are entering the Indian Ocean. Socotra is passed during the night; there is more swell—and a slight shower on the evening of the 6th. The next day is the only disagreeable one of the voyage; a north wind, cloudy sky, very oppressive air, and sufficient sea to disturb the equanimity of very bad sailors. In the evening, however, the wind shifts to the south, and the atmosphere becomes very pleasant.

November 10th.—Service in the forenoon, and a sermon from

Dr. Harper, bishop of Christ Church, my former tutor, who is on his return voyage to New Zealand. We had not met for 19 years. Tremendous showers in the afternoon, and at night tropical rain—a very different thing from the drizzle we are accustomed to in England. The Maldive Islands are passed at night, and being only just above water, are visible only when very close.

We are now nearing Ceylon, after a voyage made under the most propitious circumstances. The heat, for four days, in the Red Sea, was certainly very great. I was obliged to get up, occasionally, at night, even in my deck cabin, with draughts in all directions, and, with as little clothing as possible, air myself on deck. With our steamer averaging 300 knots a day, with half a gale of wind ahead, even at night one continued in a melting condition—but as far as the motion of the vessel was concerned, it was imperceptible during the whole voyage except on the 9th, which was not a pleasant day to some on board.

November 11th.—At 5.45 a.m., from the forecastle, I get a splendid view of the sunrise over Ceylon. Adam's Peak gloriously clear, and the cloud effects magnificent; no description can convey the impression! We are soon amongst the Cingalese boats with their curious outriggers, on which one or more men sit —according to the strength of the breeze—to prevent the boat capsizing when under sail. The coast is low—a mass of cocoanut palms, with many villages consisting of huts under the trees. The native town of Colombo lies north of the harbour, and, except in size, looks much like the villages on the coast. To the south of the harbour lie the fort, barracks, and European buildings. In the distance, mountain ranges complete the view. The "Peiho" lets go her anchor at 8.45 a.m., and we are soon surrounded by the heavy Cingalese surf-boats, as well as by those already described. M. Favre and I secure one of the former, and wish good-bye to the excellent captain of the "Peiho," and numerous friends on board, just as the first turn of the screw is starting them on to Galle. A great breakwater is under construction, which will convert the port of Colombo from

an open roadstead into a splendid harbour, and render it accessible at all seasons of the year. The rowing ashore at twelve noon is a slow and very hot process, and we are glad of helmets and umbrellas which were unnecessary under the double awning of the "Peiho."

Land at the Custom House and drive off at once to Braybrooke Hall, about two miles from the port. After three weeks at sea, terra-firma is always a pleasant change, but when that feeling is combined with a first experience of the tropics, it is difficult to describe the enchantment. I was especially struck with the delicious fragrance in the air, and the luxuriant beauty of the trees and vegetation; the dark red colour of the soil is very remarkable. The Cingalese men are naked to the waist, and wear white petticoats—their long hair hanging down their backs, or worn tucked up by a comb. The women are clothed in indescribably scanty attire. The roads are full of people. I passed through a thronged bazaar alongside a large lake which nearly surrounds Colombo, and in which men and women were bathing together at the roadside. My first host, Lt.-General Street, commanding the troops in Ceylon, and his two pretty daughters, receive me most hospitably in their charming house on Slave Island, which is to be my headquarters while in Ceylon. Some visits, and a cricket match between the officers and men of the 57th Regiment on Galle Face, occupy the afternoon, and in the evening we go to a ball given by the Governor Sir James, and Lady Longden, at "Queen's House," and valse under punkahs with the thermometer over 90°.

November 12th.—Engage a Tamil servant, Arakan, whose family came from Trichinopoly and settled in Ceylon—a very smart, good-looking, intelligent fellow.

Drive with Captain Matthews, the General's A.D.C., to pay some visits, and call on Mrs. Cameron (a sister of Lady Somers and celebrated as an artist in photography, who with her husband, formerly of the Indian Civil Service, was a fellow-passenger in the "Peiho," and has come out to visit her sons in Ceylon) at the Galle

Face Hotel, where she had arranged for some snake-charmers to go through their performances. Their tricks are capital, and are displayed on the floor of the verandah. The garments of the conjurors are so scanty that there can be no question of sleeves or pockets. In the afternoon, Miss Street drives me to the Museum, which is in its infancy, but already contains a good collection of the animals and of the products of the island; we make a circuit of the Cinnamon Gardens, and home by the village of Calpooty, the villas occupied by "Burghers," half-caste descendants of Portuguese settlers, and the sea-shore, where the phosphorescent waves are rolling in; the sky illuminated by frequent flashes of lightning, and innumerable fire-flies hovering about on all sides. I dined with Colonel Clark and the officers of the 57th Regiment during a heavy thunderstorm.

November 13th.—In the morning, I went over the barracks occupied by the 57th; splendid buildings, built in echelon, so as to catch every breeze; and attended a meeting of the Council, presided over by the Governor, and consisting of European, Cingalese, and Tamil representatives. The afternoon was very showery, and I was much amused at the naked natives walking about under umbrellas. Their great object is to keep their heads dry, otherwise they don't seem to mind being wet. They must be pretty well accustomed to rain here, and when it does rain it comes down in torrents. We went in the evening to the Welli-Taddy Prison, which contains 320 prisoners. The native warders do not appear to be a much better lot than the prisoners, and give the European officials more trouble. The governor appeared to be ill and overworked. After dinner we went to a theatrical performance by the Royal Artillery Sergeants, who played "The Chimney Corner," and "My Wife's Out."

November 14th.—The General, who has not been well for some time, is better, and goes to Galle to-day to make an inspection. I started off at 6.30 a.m. with Matthews and Captain Thompson, Superintendent of Prisons, and had a most lovely drive of eleven miles to Mahara. We walked a little way through the jungle,

where I saw, for the first time, the sensitive plant and some big snakes. 130 prisoners and many free coolies were at work, blasting the quarries. We went over the prison, which seemed in very good order, with the exception of the warders—almost as many of these as of prisoners were brought up for punishment. Returned to breakfast with Captain Thompson at his bungalow in the Cinnamon Gardens; shopped in Colombo in the afternoon, and dined with the Governor Sir James, and Lady Longden; amongst the guests were the Roman Catholic Bishop of Zaphna, and several officials of the Colony.

November 15th.—Start at 2 p.m. with the Colonial Secretary the Honourable J. Douglas, Captain Haynes, Aide-de-Camp to the Governor, and M. Favre, by train for Kandy. The first part of the journey is through a level country—paddy fields and the most luxuriant tropical vegetation. As the mountains are approached, the country becomes very unhealthy. The railway winds up the mountain on a steep incline, and I went on the engine to have the best view of the scenery, which is magnificent. The line is cut through the face of the rock, and the precipices are astounding. Sensation Rock well deserves the name. There is one place, where the rock hangs over the line; a big cleft in the overhanging mass looks as if it might give way at any moment, and the engine driver appeared to think it would come down one day and carry away a great portion of the railway. The summit of the gorge is the scene of many a fight between the Kandyans and Europeans; an obelisk crowns the head of the pass. We drive to Mr. Douglas's house in the Gardens of Government House, and find Kandy three or four degrees cooler than Colombo. Dine with Captain and Mrs. Haynes, and heard much of the horrible leeches which abound here, and make sitting on the grass very unpleasant.

November 16th.—Took an early stroll in Lady Horton's Walk. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the views far and wide over the mountain ranges of Ceylon. Visited the Temple, in the innermost shrine of which is a sort of bell,

in which is preserved the sacred tooth of Buddha. The sacred books of the Bhuddists were shown. The only religious observance in the Temple appears to be the offering of flowers at the shrine of Buddha. Went down into the town of Kandy—long streets of native huts. The lake is lovely, and the principal feature of the place; on the hills around it are studded the pretty villas of the Europeans. Saw some Cingalese leeches, tiny long creatures, which would not be noticed unless pointed out. The gorgeous colours of flowers and leaves, the luxuriant vegetation, the magnificent views in all directions, can scarcely, I imagine, be surpassed. There were heavy showers of rain in the afternoon, which made us put off our visit to Peradinya Gardens, but we had a lovely stroll by the lake in the evening.

Buddhism (of which Kandy is one of the sacred cities) had its rise in India in the 5th century B.C. The founder of the religion was Gautama, since revered as the Buddha; he belonged to an Aryan tribe, and is believed to have been miraculously born at Lumbini, in the valley of the Ganges, near Benares, about 500 B.C. In early life he abandoned his home, devoted himself to the study of religion, and became a hermit. After long meditation, penance and self-mortification, he underwent a period of temptation, from which he ultimately emerged a prophet, believing he had solved the great mystery he had in solitude endeavoured to fathom.

He first preached his puritanical doctrines at Benares, and denounced the sensual customs and the ritual observances amongst the Hindoos. He established an order of Mendicants, abolishing caste within his sect, but did not separate himself or his followers from the Hindoo religion.

The principles of the faith were subsequently established at the Council of Asoka, which assembled at Patna 250 B.C., to which the books of the Three Pitakas are traced. Buddhism does not recognise eternity; it holds that everything is subject to the law of cause and effect; that every being is in a

constant state of change; that there are rewards for the good, punishment for the evil, and that when the active power for good or bad is exhausted, men and gods will alike cease to exist. It divides time into a succession of æons or cycles, during which, at intervals, miraculous incarnations of Buddha have appeared. The transmigration of life is a theory of the religion, which does not recognise an individuality in self or soul, as each succeeding generation inherits all the virtues and vices of preceding generations, and in proportion as virtue or vice triumph over each other, the happiness of existence increases or decreases. The principal tenets of the Bhuddist religion, in opposition to Brahminism, are therefore disbelief in a supreme God—disregard of caste distinctions—an increased faith in the transmigration of souls—disbelief in the power of the Brahmins and the efficacy of sacrifices—a greater importance attached to self-mortification, and the belief in the complete extinction of life. Buddhism was introduced into Ceylon about 250 B.C., by a son of king Asoka, during the reign of Tissa, where it has survived, in spite of its decline in India, and whence it spread eastward. There are said now to be 500 million Buddhists in the world, numbering 40 per cent. of mankind, whereas Christians are reckoned at 26 per cent.

November 17th.—At 6.30 a.m., Haynes calls for us, and drives us in his phaeton, with a capital pair of horses, to the Peradinya Botanical Gardens, about five miles from Kandy. The palms, in every variety, are magnificent; great bamboos grow to a great height in clusters on the banks of the Ambang Ganga river, which flows through the gardens, and is spanned by a very picturesque bridge, I believe there is nowhere a greater collection of tropical and foreign plants in wilder luxuriance than in this otherwise English-looking park. On our return we walked through the market and tasted the native fruits, and completed the circuit of Lady Horton's Walk. Leaving Favre at Kandy, I started, at 11 a.m., for the coffee district, 23 miles by rail to Nawalapitiya, whence I drove 25 miles across the mountain pass

to Logie Elphinstone, which is 4500 ft. above the sea. My carriage was a kind of double dog-cart. I sat with the driver, in front, Arakan and the Syce behind.

We started with a great flourish from the station, and had only got about 200 yards, when, turning a corner, down came one of the horses, smashing the pole, setting the other off kicking; we were in the town, and a good crowd soon collected. It was suggested the pole should be tied up, and that we should continue our journey. This I declined, and found a very civil coffee planter ready to take me up, if no other conveyance could be got. However, another cart was soon ready, and I got over the journey without further disaster. The road passes at first through undulating country, and then ascends pretty steeply to the top of the gap, whence it descends gradually to Linduna. The peculiarity of the roads in Ceylon is that there is usually on one side a more or less abrupt and deep precipice, on the other a wall of rock, with a ditch cut in the rock by the roadside, so that if the carriage gets off the road, on one side it is dashed against the rock, on the other it goes over the precipice. The roads are narrow, and there is sometimes barely room to pass the innumerable coffee-laden bullock-carts. One of our horses jibbed on several occasions, which was unpleasant, but the Syce was running by the side, or jumped down to administer some instrument of torture on a sore or tender part, with great success. The mountains are very fine, but the scenery is marred by the endless coffee plantations, which become wearisome. I reached Logie at 6 p.m., and was most hospitably received by the Graham and Robert Elphinstones. Mrs. G. E. is unfortunately unwell. The day was lovely; no rain; the air in the mountain district fresh and invigorating. The house is very comfortable, and not unlike a good-sized shieling in Scotland.

November 18th.—I am initiated into the mysteries of a coffee plantation. The sheds where the berries are soaked, peeled, sorted, and dried are close to the house. The crop is very good this year. An acre yields a ton of coffee; the expense £15; the

profit £100. The coolies, who come from Southern India, receive wages at an average of 8*d.* a-day; some 10*d.* There are 500 employed on this estate, at the rate of about four men for three acres. We went over to the neighbouring estate to breakfast with Mr. Talbot, who owns a large plantation and represents the planters' interests in the Council, and spent a great part of the day at his bungalow, returning by the coolies' huts, and looking at the cottage occupied by some young Scotch fellows, who are learning their business—no light work. They have to be out all day, superintending the coolies on the hill sides, in the broiling sun, and their dwelling and cookery arrangements are not of the most sumptuous kind. As we got home, the coolies were pouring in the results of their day's work from their sacks; the contents of each are weighed, and they receive pay according to the amount of coffee packed. Their faces of agitation, as the weights were called out, were most amusing. The talk here is chiefly about coffee; I learnt a good deal about the blights and other calamities, and the various remedies tried against them. The cultivation of cinchona, from the bark of which quinine is made, is coming into vogue; and there is also a small amount of tea cultivation.

I met two men, owning an estate in this valley, who had made £12,000 one year. It seems the only thought has been to make a fortune rapidly. The trees have been cut and burnt in a reckless manner over a vast extent of country. Wood is already very scarce, and the climate becomes injuriously affected by this wholesale destruction of the forests. The soil is given no rest, and after a few years cannot endure the incessant cultivation. Nearly all the planters in the neighbourhood are Scotchmen.

November 19th.—Start at 7 a.m., drive six miles with R. Elphinstone, and then ride up a grand ravine under the mountain "Great Western" to Nuwara Eliya, the hill station of Ceylon. The path is very narrow and precipitous; I heard instances of a false step having proved fatal. The gorge is splendid; the rush of the torrent is heard among the deep

masses of foliage hundreds of feet below ; primæval forests overhead. At the top a table land is reached, over 6000 feet above the sea, lying between the summits of the highest range—in which is situated Nuwara Eliya, a straggling village near the end of a lake, with villas scattered around it. I put up here at the club, whither Favre had preceded me from Kandy. The secretary is a son of the Rev. W. Carter, of Eton. Several coffee planters are passing through, or spending a few days here. Piduru Talagala (8295 feet) is immediately opposite; but as we are so elevated already, none of the peaks give any idea of their real height. One can readily understand the attraction this cool fresh air has for the residents of Colombo, but I must confess to thinking it the least pretty place I have yet seen in Ceylon. Favre and I drove in the afternoon six miles to the Hack Galen Gardens, beautifully situated in a gorge, whence a magnificent view is obtained over the country far below. Wild elephants and animals of all kinds abound in the neighbourhood. Mr. Thwaites, who is in charge, shows us a wonderful collection of Ceylon snakes and butterflies. On our return we called upon Mr. and Mrs. Baker (Sir Samuel Baker's brother), who have settled out here to look after their cinchona plantations. I had not time to enable me to accept his kind invitation to pay him a visit. We dined at the club, and were glad of a fire in the evening.

November 20th.—Got up at dawn to walk up Piduru Talagala, the highest peak in Ceylon, with Arakan and a native guide. The ascent from Nuwara Eliya, about 2300 feet, is easy. We took one hour and a half getting up the path, through thick jungle which covers the mountain; fine rhododendron trees in flower close to the top. We came across the track of wild elephants, and saw some jungle fowl, otherwise the absence of birds and animal life is remarkable. A strong south wind was blowing at the top, and my guide, in the scantiest of garments, shivered not a little, with the thermometer at 50°. The sky was clear, and the view magnificent in every direction.

Adam's Peak, to the south, very grand. On my way down I met Favre struggling up on an old "screw." Arakan, who travelled considerably with his former master, gave me most amusing accounts of his sojourn in England, and of the immense success he had with the maids, whose proposals of marriage he, however, declined, in favour of a Tamil lady in Colombo. In the afternoon, Mr. Acland, the Government civil engineer, took us to see an elephant working on the road some two miles off. It was wonderful to see him dragging up the heavy stones, turning them over with his head and fore feet, his trunk acting as a buffer; he adjusted some stones with wonderful accuracy; they made him knock down a tree, and go through his tricks and salaams. Mr. A. showed us his bungalow, and insisted on our being his guests at dinner at the club.

November 21st.—The servants start off during the night with our luggage, carried by coolies, and Favre and I followed at 5 a.m. in a one-horse chaise. The morning was lovely; a slight frost on the grass; and it was quite cold at first starting. We ascended for three miles to a gap, and then made a very steep descent for eleven miles, arriving at Rambodda at 8.30 a.m. The precipices are awful, but the scenery marvellously beautiful. At Rambodda there are splendid waterfalls, which fall over a sheer precipice, and I cannot conceive anything more beautiful than the view over the valley of Pusillawa. We waited here an hour, during which the servants and coolies arrived; we had seen them frequently on the way running down the short cuts, almost precipitous paths, with our portmanteaus on their heads, One of Favre's coolies lagged far behind, and he was much agitated about his arrival, having already been unlucky at Colombo. When we arrived, he put up at the hotel, but, after a couple of days, went to stay with a friend, leaving the greater part of his luggage locked up in his room at the hotel. On going the next day to get something out of his boxes he found they had all been broken open, the contents strewed all over the room, and several things he valued very much, stolen,

which have not been recovered. We continued our journey in the so-called coach—a kind of wagonette; our fellow passengers were a Scotch planter, his wife, and two children, one of which squealed the whole drive. We travelled at full gallop, and I was very glad to be next the door, as we shaved precipices in a most reckless manner; we breakfasted at the Pusillawa rest-house, and reached Gampola at 1 p.m. The district we passed had been the most wonderful coffee-growing country, but the soil is thoroughly worked out, and the crop looked very poor after the Dimbula district. At Gampola we took the train for Colombo, arriving at 6.30 p.m.—we had a capital saloon-carriage. The change of temperature in twelve hours was wonderful, and the heat very oppressive; the sky cloudless, and the glorious scenery from the railway enchanting. The natives look very droll in the railway carriages. Having no clothes above the waist, they appear to be naked—nothing is visible but black arms and bodies. I arrived very tired, and glad to rest at General Street's charming bungalow.

November 22nd.—A quiet day—drove with Matthews to the fort, and played lawn-tennis in the evening. The news arrives of the invasion of Afghanistan.

November 23rd.—We went to see Mr. Robinson's coffee mills, (Barings' agent). We are shown the further process of drying the berries, peeling the skin, the sorting through sieves of the three sizes. Hundreds of women are employed sorting the coffee; it is kept a fortnight, then packed in casks, and sent by steamers to London. The men receive about 8*d*., the women 4*d*. a day. Manure is also manufactured here, from bones, rape-cake, and castor oil. We paid a visit to the Governor and Lady Longden, to say good-bye, and drove through the Petta (native town), where the houses of the Dutch and Portuguese settlers are still to be seen amongst the bazaars and huts of the natives. In the afternoon I went by train, with the two Misses Street and Matthews, to Mount Lavinia, some eight miles down the coast, where is an hotel to which people resort from

Colombo, and where the musketry practice goes on. Captain Collins, 57th regiment, quartered here with his company, gives us tea; we returned at 6.30. The night very hot, and heavy rainfalls.

November 24th.—Divine service at the Cathedral. In the evening, drive on Galle Face. The whole sky illuminated by the marvellous lightning; the phosphorous waves rolling in liquid fire; fireflies and glowworms all around. Heard of the fall of Ali Musjid.

November 25th.—Took leave of my excellent host and his charming daughters, after a most delightful sojourn in this glorious island. I had never realised the beauties of tropical climate and scenery. Drove at 10.30 with Matthews to the port, and embarked with Favre at 11 a.m. He has engaged a new servant—a Tamil police-serjeant, who has got leave for the trip. Our steamer is the British-Indian screw-steamer "Malda," 1900 tons, Captain Lang, one of those which took the Indian troops to Malta. We were to have sailed at 12, but it is 3 p.m. before we get under weigh, and during those three hours coolies to the number of five hundred come off in big barges, and settle themselves in the most curious groups, all over the ship, except the quarter-deck. The morning was oppressively hot, but towards evening heavy clouds came up, a gale of wind, and torrents of rain. The "Malda" knocked about considerably, and the stench of the natives' food was awful. I could not stand the heat and smells below, and slept under the awning on deck.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL IN INDIA—TUTICORIN—MADURA—TRICHINOPOLY—SERINGHUM—MADRAS—SHAHABAD—HYDERABAD.

November 26th.—About 8.30 a.m., in gloomy weather, we made out the low coast of India; the north-east monsoon blowing hard across Adam's Bridge and down the Gulf of Manaar, the sea very rough. At 9.45 a.m. we anchored about four miles from the shore and six from Tuticorin, which lies up a shallow harbour. Native boats were seen coming off, and the first to come alongside was a huge open boat belonging to Mr. Allen, of Dowden, Allen and Company, cotton merchants, who had most kindly come off at daylight to look for us. By the time we were ready to go off, a crowd of boats had also come alongside to fetch the coolies, and were banging and crushing against each other and the ship's side. We had either to climb down the side by a rope-ladder, or get on a plank outside the port and spring into the boat. I preferred the plank, although they said it was not secure, to the chance of being jammed by the heavy boat against the ship. During the scrimmage our rudder became unshipped, and when we got clear, two of the naked boatmen jumped into the rough sea and fixed it. We were glad enough to leave the frightful row that was going on alongside the ship, every man yelling with all his might, and the waves splashing over us, and to sail along at a capital rate across the bar into the smooth waters of Tuticorin Harbour.

We landed on Indian soil at 11.15 a.m., and drove a short way to Mr. Allen's bungalow in bullock-bandies. This is a straggling native town, with a considerable trade, and the shore crowded with natives in the scantiest attire. The country a dead level, but distant mountains are seen on the horizon to the west. Existence here must be very monotonous, the heat being great at all times. In the afternoon we went to see the cotton mills, and

the cotton pressed into sacks and bales by machinery; we strolled about the jetties, where a great deal of petty theft is carried on by the coolies. Mr. Allen and his brother entertained us very well and most hospitably.

November 27th.—Left at 11 a.m. by train for Madura, arriving at 6.30 p.m. Railway carriages in India are quite unlike those in Europe; saloon-carriages, with double roofs, projecting beyond the windows; three couches, on which a person can lie full length; washing rooms attached; Venetian blinds. There is a supply of water, but it is generally too dirty from the dust and smoke, to use. The windows being always open, the noise is very great. This is a branch of the South Indian Railway, and was opened for the Prince of Wales' journey. The day was cloudy and tolerably cool. At a station on the road, I got a telegram from Mr. Martin, the collector and magistrate, to say the Judge, Mr. Hutchins, was away, and inviting me to stay with him instead; he met me at the station, and insisted on my bringing Favre to his house also. The country we passed through is flat, but spurs of the Western Ghauts are constantly in sight. The cultivation is principally cotton, and rice in irrigated paddy fields. We drove through the outskirts of the city and avenues of banyan trees, to Mr. Martin's house, about three miles from the station. We found some people assembled for dinner: Major Kilgour, the Superintendent of Police, Mr. Case, Commissioner of Forests, etc.; the Europeans here are very few.

November 28th.—At 7 a.m., Mr. Martin drives us to see Trimal Naik's Palace; it is being restored at a cost of £30,000. The central court is very large and fine, with huge columns, some of black marble. The painted ceilings are in good preservation; one of the rooms is now used as the Judge's Court. The king's bedroom is enormous; he is said to have slept in a cot suspended from the roof. From the top of the palace there is a fine view, with the mountains of Travancore, 8,000 feet high, in the distance. The sanatorium in the hills is forty miles off.

We went on to the famous Temple of Minakshi (the wife of S'iva), a gigantic group of buildings, with courts ornamented with frescoes of Hindoo mythology; sacred tanks, and huge pagodas, covering twenty acres. We were received by the priests, and were decked with long garlands of flowers, which we had to wear during our progress; they gave us bouquets, fruit, etc. The crowds were great, but they were kept at a respectful distance. We were shown the sacred jewels with which the idols are adorned on festivals. Nautch girls of the Temple performed their gyrations amid a considerable noise of tom-toms; the elephants were paraded and salaamed. The sanctuary was pointed out, but we did not enter it. We visited the Choultry or Mandapam, built by Trimal Naik in A.D. 1623, over 300 feet long, a gigantic hall, used as a market. The High Priest made me a speech before we left, which was interpreted, complimenting me upon my arrival in India, and setting forth the advantages of British rule.

We got home at 10 to breakfast, and during the long siesta in the heat of the day, I had time to realise the extent of my apartments, the length of which was 130 feet, on the first floor, with big verandahs on either side; every window open day and night. The views are lovely; on one side, over a large tank—*i.e.*, artificial lake—with a temple on an island in the centre, and black granite steps all around leading down to the water; on the other, over the river, with mountains in the distance. There is a regular caste of robbers in India, and in these parts they live together in villages. Black-mail is paid by hiring a man of the caste as watchman, which renders the house perfectly safe; but as anybody can walk in anywhere, day or night, the faithful Arakan was always within call. In the evening I paid a visit to Mrs. Hutchins, in whose compound there is a splendid banyan tree, 65 yards across under the branches; it is kept with great care; the young branches being trained down into pots. We went on to the club and racquet-court.

November 29th.—We started at 5 a.m. I drove to the station,

and with difficulty avoided running over the natives, who sleep all about the road, and are very slow at getting out of the way even whon awake ; the train started at 5.45 a.m. On the journey, two very rough European fellows got into our carriage, stinking of spirits, and filling the carriage with their beds and luggage, to such an extent that we had some difficulty in getting out at the next station and changing our carriage. We passed some hills and pretty scenery to-day, curious rocks rising abruptly from the plain, and reached Trichinopoly at 1 p.m., where the Judge, Mr. Brandt, met us. He has given me a capital bungalow to myself, in his compound.

At 4 p.m. we drove through the long, broad, main street of the town to the Rock, which rises 600 feet above the River Kaveri, flowing near the base. We climbed a good many steps, and then walked up the smooth incline to the Temple at the top. The view is very fine, over the city and cantonments—the scenes of famous battles during the struggles for supremacy in India between the British and French—the fine rivers, Kaveri and Kholerun, with the deep green of the paddy fields extending for miles along the banks, and the groves and temples of Seringhum beyond. The Pagodas of Tanjore, 30 miles distant, are seen distinctly; the clearness of the atmosphere is extraordinary. Lord Clive's house was pointed out, on the banks of a tank, close to the rock. On our way down a nautch awaited us, danced by the girls belonging to the Temple, a monotonous entertainment. The elephants were also paraded. I saw to-day native sepoys of the Madras army, whose appearance is spoilt by their European uniform. We met the society of Trichinopoly at a badminton party. The Collector and others came to dinner. My bed-room is full of bats, and musquitoes innumerable ; but I slept under a punkah very soundly.

November 30th.—At 6.30 a.m. we drove with the Brandts and a party of their friends, through the town, across the river to the Seringhum Temple, dedicated to Vishnu, the most sacred place of

pilgrimage in the south of India, and to which Brahmins resort from far and wide to die. It covers an enormous extent; the pagodas are very high, and wonderfully ornamented. The jewels were displayed, but the sacred shrine is not allowed to be seen. In the Temple I met a number of Tamil schoolboys, and was surprised at their good education, and at the way in which they read English. These temples are enormously rich, and support a great number of Brahmins and servants. We left by train at 1 p.m., and had a very bad carriage as far as Eroda, which we reached at 6 p.m. The dust was so awful that we had to shut the windows, and the heat was intense. We changed trains at Eroda, and in our new train found detachments of the 43rd Regiment, who were extremely hilarious during the night journey. We dined at Salem at 8. It rained during the night.

December 1st.—Arrived at Madras at 6 a.m., but found no letter, nor any one to meet me at the station. Mr. Brandt had given me a letter to the Secretary of the Club, in case I did not hear from the Duke of Buckingham, so I went off there. The Secretary was out riding, so there was nothing for it but to wait in the gardens with my luggage. I walked off to look for Favre, who was unable to get into the Imperial Hotel, and was similarly bivouacked there in the garden. After two hours waiting, the Secretary came home, and said every corner in the club was occupied; so Favre and I drove off to the Black Town, the native city and port of Madras, to get our letters at the post-office, three miles off. The hotel by the port was also full, and we found at the Messageries Maritimes office that the steamer "Meinam," in which we had contemplated possibly going on to Calcutta, will not be due till to-morrow.

It was then 11 o'clock, and we were deliberating, as we drove back discomfited to the Imperial, the earliest chance of leaving Madras, when the Governor's carriage met us, with Capt. Gordon, A.D.C., saying the Duke had expected me on the 4th, that they had only this morning received my letter announcing my intended arrival, and that he had been sent off

to look for me. All was then *couleur de rose*. Very hungry and very tired, I proportionately enjoyed the luxurious comfort at Government House. My rooms are charming; any number of peons (native servants) waiting about, anticipating every want.

At luncheon, I was received by my host, the Duke of Buckingham, the Ladies Mary, Anne, and Caroline Grenville, Miss Bryceson, Major Hobart, Military Secretary; Captain Hankin, Private Secretary; Captains Gordon, 89th Regiment, and Aylmer, R.A., A.D.C.'s. After luncheon we went out into the verandah, and fed the kites. It is wonderful how tame the birds are in India; crows and other birds come hopping about the verandahs and rooms. These kites caught bits of bread we threw in the air, and swooping by, took them out of our hands with their claws as they flew past. In the evening we drove in a *char-à-banc* and four with outriders to the Fort Church, and afterwards along the sea-shore. During our drive I saw some coolies climb the cocoanut palms to tap them. They climb on their feet and hands, leaning back on a hoop hung round their bodies and encircling the tree. Favre has settled to go on to Calcutta to-morrow by steamer. I cannot leave Madras so soon, and shall go to Hyderabad, and round by Bombay.

December 2nd.—Wake with a bad cold, caught from the unhealthy night air in the train, and was so ill during an early visit to the Museum that I had to come home.

At 4 p.m. I accompanied the Duke on his annual official visit in state to the Prince of Arcot, a Mahommedan, the representative of the Nawabs of the Carnatic and now a pensioner of the Government. Salutes were fired when the Duke started from Government House, and on his arrival, and guards were drawn up in the compound of the Prince's palace. They received us at the entrance. The Duke walked up arm-in-arm with the Prince. I followed with his brother in like manner. We were received in durbar, and the circle was full of relatives and dependants who live upon the Prince. It is the custom here for the head of a

family, in all ranks, to support all his family and relations, so that in a famine or other distress, when the crash comes to the head, the whole of the dependent relations become destitute at once. There are no poor-laws, as the rich voluntarily support the poor. The Rajah of Pittapur sat next me, but at these interviews it is not etiquette for anybody to speak except the host and principal visitor; so we listened. The Duke's manner was excellent, and his conversation very easy and dignified. The visit lasted about a quarter of an hour, and we were garlanded, and went through the different ceremonies observed at visits in India. They anointed us with a vile scent which it is very difficult to get rid of when poured over the clothes. I learnt to offer my pocket-handkerchief on future occasions. The Prince is about sixty-five years old, and, they say, never leaves his house.

We drove later to see the Arsenal in Fort George; a number of coolies were hard at work making saddles and pouches for the Afghan campaign; the arms-room is very large, and we were shown some curious old specimens. We visited the barracks occupied by the 43rd Regiment, Colonel Cockrane—which must be very hot, especially those not open to the sea breeze; but the married people are very well lodged, and with punkahs and other appliances, probably do not suffer from the heat as much as those who inhabit the wretched quarters at Gibraltar during the summer. Driving home we passed the cremation ground, and the wind blowing towards us, the odour was horrible.

A dinner party of forty, very well done, followed by an evening party. The governor's first-rate private band played during dinner—food excellent. The Duke has a French cook and an Italian. Magnificent gold services of plate. The peons, fine dark fellows, are dressed in white, with red and gold belts and bands, turbans ditto; their feet are always bare, so the waiting is delightfully noiseless. Dinner never exceeds an hour. Last night the insects were so innumerable that we had covers to all the glasses to keep them out, and the tablecloth was black with them, but they were much fewer to-night. Candles are

always covered with glass on account of the punkahs. I took in Lady Mary, who does the honours very well, and is very civil to all the guests.

December 3rd.—The Duke took me at 6.30 a.m. to see the 15th Madras N. I. Regiment, commanded by Colonel Hearn. General Elmhirst, the acting commander-in-chief, in the absence of Sir Neville Chamberlain, was on parade. We went down the line; they marched past twice; went through some battalion drill, and the manual and firing exercises; the whole very creditably done; they certainly work with a will, although the finish is not altogether perfect. Some of the men are quite old; a good many of them do not look very powerful, their weak point is their "standing under arms," which was by no means uniform. The arms are all kept in a barrack, and the men live with their families in the usual mud-huts. Caste prevents their dwellings being entered, but a Mahommedan non-commissioned officer invited me into his, in spite of his female relations living there. The ladies, however, hid themselves. We went over the hospital, which is very clean and well kept; after which the officers were introduced. This regiment has recently returned from Burmah. The parade state was as follows:

	Commandant.	Second in Command.	Wing Commander.	Wing Officer.	Adjutant.	Quartermaster.	Medical Officer.	Attached Officer.	Subadars.	Zemadars.	Havildars.	Naigues.	Buglers.	Sepoys.
Present on parade	1	1	-	1	-	1	-	1	8	7	31	25	14	422
Absent	-	-	1	1	-	-	1	1	-	1	10	15	2	164
Total ..	1	1	1	2	-	1	1	2	8	8	41	40	16	586

After breakfast, jugglers, the best of which are found at Madras, gave a performance in the entrance hall. We saw every variety

of trick: the basket trick, making the mango grow from a seed to a plant in a few minutes, mixing a variety of sands in a basin of water—bringing them out separate and dry, snake-charming, and all kinds of acrobatic feats and *tours de force*. A man threw up cocoanuts and broke them on his head as they fell. Stone breaking, sword-feats, throwing a huge stone over the head with the teeth, etc. There can be no gammon or deception here, as you can go amongst the men while they are performing, and they certainly are wonderfully clever over their feats.

I went to the Black Town, and on my way back walked down to the shore, where the surf was tremendous, and a massulah-boat had been smashed in coming ashore. The passenger—a missionary—was standing on the beach, having been rescued by the boatmen, and seemed very unconcerned over it. Communication between the ships and the shore is impossible in European boats. These massulah-boats are constructed of planks, without ribs or nails, fastened together with cocoa-nut twine, so that they bend to the waves. They are generally pulled by a dozen men with long oars with small round blades; the steering is managed with a long-blade oar. The smaller boats, called catamarans, consist of two or three logs lashed together; they can hold one or two men and are propelled by small paddles.

In the afternoon we drove in a *char-à-banc* and four horses, with an escort, and syces running in front to clear the thronged roads in the villages, ten miles to Red Hills. We passed by a large famine-camp on our way, to which thousands had flocked and were fed and kept during the worst times; now only 25 poor creatures are left, and the system of relief is to be closed immediately. Some instances of the result of famine are still to be seen in the most emaciated skeletons, and wretched victims of starvation. We also passed a model farm; some of the crops are very poor in consequence of the failure of the rains and means of irrigation. At Red Hills we saw the enormous tank of eight square miles; the water is confined by a bund or embankment five miles long; they showed us the portion which nearly gave way,

some time back, the consequences of which would have been terribly disastrous. The extraordinary pressure from the sudden rise of water in the lake was relieved by the blowing up by dynamite of a wall at the lower end of the tank, and letting the water out by an old water-course. The sluices and overflow were also pointed out. There is another tank of three square miles, a short way beyond; indeed, the whole of this country is intersected and irrigated by little canals fed by a vast system of tanks.

December 4th.—Cool and cloudy, with occasional light showers and a strong north-east monsoon. I went with Hankin to the museum, where we were received by the Director and shown the collection—specimens of all the various woods, stuffs, produce, antiquities, arms and implements, of the Madras Presidency; stuffed animals, birds, snakes and fish; the skeleton of a whale, 50 feet long, found on the Malabar coast. There is a wonderful collection of French models of animals, insects and flowers, magnified, and in minute sections. I lunched with the De Salis's; and in the afternoon went with the Duke to the pier, when the harbour works in progress were explained. The surf was tremendous. A cyclone was going on in the Bay of Bengal, which we afterwards heard struck the coast some 30 miles north of Madras. The 3 piers in course of construction, interrupt the regular flow of the sea, and make the surf worse than it was formerly. The engineers are very sanguine as to the success of the harbour works; but it seems as if the sand, which is always shifting, would choke up the mouth, and it cannot be worth while spending such a vast sum of money if the big ships will not be able to come inside. To-day there is no communication with the ships, except by the catamaran boats. One of these logs was lowered from the pier; a man, naked, except for the high pointed hat which contains the letters he is taking to the ship, jumped in and swam to it, and went off paddling over these gigantic waves. These fellows are as much at home on the water as on land. We saw a boat cross the surf—a wonderful sight to watch the boatmen looking out for the moment

to get through each of the three huge breakers. The P. and O. and other steamers, rolling fearfully outside, had their steam up, and the harbour flag was flying, warning them to put out to sea. There were some young ladies on board, come out to marry the unfortunate lovers, who were waiting for them on the shore; they will probably be carried off to Calcutta without landing; and officials, whose leave from Burmah has expired, are bemoaning their fate ashore, as they will forfeit their full pay by their detention. I feel very glad I am not on board the "Meinam," *en route* to Calcutta, which must be having a bad time of it. There was very little wind ashore.

The band played at the Governor's Marine Villa at sundown, when the *élite* of Madras assembled for tea and ices. There is no twilight, and it is rather difficult to recognise short acquaintances at these *réunions* in the dark. In the evening there was a very pretty dance at Government House.

December 5th.—At 5.15. a.m., Hobart with his team drove me out to the Mount some six miles from Madras, said to be the scene of St. Thomas's preaching, and where a chapel was dedicated in his honour by the early Portuguese settlers. We were joined by Mr. Price, the Collector. We went to the Artillery barracks, where there is great gloom at the sudden death of Major Desborough, R.A., who was riding a vicious horse from Madras last night, found insensible in the road, and brought home to die in a few hours. He was last seen near the long bridge we crossed, and is supposed to have come to grief through his horse taking fright at a herd of buffaloes. He has left a widow and young family here. The R.A. mess-house is a fine building. We drove on to Guindy Park, the Governor's country residence; the palace is large, and the garden very pretty; the park contains many spotted deer; convicts were employed working in the garden. We went to a place called the Little Mount, according to tradition the scene of St. Thomas's martyrdom, where

there is a chapel containing a picture said to be by St. Luke, and a cross said to have been carved by St. Thomas: the cave is venerated as St. Thomas's hiding place.

The morning was cloudy but hot. We got home at 10 a.m. A good many communications went on as to a visit the Rajah of Pittapur was anxious to pay me, but I naturally preferred seeing him at home, and arranged accordingly to pay him a visit at 4 p.m. His letter was:—

"My Lord,

As I am anxious of calling on your Lordship, if I so fortunate as to obtain the most noble Duke's permission, on any convenient day with your Lordship. I am also anxious of entertaining with Indian muesic, etc., in my house with His Grace's permission to give your Lordship an opportunity for the native tasts in India. Waiting for your Lordship's kind reply.

Beleave me, Sir,
I beg to remain, Sir,
Yours obedient,
Honourable The Rajaha of Pittapur, etc."

He sent his carriage, driven four-in-hand by a native, to fetch me, and I started off with Hankin. He was evidently rather put out at not being allowed to come first to me; however, he received us at the entrance, and led me to a gorgeous chair in the centre of his room. Some of his relatives were present, and lots of servants stood about the room. He spoke in English, and pretty freely, as none of the the natives could understand, and told me he had lost caste, having been brought up under English tutelage. His grandmother especially seemed to give him great annoyance in this respect! Our conversation was frequently interrupted by his showing off his tame birds, which he made perform tricks, and fly about the room. Hankin amused me very much by his blunt manner with him, and said, "Now then, Rajah, show us some of your things worth

seeing." He then took us into the garden, where there were a lot of retainers with tame animals, and birds.

By this time the singing-girls and musicians, whom he had sent to meet him on his intended visit to me at Government House, came back breathless, after their run of 6 miles there and back. They played on a kind of violin and a guitar-looking instrument, which he called a piano; some women crouched in a corner, sang some rather pretty plaintive ditties, and a native band played, which was somewhat discordant. He offered me nearly everything there was in his house, and I accepted a few things. He had some grievance against the Government, and gave me some petitions on the subject; after about one hour's visit, I drove back with a new team to Government House. I sent him my photograph and a letter, thanking him for his kindness, with which acknowledgment, I am told, he will be quite satisfied.

In the evening, I determined to try a walk, but, having got up to the Fort, was very glad to waylay the Duke's carriage, and get a lift home. There was a dinner party of 40, after which I went to a ball given by six bachelors—very prettily done; but in this climate it is impossible to combine late hours with early rising, and I left at 11 p.m. It was very windy to-night; the cyclone was reported to be about 200 miles from the coast.

December 6th.—A very hot, calm day, and the first that I was glad to have punkahs going night and day; everybody here has them incessantly. The surf was still very high, but the massulah-boats were at work loading and unloading by the pier, the harbour superintendents giving some of the boatmen good whacks with their sticks, which they take in the meekest manner. The Maharajah of Travancore, one of the highest princes of India, arrived this morning, and the Governor received him at 4 p.m. to-day at a durbar. He came in great state—guards of honour and salutes—a sallow-complexioned, jolly-looking fellow, dressed in black velvet, with few but very fine jewels. He talked a good deal in moderately good English, but stammered very badly. He

is by way of being very European and civilized. His dominions are the southernmost in India. Mr. Turner, the Postmaster-General, had invited me to go and shoot in that part of the country, where sport is first rate, but the journey would occupy too much time. The Duke afterwards showed me his rooms, and some capital sketches he had made in Burmah and the Andamans. My very pleasant stay at Madras was then over, and I drove with the Duke, Lady Mary and Aylmer, to the station. All the *élite* of Madras were assembled to take leave of Sir Wm. Robinson, late Member of Council, who, after 37 years service, is going home, *viâ* Japan, and is succeeded by Mr. Carmichael. These events are all announced by salutes, which are very frequent in Madras. Mr. Saunders, the director, was at the station, and had kindly ordered a saloon carriage for me, so my journey was very comfortable. This is the first time I have travelled alone. Dined at Arconum.

December 7th.—The train very hot and dusty; passed through very flat plains, but there were always some rocks and ridges in sight; the country partly cultivated, and irrigation tanks are occasionally seen. We crossed the River Kistna—the first of the big Indian rivers I have seen; at this season four-fifths of the bed are dry, and the stream winds about the river bed. Reached Shahabad at 4 p.m., the junction for the Nizam's State Railway. I was met by a native swell, who said the Nizam's bungalow here was placed at my disposal, or, if I preferred it, a carriage could be attached to the night train to Hyderabad. Very tired, and delighted at the prospects of a quiet evening, I settled to remain, and was very well lodged and fed. I strolled about and came upon the rest-camp. These camps are organised all along the principal routes in India, where the troops on the march halt; and now that so many men are being sent up towards Afghanistan, they are very much used. Detachments arrived while I was looking on, and seemed to settle down very comfortably. I was struck by the number of native camp-followers, and the way they retire separately, or in small groups,

to cook their own rice independently. An old Irish pensioner, in charge of the camp, was very communicative, and, like most of his countrymen, had a grievance. They gave me a capital dinner at the Nizam's bungalow, during which the Brahmin in charge sat by and conversed.

December 8th.—The Brahmin took me to see the gaol—a primitive place; the prisoners were sitting about in the yards doing nothing, it being Sunday. I found an English deserter there, who was being conveyed from Bombay to Secunderabad. The natives are very civil to soldiers when they absent themselves from their Regiments, or go on shooting expeditions, and they seem to have no difficulty in getting about the country befriended by the natives. Left Shahabad by train at 10 a.m. The country, flat at first, became hilly and woody, and we travelled through wild thick jungle. Passed two trains conveying Royal Artillery to the front with their guns, horses, and bullocks. Reached Hyderabad at 6 p.m.; was met by Major Campbell, commanding the Resident's body-guard, and drove to the Residency, a palatial building, with a fine portico and magnificent hall. Here I am the guest of the Resident, Sir Richard and Lady Meade. The temperature at night very pleasant, but the musquitoes very bad.

December 9th.—At 7.30 a.m., drove with Sir R. Meade and his Staff to pay a visit to the Nizam, who lives in a palace in the city, about three miles from the Residency. The people Mahomedans, a wild-looking race; nearly every man carries arms. Some of them halloed out long sentences as we passed. The beggars are very numerous, and they hold out large sheets to catch the very liberal largesses they seem to expect. The joint Prime Ministers, Sir Sala Jung and Shumshool Oomra, whose title is Amir-i-Kabir, the Prince of the Nobles, and a lot of officials, received us, and in a short time the Nizam, a boy of about fourteen, appeared. He received us in an open hall of audience, overlooking a garden, where he sat in the centre of a semi-circle. He was evidently suffering and unwell, and has a listless expression—Tartar eyes,

sallow complexion, and looks delicate. He wore a green and white striped silk coat over a red and yellow striped petticoat; red socks, a white turban with gold fringe, and a few jewels. The conversation chiefly turned upon his relatives, who have offered to take part in the Afghan war; the offer of their service has been accepted by the Government, and now the ladies of the harem are strongly objecting. The Nizam's tutor, Captain Clarke, was with him. Before leaving, I proposed to pay a visit, this afternoon, to the Nawab, to thank him for the arrangements made at Shahabad, and accepted an invitation to dine to-night with Sir Sala Jung. During the morning the tradesmen of Hyderabad came and exhibited their goods in the verandah.

At 3 p.m. I started for my visit to the Amir-i-Kabir. Both he and Sir Sala Jung had sent carriages and escorts for me. I drove with Major Campbell and Mr. Meade (Sir R.'s nephew), in the Nawab's carriage, to the gate of the city, where elephants were waiting—on which I rode for the first time. On our arrival at the garden of the Nawab's palace, strong guards of honour were drawn up—one of infantry, with mounted officers, the other of cavalry. Amid salutes, presented arms, and " God save the Queen," I was received, on alighting from the elephant, by the Nawab and his relations. The Nawab is uncle to the Nizam, and one of his sons has married His Highness' sister. We were taken into the palace, and for a time, through an interpreter, exchanged civil speeches.

He then showed me over the palace; the combination of Oriental splendour, of huge mirrors and chandeliers, and the most tawdry French prints and English photographs, is very funny. He exhibited a good collection of arms and armour, and gave me a silver-mounted stick containing a gun which was made here. The view from the roof was very pretty; the guards of honour were below, dismounted and arms piled, and the band playing. We then went into his garden, where he gave us tea and showed us his ostriches—one of which he made a man ride, much to the bird's

disgust; the ostrich eventually ran against an iron rail and threw the man. I had a talk with the son of the Nawab, who seems very anxious to join the Field Force. The same ceremonies were observed at our departure as on our arrival.

I drove off in Sir Sala Jung's carriage; we went to the beautiful artificial lake, in India called a tank, where Sir Sala Jung's steam-launch was waiting to take us a cruise. This was delightful, the breeze over the water delicious, the scenery lovely amongst the rocks and pretty islands. The country all about Hyderabad is wonderfully rocky; a mass of boulders, looking as if they had been dropped about accidentally, and resting in the most grotesque positions. The bund is a wonderful piece of engineering, a series of arches placed on their side; and it is curious, at the edge, to look down from the boat on the water over the country far below. We drove back through the outskirts of the city, and had just time to dress for the dinner with Sir Sala Jung, of 160 people, Mahomedans and Christians, in a hall, one side of which formed a colonnade overlooking an illuminated garden. I took in Mrs. Macintyre, wife of the general commanding at Secunderabad. A very good band played during dinner, and the ladies of the harem were peeping through the lattices in the galleries above. Sir Sala Jung showed us over part of his palace, after dinner. The walls and ceiling of one room were a mass of small mirrors. A nautch took place in the evening, the girls dancing and singing. One of the songs was in English, but I did not discover the words beyond some reference to a valentine. I had a long conversation with Sir Sala Jung, who is much annoyed at some letter that has appeared in the English papers, expressing a doubt about his loyalty. It is difficult to persuade the natives that every paragraph in the English Press and even the utterances of M.Ps., are not always to be taken as gospel, or even of serious importance.

December 10th.—The drags for the races were taking up their freight before dawn. I followed at 6.15 a.m., and by 9.40 a.m.

had driven out seven or eight miles, seen the races near Secunderabad, and was home again. Some of the officers encamp near the course. I was astonished to see a good many Tommy Atkinses riding horses and ponies about the course. There was a good stand and enclosure—very little betting—which goes on principally through a kind of lottery, the system of which I found it impossible to understand. The 12th Lancers were the principal European owners of horses, but lots of natives race and ride their own horses. Met George Vernon of the 12th, who does not appear to like Secunderabad as well as London for a Quarter.

Amongst the visitors at the Residency are Mr. Palmer, formerly of Huntingdon, now settled here, and Colonel and Mrs. L'Estrange, who gave me a graphic account of their escape from their steamer, wrecked on the voyage out off Cape Spartel. In the afternoon, I drove with Major and Mrs. Hornby, 12th Lancers, and Mr. Meade, to Golconda, six miles, to see the tombs of the former Nizams; fine buildings, with domes, and black granite tombs. The ancient walled city of Golconda, the former capital, is close by, the gates of which are closed at nightfall. No European is ever allowed within the city unless in company with the Nizam. Sir R. Meade was the first and almost the only European who has entered it: but he says, there is nothing to see in the city, which now contains very few inhabitants, and looked quite deserted.

December 11th.—Rode early with Sir Richard Meade. The views in the neighbourhood of the city are very pretty; he took me to see some fine tanks, public gardens beautifully laid out, the gipsy encampments, etc. The sun becomes too powerful to remain out after 9 a.m. I called on Mr. Palmer; his two nieces are very dark—their grandmother was an adopted daughter of the Emperor of Delhi. In the afternoon, drove with Sir Richard through the camp of Secunderabad, which extends many miles. We passed barracks which have been deserted on account of the prevalence of cholera; the new cantonments of

the European troops are higher up on the plain. We visited the Fort, and the barracks of the 21st S. F. Regiment, who appear to have a good many sick. Went to Vernon's bungalow, in the lines of the 12th Lancers, and on to Bolarum, Sir Richard's summer-residence, where his daughter, Mrs. Kane and her husband, a major, R.A., are living. We dressed here, and dined with Colonel Peile and the officers of the Royal Artillery, where we met Sir Sala Jung, General Macintire, commanding the Division, and the heads of departments. We got back to Hyderabad at 1 a.m.

December 12th—Sir Richard drove me to the station by 7 a.m., when my train started for Poonah; I have enjoyed my stay at Hyderabad immensely, and am very grateful to Sir Richard and Lady Meade for all their kindness. Major Dobbs, the magistrate of Shahabad, met me at the Junction Station at 3 p.m., and gave me luncheon. The country thence is very flat and uninteresting. We dined at Sholapoor, where the Bombay Presidency is entered; the night and early morning were very cold in the train.

CHAPTER III.

POONAH—BOMBAY—MHOW—INDORE—KUNDWA—ALLAHABAD—BENARES.

December 13th.—At 5 a.m. arrived at Poonah, the capital of the Peishwas, who although originally holding only the office of ministers, became the principal rulers of the Mahratta confederacy, the last of the great native Powers which opposed the supremacy of the British in India, and whose representative Nana Sahib claimed to be during the Mutiny. It is now the great Military Station of the Bombay Presidency. I drove to Colonel Hicks's bungalow, the assistant adjutant-general of the division. Nobody is at Poonah at this time of year; Colonel Hicks's family are away at Mahableshwur, the "Simla" of the Bombay Presidency, so we had our meals at the excellent club, close to onr bungalow, where I found a mass of English papers. In the afternoon we drove through the native town, which was fearfully dusty, hot and dirty. In a sudden fit of economy the Government has knocked off the water-carts. I never saw a dustier place than Poonah. We went down to the river, which is dammed up above the bridge, and consequently, affords at this season a splendid piece of water; there is a capital boat-club, with Searle's boats. The gardens on the river bank are very pretty. Colonel Hicks gave me a dinner at the club, with General Barry, Colonels Bannermann, Hogg, Pottinger, etc., the principal staff officers of the Bombay Army.

December 14th—Drove out to Kirkee to see the Artillery barracks, and went to see poor Sussex Stephenson's grave in a cemetery now disused, near the river. The cross on a rock was erected to his memory by his brother officers on the Staff. We went on to the Poonah Barracks and the Military Prison, splendidly situated; the cells of the prisoners on one side

are merely barred, so they can enjoy the magnificent view; their labour is very light, but the sentences appeared outrageously long.

The season at Poonah is during and after the rains; the country is at that time a mass of verdure, and I have no doubt Poonah is very gay, pretty, and pleasant, but at this time of year everything is dry, parched and dusty, and I was not favourably impressed. There are mountains very near the city, which is itself situated on a high plateau. The Governor's palace and autumn residence is a huge building, a few miles out of Poonah, called Ghunesh Khind.

My train left at 12 for Bombay. There is a gradual ascent to the summit of the ghauts where the railway reaches the top of a wall of mountains, down which the line is carried zigzag on a very steep incline, wonderfully engineered. In case the train should run away, there are occasional up-hill sidings into which it can be turned and stopped. The temperature was considerably hotter at the base of the mountains. I reached the Byculla station (Bombay) at 7 p.m., was met by an A.D.C. of General Warre, the new Commander-in-Chief, who had kindly invited me to stay with him, as the Governor is away in Scinde. The generals, when in Bombay, have hitherto encamped, but General Warre has taken a house by the sea-shore under the north side of Malabar Hill, and I am luxuriously lodged in a splendid tent in the garden, close to the rocks. Mrs. Clarke, whom I had met at Colombo, is staying here with her mother, Mrs. Warre. There was the usual dinner party.

Intelligence arrives of the death of Princess Alice, General Browne's success at Ali Musjid, the victory of General Roberts at the Peiwar, and of the Government majority of 101 in the House of Commons.

December 15th.—A quiet Sunday after a hard week's work. We drove in the afternoon to see Government House, Malabar Point, beautifully situated at the end of the promontory—the principal building commanding a splendid view over the Bay, the city beyond, and mountains in the distance. We strolled along

followed him, and found myself standing on the mud embankment beyond the docks, which keeps the sea from the dock-gates, which are not yet secure; below me I saw the water oozing through the embankment, a large portion of which had given way, and with it part of the piles supporting the mud. Hundreds of coolies were instantly set to work to throw earth into the cavity, and we watched in great excitement the proceeding, from the dock walls. They feared the embankment would give way bodily; that the dock-gates would be unable to withstand the pressure of the water, and that the docks would be flooded. I ventured to suggest that notice should be given to the thousands of coolies—men and women—at work in the docks, to get clear; however, they continued at work as usual. The attempt thus to stop the flow of water failed entirely, and eventually a fissure was made in another place, which let water in behind to support the embankment on the inner side. The tide was luckily falling, and no catastrophe occurred; but it was curious that we should have been present at the only *contretemps* they have had during the progress of the works. We visited the workshops, the huge cranes, etc.; after which, the General went on to his office and I drove home with Jaffer Suleiman, a great merchant, who, from very humble origin, has made his own way in the world, realised a fortune in the palmy days of Bombay, and is now very wealthy. He undertakes to forward all my letters, etc., and do any thing that may be necessary for me during my travels.

In the afternoon I drove with Mrs. Warre, Mrs. Clarke, and Captain Barrow, down to the Bunder, where we embarked in a steam-launch, for a visit to the Elephanta Caves. Three-quarters of an hour's steaming took us across the harbour; we landed and walked up part of the hill to these far-famed monuments of the ancient Hindoo religion. Enormous effigies of the gods, of sacred animals, are carved on the walls of the caves, the roof of which is supported by natural pillars, similarly ornamented. There are smaller temples on each side of the central

cave, one of them containing the Linga, the emblem of S'iva. The chief figure of this subterranean temple represents the Trinity of Hindooism in the persons of Brahma, Vishnu, and Rudra, the creator, the preserver, and the destroyer. The cobra and the lotus, and other objects of Hindoo worship, are represented. The caves are in a dilapidated condition, and, it is said, were knocked about by the Portuguese, but probably have decayed through the action of water. We steamed on to Hog Island, and visited the floating dock, in which vessels of 5000 tons can be lifted. The hydraulic machinery is under repair, but all the working was explained by the engineer in charge. I was introduced to more of the *élite* of Bombay, at a dinner party.

December 17th.—Drive early with Barrow, the A.D.C., to the Tattersalls' of Bombay. Hundreds of horses of all kinds, with the dealers, who have brought them from Persia, Arabia, Australia, etc. The proprietor is Abdul Remur, of good reputation. We went on to see Parell Government House, where former governors have usually resided; but I am not surprised at the present governor's preference for Malabar Hill. The situation of Parell on the Isthmus, close to crowded suburbs and cotton factories, is not agreeable, and the rooms, though large, are shabbily decorated, and the general effect is tawdry and melancholy. In the afternoon I went with Jaffer to see some of the slums of the native town; visited the Pinderopol, the place where all the wretched animals of every kind, suffering from every sort of disease and horror, are brought, as no Hindoo will take the life of any animal—a horrible sight; thence to the Cotton Bazaar, to a mosque, the Town Hall, Asiatic Library, and met the Warres at the Apollo Bunder, the principal landing-place, where the band plays and lines of carriages are drawn up, the English barouche, with European swells, the latticed brougham of the Parsee and Mahommedan ladies, the native buggy, etc. We dined with Sir C. Sargent and Mr. Melville—a burra khana (big entertainment). Except for the bands, there is a total dearth of

good music in India; amateurs are consequently very much to the front at evening parties; etiquette requires the lady of highest rank to sing first, which is sometimes rather painful, as the ladies' voices do not always correspond to their husbands' talents as officials.

December 18th.—At 7 a.m. played lawn-tennis; the courts are on dried mud, and are very much larger than in England. Drove about in the afternoon. In the evening went to a native theatre. The performers are all Parsees, men and boys. The play, or rather opera, performed, is called "Budraimooneer and Bainuzeer;" a very incomprehensible fairy story. It consisted of long monologues, varied by dreary, tuneless songs. But the manager, a Parsee, sat by me, and we had an interesting conversation during the performance, on the manners and customs of Parsees, and the theatrical element. I was taken for a moment to another theatre, and we afterwards visited some of the nocturnal sights of Bombay.

December 19th.—Went with Mrs. Clarke, and Collins of the 57th, who has come up from Ceylon, to the Sacred Tank of Walkeshwar, close to Malabar Point. Flights of stone steps lead down to the water, where the natives were performing their daily ablutions and pooja (prayer). Trees, decorated with red paint, in veneration of the gods, and numerous temples, surround the tank; several fakirs (holy men) about. One of them had made a vow to keep his arms clasped over his head in an extraordinary position; they were quite withered; his nails were more than a foot long, growing all through the flesh of his hands. These fakirs are painted every kind of colour, their hair covered with grey powder, and wearing barely a vestige of a garment, they are unearthly-looking beings. We breakfasted with the Vouillons; he is head of the French Bank. In the afternoon I shopped in Bombay, and visited the great jeweller, where every variety of magnificent Indian jewellery was displayed.

December 20th.—Left Bombay after a very pleasant visit to the Warres, from the Byculla Station, at 5 p.m., Collins and his

friend travelling with me as far as Khundwa. The railway authorities ordered me a carriage. The climate of Bombay at this time of year is charming. The nights and mornings are a perfect temperature, and when the day is becoming hot a sea breeze invariably springs up, which towards evening becomes quite fresh, and sunset is the coolest time in the twenty-four hours.

December 21st.—Reached Khundwa at 9 a.m., where I changed trains for Holkar's State Railway. As the trains on my return would not correspond, I asked the station-master where I could sleep at Khundwa; whether the railway carriage at the station or the dâk bungalow would be best. He said he would ask the deputy-commissioner of the district, who was at the station. This gentleman, Mr. Fisher, immediately came up to me and begged I would stay with him on my return from Mhow, which I readily accepted.

I took the opportunity of travelling with a swell native from Khundwa; we soon entered into conversation, and he proved to be Sukharan Martand, a Brahmin, and brother of Holkar's Prime Minister during the Mutiny; he was excessively agreeable, very well educated, and gave me a great deal of interesting information during our six hours' journey together; he is very liberal and tolerant in his ideas—so much so, that in spite of his high caste we lunched from our respective baskets at the same time, and he offered me some of his cakes and fruits. I told him that I was afraid, in the absence of the Resident Sir H. Daly, that I should have to give up the idea of seeing Indore. We exchanged introductions and cards; he invited me over to Indore, and promised to show me everything there.

I arrived at Mhow at 4 p.m., and was met by R. Blundell, Colonel of the 3rd Hussars, who wanted to take me off at once to the sports of the regiment, which were going on; however, I was anxious to fulfil the object of my coming to Mhow, and found my way to the cemetery, and to the grave of my friend, H. T., who died here during the Mutiny.

I stay with the Blundells; Major and Mrs. Vincent, also of the 3rd, share the bungalow. Between Khundwa and Mhow the railway ascends the Vindhya Mountains, at the top of which is the high table-land of Central India. The change of temperature from Bombay is very great. It freezes at night. I felt it bitterly cold. They said it was exceptionally so; however, they had no fires until I arrived, and then only a wood fire in the dining-room.

December 22nd.—At 7.30 a.m. I drove off 13 miles to Indore, Holkar's capital. The morning air very dry and crisp, but the sun soon became very powerful, and the day was hot. As Indore is approached, trees and gardens relieve the monotony of the plain. I was met at the entrance of the city by Sukharan Martand, my Brahmin acquaintance of yesterday, driving a phaeton with a pair of very good-looking horses. We paid a visit to the native Moonshee of the Residency, at a sort of club; drove through the city and bazaars; visited Holkar's summer palace, gardens, stables, and menagerie of lions, tigers, and panthers; went to the quarters of one of Holkar's regiments, of which my friend had been colonel. The difficulty about food then arose, and having no one to direct me, I was puzzled to know what to do on account of his caste, as my host seemed equally diffident. I eventually arrived at the conclusion that he was anxious I should lunch at his house. I knew from our former conversation that, personally, he ridiculed caste prejudices, but here the feelings of his family and household were concerned. Arrived at his house, he brought his brother and nephew to me, and disappeared for some time, I imagine, to perform ablutions and pooja, as he re-appeared in a different attire entirely white. Mahommedan servants had evidently been sent for to prepare my luncheon; a chair and table were produced, with biscuits, cakes, curries and fruits; sardines were the only animal food, water the only beverage; my friend and his brother sat on the floor, while I lunched, of course, alone. The brother was evidently an official of the Court, and showed me a letter, which conveyed that Holkar being seriously ill in bed,

suffering, they said, from a gangrene, he was unable to receive me, but that his eldest son hoped that I would pay him a visit before I left. I accepted a strictly private interview, and accordingly, after luncheon, I drove off to the palace with the brother. It is a very high building in the centre of the city. I ascended a long flight of stairs, and was received by the prince in his apartments. He is a big, heavy, but rather fine-looking fellow, of about 23, and had only a boy, his nephew with him; he spoke English fluently, and we had a long conversation on European politics—the Russo-Turkish war—our policy with regard to Afghanistan. He asked many questions about myself, and life in England, which he is very anxious to see; but, evidently, his father raises objections. His dress was very gorgeous, he wore a necklace of several rows of enormous emeralds. My visit lasted about an hour; the usual ceremonies were observed on my departure, and shortly afterwards I wished good-bye to my Brahmin friends, and drove back to Mhow. Soon after leaving the city, some A.D.C.'s of Holkar came galloping up, bringing me a photograph, signed H. H. Shivaje Rao Holkar, First Prince of Indore, and rode alongside the carriage to Mhow. Blundell took me over the 3rd Hussars' barracks and stables. Outside one of the verandahs I came across a pet panther, treated like a dog. Attended the military chapel at 6 p.m.; some of the officers dined with us.

December 23rd.—Left Mhow by train at 11 a.m.; before reaching Khundwa the line crosses the river Nerbudda by a bridge for road and rail, half a mile long. Mr. Fisher met me on arrival, and drove me to his bungalow, some 3 miles from the station. This is a wild district in the jungle; and must be a very melancholy place to live in. I am very comfortably lodged in a capital tent, which at night is rather cold; my host's house is in course of construction. Mrs. Holwell, the only other European except the railway people here, dined with us; Mr. Fisher's Indian experiences were very interesting.

December 24th.—Left at 10 a.m., in a reserved carriage; dined

at Sholapoor. At 10.30 p.m. passed Jubbulpore, where I had intended to visit the famous white marble rocks. The railway runs through vast plains and jungle ; a distant mountain range to the south ; monkeys and antelopes occasionally seen.

December 25th (Christmas-Day).—Reached Allahabad at 8 a.m., and drove to Government House, the residence of Sir George Cooper, Bart., Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Provinces ; a fine house, with pretty gardens, which are tolerably green, as they are watered morning and evening. My rooms are very comfortable, and open into the garden. Church at 11. Drove in the afternoon with Lady Cooper, to see the park, public gardens, &c. Allahabad is situated at the junction of the Rivers Ganges and Jumna ; the country is a dead level ; the Civil Lines are some distance from the city ; the roads interminable, straight, broad avenues intersecting each other at right angles, all apparently alike ; hardly a creature to be seen in them ; very monotonous and dreary. The public buildings are of a peculiar architecture, and have generally a solitary tower, reminding one of waterworks! There was a dinner-party of 24. Not a soul I had seen before to-day ; curious on Christmas-Day. My host was Secretary to Sir Henry Lawrence during the siege at Lucknow. Lady Cooper was among the ladies who underwent the horrors and privations of those terrible five months, and recounts to me some of her reminiscences.

December 26th.—At 7.30 a.m. played lawn tennis with Sir George, on an asphalt court in the garden, surrounded by chuprassies (native servants), who put the balls into your hand for every stroke, so there is no bother of stooping. The Chief Justice, Sir Robert Stuart, had invited me to the Law Courts at 1 p.m. and gave me an hour's disquisition on Indian tribunals and law. I lunched with Sir R. and Lady Stuart, where I met General Ewart, of Mutiny renown, now commanding this district, and his daughter. The General took me in the afternoon to the barracks of the 22nd Regiment, to the rest-camp, and through the native city and market. Some of the streets are broad, and all very crowded.

Many of the houses are two-storied, and decorated with paintings, etc. We went on to the Fort, in which there is a very venerated underground temple, and the stump of a tree which is supposed to bud miraculously; there certainly were leaves on it, but it is questionable how they got there. I was then shown the entrance to a subterranean passage, which is said to communicate with Benares, nearly 100 miles off. We walked round the Fort, our great stronghold during the Mutiny, one of the places of the greatest strategical importance in India. The River Jumna flows under the walls; the water being low at this season, the junction of the two rivers is about a mile lower down. On the river-bank below the Fort is a temple containing the red monstrous figure of a god recumbent, which is a great place for pilgrims; and near this sits a Fakir, who has made a vow to sit for ever on this spot; I was told he had been there fifty years.

December 28th.—Left Allahabad at 9.50 a.m. for Benares; arriving at 5 p.m. I had to wait a long time at Mogul Serai, the junction, only six miles from Benares, but there was no means of getting on except by train. I was much astonished at the enormous size of the station at Mogul-Serai, out of all proportion to the requirements of the traffic, and an instance of the waste of money in India. The railway stops short of the Ganges. My host here, Mr. Brodhurst, the Judge, met me at the station—drove me across the bridge of boats, through part of the city, where a new road for carriages has been opened out, to his bungalow in the Civil Lines, which are prettily wooded and laid out, and made a pleasing impression after Allahabad. The country through which I passed to-day was under irrigation and cultivation. I frequently saw the natives shovelling the water from the little canals over the land, and there seemed to be a plentiful supply.

December 29th.—It is warmer here than at Allahabad, but the mornings and evenings are fresh. Drive with Mr. Brodhurst into Benares, visiting the College and Alfred Town Hall *en route.* The city is quite unlike any I have hitherto seen in India. The houses are high, the streets as narrow as possible, reminding

me of Fez, or parts of Cairo. We visited the great mosque of Aurungzebe and ascended one of the minarets;—several of the innumerable Hindoo temples;—the Bishi Sharnath, or Golden Temple, with its innumerable idols and Brahmin priests; sacred bulls and monkeys are crowded up together in the shrines, and pilgrims are pouring water over the gods or decorating them with flowers;—the Gyan Bapi, or Well of Knowledge, under a red colonnade, revered as the residence of S'iva, and stinking horribly from the effluvium of the decayed vegetation thrown into it;—the Nepaulese Temple, decorated with most indecent carving; the Sacred Tamarind Tree;—the Observatory, erected in the reign of Mohammed Shah, by Jey Singh who was entrusted by that monarch with the reformation of the Calendar. Similar observatories were erected by him at Delhi, Jeypoor, Muttra, and Oojein. There are huge dials, azimuth circles, altitude-pillars and instruments constructed of masonry, besides brazen altitude-circles of enormous size, but nobody seemed to understand anything about them. We went afterwards to some of the shops, and the gold and silver embroideries, muslin work, and brass work were displayed. In the afternoon we went to the public gardens, where lawn-tennis and the game of badminton were going on. I made the acquaintance of an excellent fellow, one of the missionaries here, who was of a far better type than those generally met with. He admitted the failure of the attempt to convert the natives to Christianity.

December 29th.—Went to church at 11, and drove out afterwards to Sarnath, four miles, where are the huge remains of a Bhuddist temple, and a small Jain temple close by. In the afternoon we drove to the Monkey Temple outside the city. The road in the neighbourhood, the steps leading to a large tank, and the temple itself are full of monkeys, of which I must have seen 1000. We went on to the River Ganges, above the city, and embarked in the Maharajah of Vizianagram's steam-launch, and went slowly down the river, passing the ghâts, terraces, palaces, mosques, and temples

on the banks. The scene is indescribable. There are said to be 300 mosques and 1000 temples in Benares, and it is the city to which millions flock from all parts of India to worship, and to bathe in the sacred river. The Ganges is about 600 yards broad, and the city covers the eastern bank for three miles ; crowds of Hindoos are gathered on the ghâts—many of them in the water, others dressing and undressing ; masses of huge umbrella-like tents shade them from the sun, and these, as the dresses of the natives, are of every variety of colour ; crowds are sitting about the steps smoking and gossipping ; innumerable fakirs begrimed with every kind of horrible paint and chalk, with long matted hair, wearing hardly any garments—some of them in attitudes of penance for the performance of vows. In the background rise the crumbling palaces of the Maharajahs, belonging to many of the principal sovereign princes of India ; the crowded houses of the natives, the pagodas and pinnacles of the Hindoo temples, and, towering above them, the enormous mosque of Aurungzebe, with its graceful minarets. This mosque was built on the site of the great temple of Vishnu, in memory of the triumph of Islam over Brahminism. We landed at the ghâts, one of the principal Brahmin priests receiving us, and stood a long time gazing upon the scene ; I saw several dead bodies carried down to the bank of cremation, and while there the funeral pile of some swell was lighted, the nearest relative performing all the ceremonies observed on those occasions. It was here, at what is called the burning-ghât, that suttee was in former times performed by the widows. When the fires have burnt out, the ashes are swept into the river ; and, in the cases of the poor, as wood is expensive, some of the corpses are only half burnt, or, from motives of economy, thrown into the river without any cremation. It is marvellous to see the people bathing, and drinking the river water close to the spot where these funeral ceremonies are being performed, and all amongst the outlets of the sewers of the city. We walked back through the narrow alleys of Benares to our carriage, and drove home to a dinner-party.

The Hindoo religion probably dates, in India, from the immigration of the Hindoo Aryans, who are said to have descended from Central Asia, and settled in the plains of India, between 2000 and 1500 B.C. In spite of the diversity of language which now prevails, in different parts of India, Sanskrit remains essentially the language of the Hindoo faith. The Bible of the Hindoo religion consists of the four books of the Veda, the Paranas (sacred legends), and the law of Manu. Veda means knowledge, and the books of the Veda are looked upon as the inspired work of Brahma, the supreme god; the Brahmins are the race to whom the divine word was revealed, and by whom it has been recorded. The Vedas consist of a series of hymns and prayers, precepts and doctrines, said to have been composed between 1500 and 1000 B.C. The code of Manu dates from about 500 B.C., and consists of additional precepts, moral, philosophical, and religious; and, by sanctifying the order of Brahmins, institutes a succession of castes of religious and social distinction.

The Buddhist schism, which commenced about 500 B.C., exercised considerable influence over the Hindoo religion, with regard to sacrifice, to the doctrine of transmigration of souls, rites and ceremonies. Brahminism and Buddhism at one time flourished simultaneously, although the religious faiths are very different, Brahminism subordinating everything to the supreme god, but laying great stress on the efficacy of the mediation of the Brahmins, their rites and sacrifices, Buddhism having no theology, priest, or religious worship, but offering a strict system of morality, self-sacrifice, charity and social equality.

Hindooism, of the present day, is a mixture of Brahminism and Buddhism. The idea that, in consequence of his perfection, the supreme Deity can only be realised through the medium of a multitude of different ideas, according to each individual perception of a perfect Being, has degraded monotheism to pantheism; the continuity in which this marvellous diversity of religious superstition has existed for many centuries is the

result of universal submission to the Brahmins, and to the respect for caste. The doctrine of the Brahmins asserts that one god has revealed himself in infinite emanations and varieties of incarnation, the three principal manifestations of the deity being the creator Brahma, the preserver Vishnu, and the destroyer S'iva.

The principal incarnations of Vishnu, are Krishna and Rama, and the Vaishnavas, or worshippers of Vishnu, may be distinguished by perpendicular marks on the forehead, while the Saivas, or worshippers of S'iva, paint horizontal lines. The usual symbol of S'iva is the linga. The other gods, of whose worship most traces are observed, are: Ganesh, the god of wisdom, represented with an elephant's head, and usually seen on gateways; Hanuman, or the monkey-god; Mahadeva, represented with the Ganges flowing from his hair, and his wife, Parvalti. Every animal and all nature is more or less an object of worship to the Hindoos: rivers, rocks, trees, the sea, tanks, or lakes, etc. The most sacred animal is the cow, and, perhaps, the next, the serpent and the monkey; the most sacred tree, the pepul; the most sacred country is that along the whole course of the Ganges; the most venerated cities and places of pilgrimage, Benares, Muttra and Hurdwar. The principal religious observance is the daily bath, during or after which the pooja, or prayer, is offered. It is believed that after death the soul migrates into some other living being, according to the reward or punishment merited by former existence, and, in the end, that there will be a general absorption of life in the supreme Being.

Inseparably connected with religion among the Hindoos is the great institution of caste. The code of Manu teaches that the Deity created different species amongst men as amongst animals. The Brahmins arrogated to themselves a priestly and social superiority far above all other ranks. The three other original castes are the Kshetriyas (military), Vaisyas (agriculturists), and Sudras (servants). These are now subdivided into an innumerable variety of castes, which keep themselves entirely distinct in all

matters connected with cooking and eating, trades and professions, and religious rites. Intermarriage between different castes is impossible, although socially a Brahmin may occupy a very low position, while a Maharajah may be, and indeed some of them are, of a low caste. The Rajputs are considered the highest order of the military caste. The Jats and Bunnyahs, the numerous race of merchants, are among the representatives of the third original caste. Every trade has its own caste, and consequently all trades are hereditary. The lowest castes are the shoemakers, the sweepers, and the ordinary coolies—indeed, I believe, these are considered below all caste. It is impossible to comprehend the rigorous customs and observances of these distinctions of class; but modern education, the introduction of railways, the mixture of boys of different castes at schools, have already had their influence in moderating some of the prejudices of those Hindoos who are brought into contact with Europeans.

December 30th.—Nothing could have exceeded the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Brodhurst, during my stay at Benares. I left at 10.25 a.m., by train for Calcutta. This is the first journey since Madras for which I had not made any arrangements, and I arrived at the conclusion that a series of long railway journeys in India would be very disagreeable without the assistance of the railway authorities. At night we were four in the carriage. The seats, or rather couches, are arranged in two tiers, one above the other; thus, if a fellow-traveller chooses to let down the upper couch, it is impossible to sit upright on the lower one; moreover, railway servants in India are in the habit of travelling in first-class carriages, and, indeed, the passengers are not always of the stamp that one would elect to be associated with for many hours together. We travelled through a perfectly flat and highly cultivated country all day; during the night passed through some hills, and reached Howrah, the station for Calcutta, on the western bank of the Hooghly, at 6 a.m., where the Viceroy's carriage was waiting to take me to Government House.

CHAPTER IV.

CALCUTTA, GOVERNMENT HOUSE—BARRACKPORE—KURSIONG—DARJEELING—THE HYMALAYAS — RETURN TO CALCUTTA — GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BELVIDERE.

December 31st.—I was not prepossessed in favour of Calcutta, at first sight. The streets are broad and dull, the houses ugly, and the natives very unpicturesque, nearly all wearing the dirtiest white garments. Government House is an enormous building, with four huge wings radiating from the central block, in which the enormous reception-rooms are situated. My rooms, in one of the wings, are very large and good; the distances one has to travel within the building are extraordinary. There are a great number of chuprassies and police about the house and garden; the guards are composed of native infantry, and fine sentries of the cavalry body-guard are posted within the palace. Lady Lytton was unwell, and did not appear till luncheon. I made acquaintance with the Viceroy in his verandah, where some indifferent conjurers were performing their tricks before His Excellency, the children and suite.

I find a huge packet of letters at Calcutta, which are very welcome and occupy the morning. In the afternoon I went with Lady Lytton to see a billiard match between Cook and Stanley; the former played marvellously, and won very easily. I made there the acquaintance of Sir Ashley Eden, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. In the evening I drove with Favre, who had a rough voyage from Madras, and has since been up to Darjeeling. He was enchanted with the magnificence of the scenery, and strongly advised me to follow his example. A quiet dinner—only

the Lyttons and their Staff. I had a long conversation with the Viceroy on the Afghan question.

January 1st.—Drive with Favre to pay a visit to Sir Ashley Eden, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, at Belvidere, in the suburb of Alipore, beyond the Meidan (a large plain, the Hyde Park of Calcutta), some three miles from Government House. On our way we saw a parade of the troops, who fired a *feu de joie*, in honour of the anniversary of the proclamation of the Empress; the 54th Regiment, three regiments of Madras infantry, and one of volunteers, under Major-General Ross. The salute was very indifferently performed, nor was the crowd nearly so great as one would have expected. It seemed strange that neither the Viceroy nor any of the civil authorities attended the ceremony.

Sir Ashley Eden drove me to see a cricket match, between a Parsee eleven from Bombay and the Calcutta team. After luncheon, I went with Herbert, one of the Viceroy's A.D.C.'s, to see the procession of Hussein and Hassan, the great Mahommedan martyrs. They were the sons of Fatima, the daughter of Mahomet, and were killed in defence of their religion. Their memory is celebrated by a solemn fast, which commences on the evening of the new moon in the month Mohurrum, and lasts till the 12th. In the final ceremonies, the tajias, models of Hussein's tomb, are carried in procession, and deposited in the mosques. The fast is kept by the Shiah sect of Mahommedans, and sometimes leads to broils with the Sunniahs, who reject the succession of Fatima. The traffic was suspended in the streets, and the crowds were considerable. A number of seedy banners, very wretched horses, with shabbily gorgeous trappings, as the chargers of the martyrs, and a number of men singing and clapping their bare breasts vigorously, were the principal features of the procession.

We then went to the Fine Arts Exhibition, where Lord Lytton had preceded us, and was delivering the opening speech. The pictures are principally the work of amateurs.

The Viceroy speaks well; his language is good, his delivery rather laboured and slow. It seemed hardly the occasion for a political oration, or for a dissertation on the anxieties and cares of the supreme Government in connection with the Afghan war and the attacks of the Opposition in England.

January 2nd.—Colonel Baker, Military Secretary, and Lord William Beresford, A.D.C., who have been on a pig-sticking expedition, have returned, which makes a vast improvement in the social amenities of Government House. Drove to Belvidere, where I met Sir Stewart Bayley, the Commissioner of Assam, and arrange with Sir A. Eden for my expedition to Darjeeling. Went with Baker to Fort William, where General Ross took us over the barracks of the 54th Regiment, the arsenal and armoury.

The afternoon entertainment is a visit to the circus, where Miss Cook, "the Empress of the Arena," performs before the Viceroy and suite. The principal attraction advertised, however, is that Lord W. Beresford will ride the unrideable mule. The animal is perfectly quiet with some boys who first try a ride; presumably by some sign from the owner it easily disposed of two or three men, then Beresford has his try, and stuck to the beast with astounding pertinacity, keeping his hold on the beast's neck with his legs, while his hands were on the ground, beyond its head.

After dinner I went with Lieut. Herbert, A.D.C., to the house of Moulvie Abdool Lutief Khan Bahadoor, where the faithful of all ranks may enter to attend the ceremonies commemorating the death of Hussein and Hassan. We sat in the verandah; a rope was drawn across the window, as none but Mussulmans are allowed in the rooms. The crowds were squatting and huddled together, while, at the far end of the room, priests were reciting the sufferings and heroism of the martyrs, varied with chants, beating of breasts, etc. We were

given coffee and sherbet. My host was rather surprised that I did not remain till the conclusion of the ceremonies, which are continued far into the night.

January 3rd.—In the afternoon, embarked with Favre and Naville (F.'s friend, who joined him here after travels in China, Japan, etc.), Sir Charles and Lady Wade, Mrs. Barnard, and Captain Muir, A.D.C., in the viceregal launch, and steamed down the Hooghly to the Botanical Gardens. The mass of shipping in the river is wonderful. We passed the palace of the ex-King of Oude, above which pigeons in large flights were being manœuvred by flags waved on the house-tops; this is the favourite diversion of His ex-Majesty. The Botanical Gardens are most beautiful; every variety of tropical vegetation; the fern-houses, instead of being of glass, are constructed of dark-green tatties to keep off the sun, the shaded effect of which is very pretty. We steamed back past the city and under the floating bridge, which I crossed over on my arrival without realising it was not a solid wooden bridge. Instead of being like the usual bridge of boats, the roadway is as high as an ordinary bridge above the water. A dinner party of twenty-two in the evening; I took in Mrs. Hadden, the beauty of Calcutta, and sat by Lady Wade. Lady Lytton was not well enough to dine, and does not appear when outsiders are present.

January 4th.—Went to see Favre and Naville at the Bengal Club, where there are good bedrooms for members and their friends. In the afternoon, Bill Beresford drives us in his drag to the Ballygunje Steeple-chases. The course is about six miles from Government House; there were crowds of natives squatting all along the course; we were in an open stand; the ground was very hard. Beresford intended to ride in three races; as it was, he rode in two; got a fall, and one of his horses broke a small blood-vessel—so he was very unlucky. The fields were very small, but the palmy days of racing, everybody says, are over in India. People go home and spend their money in England, instead of remaining out here for years as they did formerly, and making

their home in this country. The Lyttons went to Barrackpore to-day; dined with Bill Beresford and others on the Staff.

January 5th.—Attended service at the Cathedral at 10.30, and at 12.30 went with Baker up the Hooghly in the steam launch, "Lytton," to Barrackpore, sixteen miles by river, and arrived for luncheon under a banyan tree, with the Lyttons, Wades, Colleys, General and Mrs. Strachey, and the Staff. The air felt quite fresh after Calcutta, and the servants in their red and gold liveries in groups under the trees, made a very pretty effect. Walked in the evening with Sir C. Wade (who is staying with the Viceroy on his way to his post as Minister in China) to Lady Canning's grave on the banks of the river. She was buried here near her favourite seat in the garden; the white marble sarcophagus, with a large cross, is enclosed within a railing, and the inscription, composed by Lord Canning, is beautiful. The original monument has been removed to the Cathedral at Calcutta, as the climate was causing damage to the mosaic work; it was replaced by Lord Northbrook, with a plain copy of the original.

There is a menagerie of wild animals in the Park, amongst them a curious animal like a white wolf. The main building of the Palace is not large, and I was lodged in one of the detached bungalows in the garden. Lord Lytton was engaged most of the afternoon transacting business, under the big banyan tree, with General Strachey.

January 6th.—Very warm morning; breakfast in the garden, and start at 1 p.m. from Barrackpore Railway Station for Darjeeling. Reached the Ganges at 6 p.m.; an hour and a half is spent on the steamer crossing the river, which is very broad. I was astonished at the rough appearance of the railway and station near the river, but learnt that the river is in the habit of changing its course after the annual floods, so that a new line and a new station may be required every year. Dined on board, and got some excellent fish. The narrow-gauge railway north of the Ganges is very rough; the carriages are not tightly coupled, and

each successive carriage starts with a jerk, like coal-trucks in England, which is not conducive to undisturbed sleep.

January 7th.—I arrived at the terminus, Silligoree, at 9.15 a.m. The hazy atmosphere prevented any view of the snows. Breakfasted at the hotel near the station. The ponies and policemen had been sent down from Darjeeling, and I packed off my baggage ponies with the faithful Arakan and the constable, at 11 a.m. Started myself at 12, and found my baggage only a few yards on the way—Arakan frantic at the slowness of the coolies and syces. I jogged on, with the syce running behind along the road, which goes for nine miles through the Terai, on a dead level to Punchamaia, at the foot of the mountains. The heat was very great, and the work of kicking along my lazy brute of a pony did not tend to cool my blood or my temper. The syce would not keep up, and the pony zigzagged the whole way from one side of the road to the other in his endeavours to return to the syce. The road traverses the densest tropical jungle, a most fever-stricken region, and at certain seasons no one can live in it; natives and Europeans alike are very sickly throughout all this district. The Himalayas rise with remarkable abruptness. I had got a very short way from the plain when I met a Mr. Greenwood, whom I had seen in Calcutta, and who had been up to Darjeeling, returning; he gave me the—for me, not very hopeful—intelligence that he had seen nothing of the snows; that all was mist and fog, which state of things is generally considered by weather-prophets as certain to last a month; however, I determined to try my luck. The scenery was already wonderful; a bridle path soon leaves the road, and leads up a series of very precipitous zigzags to Chombattie, which I reached at 4 p.m., and got another and much better pony. Nobody could speak a word of English; my syce gave me to understand he was either hungry or ill, and wished to stop, but I had no time to lose, as I hoped to reach Kursiong before dark. There was a rough plan of the short cuts at the bungalow, which I thought I understood, so I continued my ride alone. The cart-

road goes up a regular incline, describing circuits of many miles. I took the short cuts, which are in most places far too steep for ponies to go up, except at a slow walk; the scenery was so magnificent that I forgot about the time, and when darkness came on, which it does very suddenly in these latitudes, and with it an occasional mist, I found myself riding up the steep rocky ascent in the dense forest, with precipices in every direction. I began to feel rather lonely. Moreover, the most extraordinary noises proceeded from the jungle, all around. I knew tigers and other wild animals abound hereabouts, and had not experienced that the insects make the most astounding row. One species make a clatter like machinery in motion, and reminded me of the noise in the annexe of the Paris Exhibition. I thought after a time, walking would be safer, but the struggle of finding the path, when I could not see a foot before me, and leading the pony, soon convinced me I was safer on the animal, who, of course, had been the road scores of times, so I resigned myself to fate, and was beginning to think I should spend the night in the jungle, and get devoured by a tiger, when a native emerged from a mountain path, and having ascertained he was bound for Kursiong, I continued the journey with him. After a long climb, we reached the cart-road again, which took us into Kursiong. Here my friend left me, and I had still a struggle to find the Clarendon Hotel, where I arrived about 8 p.m. This is the only place inhabited by Europeans in the village, so for once I am on my own hook. The landlord is an old sergeant of the 54th, who stands by while I dine, gives me an account of some interesting experiences, and invites me into his room after dinner, to meet his wife and musical daughter. My luggage does not get in till 10 p.m., the ponies having been driven up by the police and Arakan; the syces had deserted them soon after starting. Arakan is just as lively after his 20 miles walk and climb up the mountains as at any other time, and on this, as on every other occasion, is invaluable.

January 8th.—The thermometer is seldom under 55° at Kursiong, although it is 4500 feet above the sea. There is a fine view over the plain, but towards the mountains all is mist. Tea gardens abound hereabouts; the valleys and sides of the mountains, where not too precipitous, are full of them. The cart-road is the way hence to Darjeeling, so there is no difficulty. It is being repaired in many places, as the torrents wash it away every rainy season; a good sum must be required annually to keep it in repair. It is intended to construct a railway along the road; the gradient is easy, but the curves very sharp. I sent on Arakan and the syces, who turned up this morning, with the luggage early, and rode off myself at 10 a.m. The mist spoilt the view, but, perhaps, added to the wild grandeur of the scenery. The gorges overhung with magnificent timber; huge tree ferns springing out of the precipitous mountain sides; dense masses of creepers and foliage of every description; only the sun was wanting to give colour to the scene. The difference in the population is very striking. On leaving the plains, instead of naked Hindoos there appears quite a different race, of Mongolian type—broad flat hideous faces—many of them strong muscular fellows—wild-looking people, clothed in rough garments of sheepskins. Changed ponies at Sonadah, where a guide met me and showed me the mountain path across the ridge of Jellalapur, 7460 feet, where there is a military Sanatorium. The village, where the path diverges from the cart-road, is most curiously situated—on a ridge so narrow that half the little houses on the side of the road overhang the precipice. The higher I got the worse the mist, and coming down the steep path from Jellalapur to Darjeeling, it was so thick that very little was visible.

I put up here with the Assistant Commisioner, Mr. Abbott, whose pretty wife has derived great benefit from this invigorating climate, after a severe illness in the plains. Their house is beautifully situated, at an elevation of some 7200 feet, overlooking Darjeeling and the mountain ranges,

but to-day there is no view. I took a walk in the afternoon; the weather very misty and cold—like a November day in England. The town, Darjeeling, is situated on the side of a spur running up from the lower mountains, and is built on three terraces; the market-place and bazaar occupying the only flat bit of ground to be seen anywhere about. The summer residences of the Europeans are bungalows perched about on or near the top of the ridge.

January 9th.—At 7.30. a.m., I had my first view of the Himalaya snows. From my window I saw the peaks of Kinchinjunga, 28,156 feet high, the second highest mountain in the world, peeping above the dense masses of cloud which soon afterwards concealed the view. The thermometer outside my window stood at 52°, which seemed very cold. I walked with Abbott to see the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal's house, which is now being rebuilt. The situation is splendid—on a "saddle," with precipices on both sides. The valley beyond is 6000 feet below, which has to be crossed to gain the road into Thibet. The pass is 14,000 feet above the sea; there is a good bridle-road up to the fort on the frontier, through the territory of Sikkim, a native state, the Rajah of which is virtually under British authority. No Europeans are allowed to pass the frontier into Thibet; but a good number of Thibetans come over with ponies and cattle for the Darjeeling market. We went down to see a Buddhist temple, with the most grotesque figures around the entrance. In front of the temple are poles, with three-cornered banners on them, on which prayers are written, which are wafted by the breeze to Heaven. Another form the Bhuddists adopt for offering prayers, is the wheel; prayers are written on the outside, which are revolved with the hand. I never saw anything like the montrosity of some of the men belonging to the temple. The people here are principally Bhotanese. They are thickly clothed, fine, strong, active men; there are no carriages, but ladies are carried about in bandies—a kind of hammock suspended on two poles, and carried by three men, one in front,

two behind; their legs and arms are of wonderful dimensions, and they jog along at a very good pace.

Lawn-tennis in the afternoon. The Commissioner, Mr. Lewin, and his wife, and others, came to dinner.

Darjeeling means "Hill of thunderbolts." The storms at certain seasons are terrific, and the rains, which last from June to October, reach the average annual fall of 100 inches.

January 10th.—The mist is still too thick to attempt the climb to see Mount Everest. I am afraid the weather will not clear sufficiently for a month, but resolve to give it another chance to-morrow. I take a walk and ride round Birch Hill, with Abbott. Thermometer 49°, at 7 a.m. The snowy range very distinctly visible; gigantic bamboos, with great thorns, and the tree-ferns, beautiful. Lunched with the Lewins. The clouds lifted gradually all day, and while we were playing lawn-tennis the effect of the sunset was the most glorious I ever saw; Kinchinjunga in a framework of rose-tinted clouds, and the snows illumined with every variety of colour. A strong wind came on in the evening, and at 11 p.m. we went out to see the snowy range by moonlight. The sky perfectly clear. Who could describe so glorious a sight!

January 11th.—My good fortune has not deserted me. The sky is cloudless, and my host tells me the mountains never showed better. I left Darjeeling at 10.30 a.m., rode up past the Sanatorium and Jore bungalow, up to Senshal, where, on the ridge, nothing but chimneys are left standing of the old military station, which was deserted thirteen years ago. Report says the soldiers committed suicide so frequently, from *ennui*, that the troops were removed lower down, to their present quarters near Darjeeling. I left the ponies and climbed up on foot to the top of Tiger Hill, about 9000 feet above the level of the sea, and nearly 2000 feet higher than Darjeeling. What a sight! the vast snowy range, in all its grandeur, as far as the eye could reach; in the far distance, some 150 miles away, the three peaks of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in

the world, unmistakeably prominent; immediately in front, Kinchinjunga, said to be 40 miles off, apparently rising abruptly from the valley, 6000 feet below; and, far away, on either side, an uninterrupted succession of gigantic peaks, and walls of snow; tropical vegetation in the foreground; the air still and balmy. Several of the mountains in view are in Thibet, for we are here on a prcmontory of British territory; the little state of Sikkim lies in front, Bhotan on the right, Nepaul on the left; and on turning back, there is a splendid panorama of the lower ranges down into the Terai and plains of Bengal. This scene amply repaid me for my journeys from England. I stood and gazed at Nature's grandest works, with feelings of profound awe and unutterable wonder.

I had been lost in admiration at this glorious spectacle for an hour, and felt very loth to retrace my steps, when the mist suddenly came rolling up, and in a short time Mount Everest and the more distant ranges gradually disappeared, and I indeed rejoiced that I had been so excessively fortunate. In November and December, April and May, the finest views are generally attained; at other times of the year the snows are sometimes hidden for months by clouds and mist, and January is generally a foggy month. I rode down to Kursiong, reaching Roberts' Hotel at 7 p.m., and had the advantage of admiring the splendid scenery in sunshine, instead of the dark gloom on my journey up. There is not much going on in the endless tea-plantations around Kursiong at this time of year.

January 12th.—I took another road from Kursiong to Silligoree than that by which I came up, and as the descent of 2700 feet from Kursiong for six miles is very steep, I walked down the zigzag path, and very hot it was, to Punkabana. Here Roberts had provided me with the most wonderful pony, who went capitally over any ground, however rough or steep, and galloped across the Terai in no time; very different from the beast I rode up the other day. The tropical vegetation of the dense jungle is

troops, as a prisoner-of-war, at the surrender of Pondicherry; joined the British army, and distinguished himself in subsequent wars. He afterwards entered the servicc of the King of Oude, and made a large fortune as a banker and merchant. He introduced European ideas of art and architecture at the Court, and left enormous sums of money to found colleges at Lyons, Calcutta, and Lucknow, which are called "La Martinière."

We drove on to the Residency, which remains in the ruinous state in which it was found at the final capture of Lucknow. It stands on an eminence, surrounded by gardens, which are kept most carefully, as a sacred memorial of the sufferings and death of so many of our countrymen. The ground around is much altered; the native houses have been destroyed, and there are many more trees than existed at the time of the siege. We went in at the former entrance of the Residency, now a ruin; and ascended to the top of the tower, where the semaphore was worked to communicate with the relieving force; saw the room where Sir H. Lawrence was wounded; went down into the tykhana, underground rooms, where the women and children of the 32nd Regiment were placed to be out of the fire of shot and shell. We went on to Dr. Fayrer's house, to which Lawrence was removed, and where he died; and down to the Baillie Gate and Guard House, which bore the brunt of the attacks, and close to which Outram entered by a breach in the wall, after fighting his way through the streets. We then walked round all the advanced posts, the site of which, and of the batteries, are marked out; saw the drain by which Kavanagh, on November 9th, 1857, went out, disguised as an Afghan, at the imminent peril of his life, to give information to the General advancing to the relief; and went over the cemetery, full of monuments to those who died during the siege. Here are the graves of Sir H. Lawrence and General Neill. Sir H. Lawrence made all the dispositions for the defence of the Residency, and commanded the force besieged there until his death, on July 4th, 1857, from a wound received two days previously. General Neill

other members of council, and was, I was told, chiefly addressed to the press. I went on to see some of the principal shops, and especially the mirrors chandeliers and jewellery shops, extensively patronised by native princes. A polo match in the afternoon, band at the Eden Gardens, the fashionable rendezvous of Calcutta society from 5 till 7, a dinner of fifty people given by the Viceroy at Government House, and a ball there afterwards, complete the day's work.

January 16th.—Went at 8 a.m. to the Alipore Prison, where 2000 prisoners, from all parts of Bengal, are confined. Their sentences vary from short terms to twelve years; they are employed at various kinds of remunerative labour, the products of which suffice to maintain them. They are taught trades, and earn marks and remission of sentences, but no money; there is no solitary confinement, except in a few punishment cells. At 12, I drove to the Museum, over which Dr. Anderson, the director and a great anatomist, took me. There are very extensive collections of animal remains, including a mastodon; of minerals, aerolites, animals, and skeletons, from a man to an ant-eater; the similarity of the skeleton of a baby to that of a young monkey is pointed out. The Bhuddist monuments are very numerous; there is a notable inscription found at Sarnath, near Benares, showing the extraordinary resemblance of Bhuddist legends to those of the Christian religion; the more noteworthy, as the date of Buddha is 500 B.C. The annunciation of the birth of Buddha to his mother by a white elephant in a dream, his teaching, his temptation, his death, as recorded on the walls of the Temple at Sarnath are seen here; and it cannot be denied, that they bear a striking resemblance to similar events recorded in the life of Christ.

Drive in the afternoon with Sir A. Eden and Mrs. Cockrell to the Band, and afterwards to the quays and jetties of the Port. These have been built out into the river, so that the biggest steamer can lie alongside, such as the "Duke of Argyll," of the "Ducal" line, which was shipping her cargo at the

wharf. There was a dinner of sixteen and a ball afterwards to four hundred people, to which the Viceroy came.

January 17th.—Went to the High Court of Calcutta; the buildings are vast, but are built too much in the European style, around a central court, and are not well adapted for the requirements of Indian ventilation. The Chief Justice, whose countenance is unusually cheerful and benign for his cloth, was presiding at an uninteresting trial; but we heard an intricate case, argued by native pleaders, before Justice Wilson, as to the value of a will in relation to the division of some property. Judge Wilson has not been long in India, and gave me a curious example of the originality of some of the causes which are brought before European judges, and must be difficult for them to decide until they become accustomed to Indian habits. An idol had been left by will to be used by different persons, at different seasons, and for stated periods. One family kept the idol for worship longer than the time allowed; the next possessor brought and won a civil action against the delinquents. The question arose, what amount of damage should be awarded.

We afterwards visited the Chinese Bazaar, where one is pestered by touts, and the Borough Bazaar, which can only be compared, in stench and filth, to the Jews' quarter at Jerusalem. Then to Hamilton, the great jeweller.

Archibald Forbes, just returned from Afghanistan, and on his way to Burmah, came to luncheon, and gave us an account of his experiences, not very flattering to the military authorities at the front, nor to civil authorities nearer at hand. In the afternoon I went with Sir A. Eden to the Presidency Gaol; a very fine prison, containing about 1400 prisoners—60 Englishmen, some of whom are soldiers about to be removed. The length of military sentences in India appears to me excessively severe; I have met with several instances of sentences of from five to ten years penal servitude for striking non-commissioned officers. My theory is, that, in nine cases in every ten, such acts are occasioned by the aggravation or other misconduct of over-

bearing sergeants, or young inexperienced corporals; and that men should, for a momentary loss of temper or self-control, in a climate which is not natural to them, and which is not calculated at all seasons to improve the temper, be imprisoned for many years, appears to me unduly severe, not to say cruel. The English are confined separately, the natives together. A prisoner came up to us with a petition to be set at liberty. He was convicted in 1856, when fifteen years of age, of murder, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He has lived from the age of fifteen to that of thirty-eight a prisoner, and I trust the Lieut.-Governor will think he has expiated his crime. The principal labour of the prison is printing; the forms of Government returns and reports, which are immensely voluminous, are made here; the short-sentence prisoners appeared mostly to be squeezing mustard oil.

We dined with the officers, 54th Regiment, in Fort William; and went in the evening to the Chowringhee Theatre, where "Masks and Faces" was played.

January 18th.—Drive with H. Cockrell to Calcutta, to visit Maharajah Jotundra Mohun Tagore, the native Member of the Legislative Council. His brother, Dr. Tagore, the great Hindoo musician, who has received decorations from nearly all the courts of Europe, except England, was also present, and a performance of native music, vocal and instrumental, took place on a stage erected in the drawing-room; some of the melodies were very wild and plaintive, but the music is generally very monotonous. There was an incomprehensible performance; a man held two small brass trumpets, one on each side of his neck, and produced sound through the throat; they were not placed near his mouth, which he kept shut. We went close up to the performer, and there was no gammon about it; several notes were thus blown. A large collection of ancient and modern Hindoo musical instruments were displayed, and Dr. Tagore gave me the books he has published on the subject. The house was furnished in Anglo-

Indian fashion, and there were servants on duty on the staircase dressed like soldiers.

Lunched at Government House, where I met Melgund, just arrived from England, on his way to join General Roberts. Maharajah Scindia was to be received by the Viceroy, after luncheon, but I did not remain to attend the ceremony. In the evening we went to a performance of Italian opera at the theatre. The "Favorita" was given; the orchestra consisting of a piano and harmonium; the chorus of four men; the principal singers might have had voices at some former period, but they had certainly lost all idea of time and tune, and their energies were expended in striving, who should sing the fastest and the loudest. The house was nearly empty, which is not surprising, as those who admired the performance could have heard it equally distinctly from outside, the opera-house being as open as every other house. I believe in former years there has occasionally been a good company. It would have been rather amusing to have seen "Faust" given with a chorus of four; and it is one of the operas in the *répertoire* of this company. Mrs. Batten was in the Vice-regal box; she leaves to-morrow, with her husband, for a visit to Japan.

January 19th.—Went to service at the Cathedral and saw the original monument at Lady Canning's grave, and several others to Indian celebrities. Received visits from Maharajah Jotundra Mohun Tagore, who gave me a very interesting account of native opinions and customs, and from Mr. Lyall, the Foreign Secretary. In the afternoon, Calcutta society came to the garden of Belvidere, and there was a dinner party in the evening.

January 20th.—The weather has been glorious during my stay at Calcutta; the thermometer in my room, between 70° and 75°. At 1 p.m., Sir Ashley Eden received a visit from Maharajah Scindia. When he visited Calcutta last year, he had not given himself the trouble to call on the Lieutenant-Governor of

Bengal, and, from what occurred to day, he probably did not appreciate the hint which brought about the visit on this occasion. He came in a very seedy carriage and pair, and was only accompanied by Mr. Tweedie, the Resident at Gwalior, and his native doctor. A guard of honour was drawn up to receive him. He wore a white turban, green coat, with a red silk sash, long black boots, and had a riding-cane in his hand. An odious-looking man, and, to judge from his manner and conversation, he appeared to wish to make himself as obnoxious as possible. He told Sir Ashley that he hated Calcutta, and when Sir Ashley offered to be of any assistance to him, he replied, he knew Calcutta quite well enough. His manner was very overbearing; he stammers badly, and spoke very little.

After an early dinner I took leave of my excellent host, who had done so much to make my stay at Calcutta most agreeable. Sir Andrew Clarke, the minister of public works, has been good enough to write to all the railway officials of the lines on which I am to travel, to look after my comfort; and Mr. Lyall, the foreign secretary, has been very kind about my visit to Rajpootana. I left Calcutta at 9 p.m.

CHAPTER V.

BANKIPORE AND PATNA—LUCKNOW—CAWNPORE—AGRA.

January 21st.—Had an early breakfast at Mohammieh, and arrived at Bankipore, the Civil Station of Patna, at 10.15 a.m. The military station is at Dinapore, seven miles further. I was met by Mr. Halliday, the Commissioner, and drove to his house. The district of Patna consists of seven collectorates, and contains 13,000,000 inhabitants; the city 160,000. The population in some parts of the country is 700 to the square mile; the land is greatly cultivated and intersected by canals and railways. The people are troublesome, and the city is a hotbed of fanatical Mohammedanism. It is said, that many of the plots for the Mutiny were organized at this centre, and that emissaries from Patna spread the spirit of insurrection throughout the country. The city, however, remained quiet at that time, owing to the forethought and energy of the Commissioner, Mr. Tayler, who also saved the province of Behar. The injustice of his subsequent treatment, and consignment to unmerited disgrace, is described in Malleson's history of the Sepoy war. The native regiments at Dinapore subsequently bolted, but the rising at Patna had been quelled. It was near here that the "Pearl" Naval Brigade, having come up the Ganges, left their boats for the campaign in Goruckpore and Oude, and Mr. Halliday tells me that he has seen in this country, within a few years, monkeys who were wounded and disabled by the sailors, 14 years before. One of the great race meetings of India, is held at Soupoor, in this neighbourhood, during November.

We drove four miles through the long street of Patna, in the Rajah of Kooch Behar's carriage, to see the opium factory, over which Dr. Shepherd took us. This is one of

the two great centres of the trade; the other being Ghazipore. The revenue from this factory amounts to £3,500,000, or £4,000,000 a year, and 3 to 4000 people are employed here during the season. The poppies are brought in during March; the opium is kept till January, and then sent to Calcutta and sold by auction at fixed times; we see the different processes of its being dried, and pressed into square cakes, and the various tests which it undergoes, to ascertain its purity. The advances made to the growers are deducted in proportion to the adulteration. The opium is extracted from the pod, by fine cuts; the same pod is lanced four or five times, and the liquid trickles into iron cups. The flowers and leaves of the plant are used in packing. The Chinese like it weak, but well-flavoured. The refuse is kept to make morphia, which is extensively supplied to the Indian hospitals. There is a large establishment for the manufacture of wooden cases—35,000 of which are kept in store.

January 22nd.—Close to the house is a huge circular building with a dome, built for a granary to provide against famine. It would, however, only contain seven days' consumption at Patna, and has never been used. The effect of sound within it is extraordinary. At 10 a.m. I continued my journey to Lucknow, dining at Allahabad, and passing Cawnpore at 2 a.m.

January 23rd.—Colonel Reid, the Commissioner of Oude, met me at the station at 5.30 a.m., quite a cold morning, and drove me to his bungalow, which is situated amid the localities famous for the most stirring scenes of the Mutiny, near the line of the three memorable advances for the relief and capture of Lucknow. After breakfast we drove to the Chuttur Munzil, so called from the gilt umbrella-like domes which adorn it. It was built by Nussir-u-deen Hyder for a seraglio, and is now used as a club. It also contains a lady's club and extensive library. It is built in the pseudo-Italian style, introduced into India by Claude Martin, who originally came to India with the French, under Count Lally, in 1758; fell into the hands of the British

troops, as a prisoner-of-war, at the surrender of Pondicherry; joined the British army, and distinguished himself in subsequent wars. He afterwards entered the servicc of the King of Oude, and made a large fortune as a banker and merchant. He introduced European ideas of art and architecture at the Court, and left enormous sums of money to found colleges at Lyons, Calcutta, and Lucknow, which are called "La Martinière."

We drove on to the Residency, which remains in the ruinous state in which it was found at the final capture of Lucknow. It stands on an eminence, surrounded by gardens, which are kept most carefully, as a sacred memorial of the sufferings and death of so many of our countrymen. The ground around is much altered; the native houses have been destroyed, and there are many more trees than existed at the time of the siege. We went in at the former entrance of the Residency, now a ruin; and ascended to the top of the tower, where the semaphore was worked to communicate with the relieving force; saw the room where Sir H. Lawrence was wounded; went down into the tykhana, underground rooms, where the women and children of the 32nd Regiment were placed to be out of the fire of shot and shell. We went on to Dr. Fayrer's house, to which Lawrence was removed, and where he died; and down to the Baillie Gate and Guard House, which bore the brunt of the attacks, and close to which Outram entered by a breach in the wall, after fighting his way through the streets. We then walked round all the advanced posts, the site of which, and of the batteries, are marked out; saw the drain by which Kavanagh, on November 9th, 1857, went out, disguised as an Afghan, at the imminent peril of his life, to give information to the General advancing to the relief; and went over the cemetery, full of monuments to those who died during the siege. Here are the graves of Sir H. Lawrence and General Neill. Sir H. Lawrence made all the dispositions for the defence of the Residency, and commanded the force besieged there until his death, on July 4th, 1857, from a wound received two days previously. General Neill

was one of the greatest heroes whose renown is immortalised by the Sepoy Mutiny. His gallantry and sagacity won the highest distinction in crushing the outbreak at Benares, in saving the important fortress of Allahabad, and, when superseded by General Havelock in the command at Cawnpore, in leading the right wing of the force to the relief of Lucknow. He was killed in the last tremendous struggle before the Residency was reached, September 25th, 1857. I spent all the morning at this most interesting place.

In the afternoon I drove with Colonel and Mrs. Reid to the Kaiser Bagh, the former palace of the kings of Oude, the scene of the crowning effort of our troops when Lucknow was captured, and where the looting, so forcibly described by Dr. Russell, took place. There is an enormous court and gardens surrounded by a mass of grotesque, highly decorated buildings of extraordinary design, painted in various colours, and surmounted by gilt domes. The gateways are high pointed arches, surmounted with female figures and huge fishes—the emblems of the royal family of Oude. In the middle of the garden is a handsome building used for public meetings. Thence we drove along the River Goomtee, passing the famous iron bridge to the Muchee Bawun, the fort commanding the stone bridge. It was intended originally to hold this fort at the same time as the Residency, but the force was not sufficient to hold so extended a position; the magazine was blown up, and it was abandoned. Close to the Fort is the Great Imambarra, the most magnificent building in Lucknow, 300 feet long, 163 broad, aud 63 high, built in the reign of Ausuf-u-dowla. The huge hall, 163 feet long and 50 feet high, occupies the centre, which is now used as an arsenal. The guns brought up by Peel's Naval Brigade are kept here. Adjoining it is a mosque, and, down a long flight of steps, a sacred well. We passed under the Roumie Darwaza, the gate leading from the Imambarra, said to be an imitation of one of the gates of Constantinople, but I did not trace any resemblance to those I have seen there, and it

is certainly much larger; the arch is supported by imitations of acanthus-leaves. Drove to the Hoseinabad Imambarra, a palace built by Mohamed Ali Shah, third king of Oude, and containing his tomb and that of his mother, which are reached through two large courts, full of flowers and fountains. The anniversary of the king's death and the Feast of the Mohurrum are the occasions of grand ceremonies and illuminations; a large sum of money was left by the king to keep up great state at the palace. We were escorted by a large troop of retainers, and decorated with most gorgeous garlands, etc. A vast number of buildings surround the courts, one of which is a Turkish Bath; the chamberlains of the palace were very anxious I should take a bath here. We then drove to the city, and walked in the Chowk, or Bazaar, the principal street of Lucknow, which is wonderfully clean and well kept; native shops throughout on both sides, but the crowds which follow us made it difficult to make many purchases. No elephants or horses in the streets, but a vast number of people. We drove down the Victoria-road, along which the Viceroys make their public entry into Lucknow, round by the Monkey-road, the trees on either side full of monkeys, and back through the bazaars of the suburbs.

Amongst the guests at dinner are Colonel and Mrs. Chamier; he was Outram's A.D.C. at the first relief, was also present at the capture of Lucknow, and is now the Commissioner of Police here. In the evening we went to a theatrical performance given by the Railway *employés*, where I met Mr. Kavanagh, the hero of the Residency, already alluded to. The "Area Belle" was very well acted. The night was quite cold.

January 24th.—At 7.30 a.m., drove with Colonel Reid and Colonel Chamier, down the road by which Havelock advanced, passed the bridge over the canal, where the battery, "Nancy Dawson," made it hot for the relieving army, and saw the street which was so fortified and loop-holed by the mutineers that Havelock had to make a detour to his right; and so on to the Alumbagh, about three miles from the city, a large walled garden with a building

in the centre, which was captured by Havelock, on September 23rd, 1857, and where a force was afterwards continuously maintained to keep the mutineers at Lucknow in check, and to protect Cawnpore. In the garden is the grave of Sir Henry Havelock. It was from the Alumbagh that Havelock and Outram advanced to the relief of the Residency, expecting to return in two days.

We returned by the route of Lord Clyde's advance, through the cantonments now occupied by the 14th and 73rd Regiments, 13th Hussars, Royal Artillery, and some Native Regiments, to the Dilkoosha, a palace built by Saadut Ali Khan, and formerly surrounded by a deer-park. This was the first post captured from the rebels, and it was here Sir Henry Havelock died of his wound; it is now in ruins and surrounded by a garden, containing the graves and monuments of several officers and men killed in the vicinity. It was close by, that Outram crossed the river Goomtee, on a bridge of casks, to execute the flank attack from the other side. Thence to the Martinière, or mansion of Constantia, from the motto over the front, " Labore et Constantiâ." This is a most curious, fantastic building, erected by General Claude Martin. It was the vacation; but we were shown over the college, where 100 boarders and another 100 Eurasian scholars are educated. General Martin's tomb is in a vault below the college. The building is very high, and consists of a succession of terraces ending in a central tower, supported by arched buttresses, and surrounded by statues and pinnacles. The view from the top is very fine. Near the Martinière, which was also the scene of much fighting, is the grave of Hodson, the officer who captured the King of Delhi and put his sons to death. We drove thence through the Wingfield Park to the Secundra Bagh, an enclosure 120 yards square, surrounded by a high wall, ever famous for the gallant manner in which it was captured from the rebels, when all the defenders, over 2000, were caught in a trap, and cut to pieces to a man.

After this good morning's work, we returned to breakfast. In the afternoon I drove to the Hoseinabad Imambarra, and had a Turkish bath, to which I was escorted in a procession, and eight shampooers operated upon me at once. We afterwards played lawn-tennis. Dinner party of 18. Favre and Naville arrived at Lucknow to-day and put up at the club.

January 25th.—In visiting the battle-fields at Lucknow, it is important to remember the three different occasions on which the city was the scene of distinct operations. The Mutiny broke out at Lucknow, on May 30th, 1857. The Residency was besieged from June 30th until September 25th, when the garrison was relieved by the forces under Sir James Outram and Sir Henry Havelock. The Residency was, however, re-inforced rather than relieved, for the siege continued until November 16th, when the garrison was finally relieved on Lord Clyde's advance, and the women and children rescued and conveyed into safety on November 22nd. Lucknow was then evacuated by the British, but the mutineers were held in check for nearly four months by the force under Outram in the entrenched camp at the Alum Bagh. The city was not finally recaptured until March 14th, 1858, by the Army under Lord Clyde.

This morning Colonel Chamier met us at the Residency, explained all the positions of the defence, and recounted a variety of most interesting incidents of that eventful time. Baillie's guard and Atkins' guard towards the Kaiser Bagh, and Gubbins' post on the city side, were the points principally attacked. He pointed out the site of the 32-pounder which did so much damage from across the river, and sent the shot fatal to Sir Henry Lawrence, who could not be induced to change his quarters; also the eunuch's house which enfiladed the road opposite the Brigade mess-house. It is inconceivable how the besieged could have kept the enemy so long at bay. There were no guns in the defences between Baillie's guard and the redan. Important posts like Atkins' guard were held only by native regiments, and the houses occupied by the rebels

stood close up to the walls of the Residency. Chamier explained how the relieving force mistook their way and were firing into the garrison, until they turned towards the captain's bazaar. After the relief the defences were considerably extended and strengthened, and there was no danger except from starvation. At the end they only received quarter rations. He pointed out where Havelock was wounded, and the gate where Neill was killed. He showed us the monument to Miss Jackson, Captain Orr, and others who were murdered at the Kaiser Bagh, and where the other Miss Jackson and Mrs. Orr were rescued. We then went to the Chowk, and rode on elephants through the city to the mosque, which is surmounted by two huge golden bells, and contains some tombs of the Oude Royal Family.

In the afternoon I went to a lawn-tennis party, and there was a dinner-party in the evening.

January 26th.—There is sometimes a slight frost in the early morning; near the city there are fields where the ice is collected; these are covered with earthenware basins, raised a little above the ground, with a little water in each; when there has been sufficient frost the watchmen blow bugles, and crowds of coolies and women rush out to collect the ice. I strolled early through the Kaiser Bagh; the buildings are now occupied by the Oude Talookdars, when they come up to Lucknow. We went to church at 11 o'clock, and afterwards drove in the Wingfield Park. The gardens are lovely and admirably kept; masses of roses in full bloom, marble kiosks, where dances are occasionally given, and social re-unions of Lucknow society take place. The mixture of creepers, the purple bougainvillea and a bright orange luxuriant creeper growing together are quite beautiful. We went through the Secundra Bagh, to the Shah Nujif, where is the tomb of Ghazi-u-deen Hyder, surmounted by a very fine dome. The floor of the interior is of very fine marble, and masses of chandeliers and mirrors are suspended throughout the hall. This is another of the positions obstinately defended by the rebels; Peel brought up his guns close to the building

and battered the stone walls, supported by the Highlanders, who afterwards stormed it under Adrian Hope. We also saw the Moti Mohul and the former king's stables.

In the afternoon we drove to see Bhowanee Dass, by whom the Lucknow figures are so well modelled in clay, at his little workshop. His mode of working, using his hands and feet with equal ease and dexterity, is very droll. He was very anxious to make a little bust of me, so I gave him my photograph to work from, as I had not time to give him a sitting. We also went to see the workshops of the women who make models of elephants and camels; every variety of device, women, birds, animals, flowers, etc., being all worked and blended together into the form of an elephant or camel. We drove past the Canning College, through the Residency gardens, to the Chuttur Munzil, which makes a capital club-house. Amongst the guests at dinner was Mr. Young, the Superintendent of Kapoorthala, a Punjab native state, who invited me to pay a visit to the Maharajah there.

January 27th.—Leave Lucknow at 7.40 a.m.; my excellent host and hostess accompany me to the station, and it is with real gratitude that I thank them for their boundless hospitality. Favre and Naville accompany me in a capital carriage; reach Cawnpore at 10 a.m.; met by Mr. Prinsep, the judge, and breakfast at his house, charmingly situated on the banks of the Ganges; after which he drives me in his buggy to the melancholy scene of the massacres. The Cawnpore Memorial is erected over the fatal well, in the midst of a beautiful garden, and within a few yards of the site of the house where so many English women and children were slaughtered by order of one of Nana Sahib's wives. It is said that Nana Sahib wished to have kept them as hostages. There are two graveyards within the gardens; a few with monuments, but many nameless. Roses growing in profuse luxuriance. The quiet and beauty of these sacred grounds is most impressive, the order in which they are kept, perfect; no carriage is allowed to go out of a walk within them, and no native is permitted to enter without special permission.

We drive down the ravine by which the people were conducted on pretence of being the permitted to escape; saw where the guns were masked on either side; down to the Ghât, where the massacre took place. Here stands the temple in which Nana Sahib is said to have gloated over the massacre; though this is probably untrue, as he was ill at the time. At a bend of the river below is the place where the two boats which escaped were stranded, and the occupants put to death.

Thence to General Wheeler's entrenchment, the site of which is marked out by pegs; it is not difficult to realise how untenable it became; little remains, but the foundations of two small houses. The Memorial Church is pretty inside, but not adapted to the climate, and is disfigured externally by an ugly red tower. There are two monuments, to the 32nd and 88th Regiments. We then visited the barracks which were held partly by either side during the fighting; and where there was terrible carnage. No little sense of relief is felt at quitting these memorable scenes of desolation and death.

We returned to the railway station, one of the greatest centres of traffic in the country. The amount of goods awaiting transport is enormous; bales piled up all around. The sheds and rolling-stock are quite inadequate for the traffic; grain and tea, hides, etc.; bullock-waggons, and carts of all sorts are crowded together. Cawnpore is a great emporium for the North-West Provinces; the trade and population are increasing enormously; there is a great leather trade, and the Ganges canal joins the river here.

Leave at 2 p.m., dine at Etawah and arrive at Agra at 11 p.m. crossing the Jumna by the new girder bridge. General Trevor, commanding the troops, is my host, and we drive under the gigantic walls of the fort to his head-quarters in the Mall.

January 28th.—The first object in Agra is the world-renowned Taj Mahal mausoleum, erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan to the memory of Urgumund Baun Begum, called Mumtaz-i-Mahal, "Exalted one of the palace." She was married to the then heir apparent, about 1615, and having borne him seven chil-

dren, died in childbirth about 1629, at Burhampore, during the campaign in the Deccan. It is supposed that the plans were prepared by a Venetian, and the building completed A.D. 1648, the date A.H. 1057 being inscribed on the front gateway. The building is of white marble inlaid with precious stones,—agate, jasper, etc., and is said to have cost a sum equal to nearly two million pounds. It stands in a large garden enclosed by lofty walls of red sandstone, which is entered by a magnificent gateway, splendidly ornamented and inlaid with texts from the Koran; outside there is a large quadrangle of red sandstone, used as a caravanserai. The view on first entering the gateway is beautiful beyond conception. Leading to the Taj there is an avenue of cypress-trees, down the centre of which is water with fountains. The white marble dome and minarets in contrast with the dark cypress, and the yellow and purple creepers which hang in great clusters over the trees, illumined by the Indian sunshine; the perfect simplicity of the structure, and the wonderful finish of the decorations in every detail; the large Arabian characters, in black marble and precious stones inlaid, the screens of marble trellis, all struck me with wonder and delight.

The gardens of the Taj are lovely; magnificent roses are now in full bloom. At the four corners of the platform are white marble minarets, one of which I ascended. The top of the pinnacle on the dome is 162 feet above the garden level. On either side of the platform are buildings each with three domes of white marble, one of them being a mosque, and close by is the place where the remains of the empress were deposited during the building of the Taj. Some hussars, on the march to Muttra, and several natives, were wandering about admiring the buildings and the gardens, which are, I believe, appreciated equally by natives and by Europeans.

Immediately below the Taj flows the Jumna, with the usual picturesque groups bathing, and washing; the corpse of a woman caught in an eddy of the stream, was floating beneath us, a strange

sight adjacent to the splendid mausoleum of the favourite of Shah Jehan. There are ruins and gardens opposite, and away to the left is seen the huge pile of the Fort, with its gigantic walls and marble terraces; beyond, the huge bridge of the East Indian Railway across the river. We entered the dome, and saw the sarcophagus of the empress in the centre, the emperor's by her side, of white marble, carved and inlaid with inscriptions; in the vault below are similar tombs, containing the remains, to which we were conducted by torchlight.

From the Taj we drove to the Fort, which was the fortress and palace of the Emperor Akbar, the enormous walls of which, 70 feet high, built of red sandstone, are most imposing. In the interior, the principal buildings are the Dewan-i-am, or Hall of Public Audience, wherein is the balcony where the emperors administered justice; the Dewan Khas, or Hall of Select Audience; the Saman Burj, the boudoir of the favourite sultana, with the most beautiful carved and inlaid marble; the Shish Mahal, an Oriental bath, the roof and sides of which are a mass of small mirrors, and the Khas Mahal, an octagon room with walls of white marble; a portion of the ceiling has been recently restored to give the effect of the former decorations, the colours and gilding of which must have been most gorgeous. The view over the river, with the Taj in the distance, is truly enchanting. There are many courts, some of which are gardens; and here are to be seen the so-called Gates of Somnath, brought from Ghuzni, alluded to in Lord Ellenborough's famous proclamation; but as the Gates of Somnath were of cedar, and these are of deodar, it is believed that these were in reality the gates of Mahmud's tomb at Ghuzni. In one of the courts is a marble pavement, laid in squares for an Eastern game called Pachisi. The palace is constructed of white marble and red sandstone, and as in the Taj, there is every variety of ornamentation in precious stones—agate, jasper, blood-stones, lapis-lazuli, etc.; the marble is exquisitely carved, and looks like lace. The Fort was the

refuge of some thousands of our countrymen during the Mutiny who were fortunately spared the horrors of Lucknow and Cawnpore, and there is a monument in front of the Dewan-i-am, erected to the memory of the Honourable John Colvin, Lieutenant-Governor, who died here during the Mutiny. Towards the Delhi gate stands the Moti Musjid (pearl mosque), which is considered the perfection of Saracenic architecture. The three domes of the purest white, with gilt spires, are most beautiful, but in the bright sunshine the effect of such a mass of white marble is very dazzling. It was built by Shah Jehan, A.D. 1654.

The Fort is much disfigured by the blocks of European barracks, especially looking from outside. One company of the 60th Rifles and a battery of the Royal Artillery are quartered here, and guard a large magazine. From the walls there is a fine view of the city, a part of which has been cleared, as the rebels were able to come much too near to be pleasant during the Mutiny; the great works of the railway station, now under construction, are, in a military point of view, very ill-placed as regards the defences of the Fort. Opposite the Delhi gate stands the Jumma Musjid, built in honour of a daughter of Shah Jehan—a very large, imposing mosque. The Taj and the Fort are a good day's work.

In the afternoon we drove to the gardens and the club. Major Grant, Political Resident at Bhurtpore, Judge Keane, Lieut. Wortley, 60th, and several others, dined.

January 29th.—Drive to Major Grant, and make arrangements for my tour in Bhurtpore; thence about six miles on the old Delhi road to Secundra. There are tombs on either side for some distance, and the remains of Akbar's enormous milestones stand in the centre of the road—great pyramids of stone, marking the miles for the Imperial journeys between Agra and Lahore. At Secundra is the tomb of the Emperor Akbar, built A.D. 1608, by his son Jehanjir. As usual, the mausoleum stands in a very large quadrangle, with huge gateways in the centre of each side.

The one nearest the road is being repaired with stone taken from the others, and, as far as I could judge, the restoration in the one is badly executed, while the others are being destroyed. The mausoleum is built in four tiers of red sandstone, with a white marble screen round the top, with four small kiosques. The real tomb is in a subterranean vault of white marble, with a gold cloth spread over it, and is, as usual, repeated at the top. A good many prisoners were working in the garden. The principal warder in charge came from Lucknow, and very much dislikes the climate of Secundra, where, he says, the water spoils the digestion!

We next visit the Orphanage, close by, in charge of a German, Father Wörtner. There are about 200 boys and girls, many of them "famine children," who were found on the road, deserted by their parents. This is holiday-time; but they are generally employed at printing and various works. Some of the children, pitiful to behold, are still suffering from the effects of starvation; they appear to be admirably cared for. I am told the so-called "wolf-child" is dead. He was said to have been found, when 8 years old, crawling like an animal, when the wolves, who had brought him up, were smoked out of their cave. I saw an idiot boy, who had been found in the jungle, who looked very inhuman. The girls live in a separate part. I found them looking after the wretched babies; others knitting and playing croquet. We drive back to the Civil lines and to the Central Prison, considered a model gaol, where we are received by the Governor, Dr. Tyler; he had invited the *élite* of Agra, so I only remain a short time, and shall return another day. Dine with the 60th Rifles.

January 30th.—Having satisfactorily arranged to pay a visit to a Maharajah alone, *i.e.*, without the attendance of European officials, I drove to the residence of His Highness of Bhurtpore, who is staying at Agra on business in connection with the salt question. On arriving at his house my only difficulty was to know which was the Maharajah; whether or no he was one of

the several native swells who received me on alighting from his carriage. It turned out that he was one of those who met me in the verandah; he took me into the house, where we sat in the usual semi-circle, myself on his right, his Prime Minister and some half-a-dozen of his followers on his left; he wore marvellously tight white calico trousers, black, gold-embroidered coat, a sword, and very untidy yellow turban. I was told he was excessively taciturn and reserved, and must admit he did not entirely belie his character. He refused to accept the compensation offered by the Government in exchange for the surrender he was compelled to make of his salt revenue, by which he loses £30,000 a year, and 3000 of his subjects are thrown out of work. I hear he is the only prince of Rajpootana who declined the compensation, and that he probably repents it now, but is too proud to recall his decision. The introduction of this topic was a failure; and his room being hung with photographs of London and Paris, the conversation turned upon the relative beauties of those cities, about which he showed considerable interest. His Highness is about 23 years of age. His income is about £300,000 a year. I am told he devotes much attention to the Government of his State.

I drove thence to the Central Gaol, where Dr. Tyler again received me. There are about 2400 prisoners of all kinds, from boys in the reformatory to prisoners for life. The sentences are mostly over two years. They are employed in making carpets, rugs and curtains for export to Europe, printing, dyeing, etc. I found a gang of about 70, three in a row, walking round turning a huge wheel, which drives the machinery for the works of the prison. They were going at a good pace, wearing their chains, and a warder in the centre was hitting them unceasingly over their bare legs; a wretched sight, at which I was horrified. They work thus in relays one hour at a time; the next gang were sitting on their haunches outside waiting for their turn; another lot were drawing water from a well, two in a row, walking up and down an incline in the same manner as

bullocks work at the wells generally throughout India. The life-prisoners are kept in a central part of the prison, inclosed in high iron rails. They were spinning, very light work, but in other respects I consider their condition most pitiable. They were sitting in a row under a shed wearing fetters with the cross-bar; a long chain fastened them all together. Opposite, a few yards off, is the shed where they sleep. I am told they wear these chains and are thus chained together day and night for the remainder of their lives—for a life sentence in India means life. Many of them looked old and ill, and at the end of the line were a few whose chains had been removed on account of their age or debility. I enquired why they had not been sent to the Andamans, but was told that only those are transported who are under 40 years of age, and who can pass a very strict medical examination. The reformatory for boys appeared to be admirably managed; but here again an instance of a boy came under my notice under 15 years of age, undergoing a sentence of imprisonment for life.

The carpets made in the gaol are very fine. The warders, except a few, are prisoners, men of good character, who have served the greater part of their sentence. I believe this system works admirably, and has certainly the merit of economy. The warder who carried the umbrella over me was a murderer, but his sentence being only five years, I presume his crime admitted of extenuating circumstances. Lunched with Dr. Tyler, whose duties must be very onerous. He has two large prisons to superintend some miles apart, and among his various occupations is that of the Secretary to the Club.

Entertained at dinner at the club, the party consisting of General Trevor, MM. Favre and Naville, Dr. Tyler, Mr. Halsey, the Salt Commissioner, and many others.

January 31st.—Another visit to the gaol, which we had not time to get through yesterday. Dr. Tyler conducts us over the women's prison. They are employed spinning, knitting, grinding

corn, and their labour is certainly very light. Their sentences varied from life to a few days; those for life have cells to themselves; the prevailing crimes—murder, infanticide and theft. There were only three sick. (I found very few in the men's hospital yesterday.) The prisoners are said to increase slightly in weight during their imprisonment. While Naville is arranging the purchase of some carpets with Dr. Tyler, I try on the fetters worn by the prisoners, which are suspended from the waist and are rivetted at each ankle; those of the life-prisoners, alluded to above, have a bar across at the ankles, so that the feet can never be farther separated or brought together nearer than the length of the cross-bar. When once put on these are never taken off; indeed a fearful punishment. There were some prisoners about to be released looking on, and assisting to chain me, who were amused at my efforts to walk in the fetters. Besides Dr. Tyler there are only two European officials in the prison.

Naville and I thence drive across the river to the Ram Bagh; the name signifies the Garden of Rama (a Hindoo god). It was at one time the resting-place of the body of the Emperor Baber, the founder of the Mogul dynasty, and has probably been a favourite resort of succeeding sovereigns. The palace is in ruins, and stands on the banks of the Jumna. There are many subterranean rooms, looking over the river, and the gardens are pretty. The view is charming, and we amused ourselves watching the tortoises crawling in and out of the water. We drove on to the tomb of Itmad-ud-Daulah, a Persian poet and adventurer, who became Prime Minister to the Emperor Jehangir, and was grandfather of Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the lady of the Taj, who erected the tomb to his memory. He died A.D. 1621. The mausoleum of white marble, inlaid with stones, stands on a red-sandstone terrace. There are four kiosques at the corners, and beautiful lace-like marble screens around the sarcophagus on the top, which is, as usual, a repetition of the tomb below. Very pretty flowers and cypress trees in the surrounding gardens.

We drive back across the floating-bridge, and through the city,

the streets of which are very hot, dirty, narrow, and crowded, to the Roman Catholic College and Cathedral. The French padre receives us. The mission was first established at Agra during the reign and with the approval of the Emperor Akbar. Jehangir favoured the Christian religion, and is said to have had some thoughts of embracing it himself. His son and successor, Shah Jehan, took away the endowment of the college, and otherwise discouraged the Jesuit fathers. There are now between 200 and 300 boys educated here, besides the girls, who are instructed by the sisters in a separate school; they are principally the orphan children of soldiers and Eurasians, and are very well lodged and cared for. There is a small colony of natives professing Christianity at Agra, and some conversions were made during the famine; but it is very probable these were brought about through expediency rather than any other inducement; the progress of the Christian religion here, as elsewhere, except in the Madras Presidency, seems to be infinitesimal. We join Favre, for luncheon, in the gardens of the Taj, and on our way had a modified experience of one of the sandstorms, which are very prevalent hereabouts. In the afternoon General Trevor drives me to the lines of a native regiment, which is still suffering very much from the effects of the fever in Cyprus, and to the barracks of the 60th Rifles. The Adjutant, Lieutenant Walker, was dismissing the regiment after the evening parade, and I never saw barrack-rooms better kept or in smarter order. We meet the best society of Agra collected at this hour in the public gardens, where the Rifles' band is playing. In the evening we dine with Major Grant, the political Resident at Bhurtpore.

CHAPTER VI.

FUTTEYPORE-SIKRI—BHURTPORE—DEEG—GOVERDHUN—MUTTRA—BINDRABUN—RETURN TO AGRA.

February 1st.—Pay another visit to the Fort, and thoroughly enjoy a quiet morning, wandering about the palace. Lunch with Mr. Keene, the Judge of the district, who has written several works on the History of India, and who is a great authority on its antiquities. Amongst the interesting things he shows me, is the Persian manuscript autobiography of the Emperor Baber, written about A.D. 1500. He has most kindly undertaken to accompany us to Futteypore-Sikri, and at 4 p.m. I start with him and my Swiss friends for those famous remains of Mogul splendour—a 24 mile drive. Driving through the city it is curious to observe the way in which the ladies of Agra wear their dress. There is, invariably, a vacuum of about half-a-foot in their costume, displaying the stomach, which is often tattooed.

We pass through the village of Socheta, where a severe action took place, during the Mutiny, between the Agra garrison and the rebels. The British force gained no advantage on this occasion. There appears to have been an utter want of dash on the part of the commander; the infantry were kept lying down under a destructive fire from the enemy, who were under cover, until the ammunition of the artillery was nearly exhausted. A charge of eighteen volunteer cavalry (a scratch pack, one of them belonging to a French circus), under Major Prendergast, which repelled an attack of 200 rebel cavalry, was a most gallant affair; of these, six were killed, six wounded, and it is a marvel that any escaped. This enabled the infantry to take the village, but the force, from want of ammunition, was compelled to retire to the Fort, with a loss of

some 150 killed and wounded. The road is flat and uninteresting, and it was getting dark when we drove up the steep hill and under a gigantic arch through the walls of the deserted palace.

Futteypore-Sikri was chosen as his abode, by the Emperor Akbar, A.D. 1569. The children of his wife, a Rajpoot princess, had all died, and a fakir, Sheikh Sulim, who lived on the rock, induced him to remain here by the assurance a child should be born to them. The son duly appeared, and became the Emperor Jehangir. A legend says, the hermit had a child at the time, six months old, who suddenly spoke, and asked the old man what he was pondering about. The fakir answered, that all the Emperor's children must die, unless some one offered his own child to die instead. Upon which the child replied, it would itself be the sacrifice, and immediately expired. A little grave is shown as that of this wonderful infant. There is a dâk bungalow for visitors, but we are lodged in Birbul's house of two floors, a mass of red stone, beautifully carved, built without a particle of wood. Birbul was a savant of his age, and a great favorite of Akbar, possibly master of the horse, as his house is close to the stables. After dinner we wander about by moonlight amongst the stupendous relics of Imperial grandeur, and are much entertained by Mr. Keene's historical research and anecdotes. The name of Futteypore-Sikri is derived from two villages now existing on the site of the deserted city. The palatial buildings are in excellent preservation, and have a special interest as being the work of one Prince, giving a complete insight into the mode of life of the Great Mogul, the fame of whose magnificence spread to the far West and attracted the curiosity and greed of the nations of Europe.

February 2nd.—We began very early our inspection of this wonderful place. The mosque and its enormous court are magnificent, but even they are dwarfed by the gigantic gateway (Bohund Darwaza), which was constructed after the mosque, and stands at right angles to it as a triumphal arch, in honour of

Akbar, on his return from a victorious campaign in the south. It is 130 feet high, and a steep flight of steps leads from it to the village below. There are many religious inscriptions on it. Akbar was very tolerant to all creeds, and endeavoured himself to establish a religion combining the Mussulman, Hindoo, and Christian systems, in his desire to suppress the religious differences which divided the peoples of his Empire. For this purpose he assembled priests of the various faiths, summoning even Christian missionaries from Goa; the religion, however, which he formulated was embraced by very few, and disappeared after his death. The mosque is of red sandstone, ornamented with white and black marble. Opposite the gateway is the tomb of the above-mentioned Fakir Sulim, the most beautifully worked marble building I have seen. In a centre chamber is the tomb of the saint, in a canopy of mother-of-pearl. The marble screens around it look like the most exquisite lace. Brackets, carved in the form S, support the roof.

We are taken to see a large and very deep well or tank, into which some men and boys take the most astounding headers, from walls and pinnacles of the surrounding buildings. They tell me they accomplish 150 feet; I have little doubt the header exceeds 100 feet; they keep their arms well apart during the fall until they get near the water, and after their dive run dripping up the steps for backsheesh. In the stables are stalls for over 100 horses, two in a stall, the stone mangers and rope rings still remaining. The Christian lady's house (one of Akbar's wives) is shown—amongst the frescoes which adorn the walls is a representation of the "Annunciation"; the Zenana, and the very plain building, on the roof of which the emperor is supposed to have slept; a huge courtyard, called the Khas Mahal; the apartment of the Turkish wife, ornamented with carvings of a sporting kind—pheasants and tigers in the jungle. The Punj Mahal is a five-storied Chinese-looking building, with innumerable pillars of every variety. We see the Pachisi board, with large red and

white squares, easily traceable in one of the courts. This is an ancient and popular game amongst Orientals, for four players. Pawns are moved on the squares according to throws of dice—the object in this game being for each player to unite his pawns in the centre. We visit the treasury, with the sentry-boxes in the gallery outside; the halls of audience; the Dewan-i-khas, a building with a pillar in the centre, the capital of which is connected with the galleries above. It is said the emperor sat in the centre when the ministers at the four corners received their orders for the four corners of the empire, and when the divines of the different religions argued the principles of their respective faiths before him.

Passing out of the vast palace and courtyard through a gateway, with two gigantic figures of elephants supporting the arch, we go along the ruins of the fortification to the Hizan-minar, a tower studded with spikes, whence the emperor shot the deer and antelope in the park below, as they were driven by; we came back by the caravanserai, which was the resort of merchants and visitors in old days. One can imagine the great magnificence and splendour of those times, when the stonework of the palaces was beautifully painted and gilt. Enormous tents were spread, and carpets laid over the courtyards, which were filled with courtiers and slaves in every variety of costume and colour. Mr. Keene leaves us on his return to Agra in the afternoon; we are very grateful to him for his kindness in coming out to do the honours of Futtehpore-Sikri; and we proceed as guests of the Maharajah of Bhurtpore, in a carriage drawn by two camels, both mounted, besides a driver, with an escort of lancers.

The Palace of Bhurtpore is reached about 6 p.m., and I am not much impressed by the appearance of His Highness's troops and retainers. There is a fine stone staircase; the rooms are furnished in English fashion—a quantity of tawdry furniture—a mass of mirrors and chandeliers; covered and open verandahs, the rooms all together in an oblong block, the centre suite consequently very dark. I am amused to find a print of Delaroche's

picture of Napoleon, the original of which is at Hinchingbrook, among many prints of European court ceremonies and royal personages. The Maharajah himself is still at Agra. Good dinner in English fashion.

February 3rd.—There is a fine view of the city from the varandah; it contains about 60,000 inhabitants, nearly all Jâts (Hindoos); the Maharajah succeeded when only two years old, so the state for a long time was under British tutelage. I walk up to the Fort, built at an angle of the mud-wall which surrounds the town, which so successfully withstood the attack of Lord Lake, and was subsequently stormed by Lord Combermere. Here are pretty kiosques with most curious paintings. At 10 a.m. we continue our journey, in the Maharajah's carriage; our route lies through the city, the streets of which are roughly paved, with bazaars all along; the upper stories of the few houses which aspire to them, in ruins; under a big gateway through the mud walls, and along a flat road through a very dry burnt-up country. There are plenty of tamarisk and babul (gum-arabic) trees; any number of peafowl, cranes, and pretty birds. The favourite colour of the population is dark green, of which colour they wear cotton quilted coats. In 21 miles we reach Deeg, alighting about 2 p.m. at the Maharajah's summer palace, a series of profusely ornamented buff-stone buildings in the midst of gardens full of fruit-trees and flowers; waterworks and fountains everywhere; but as there is no water this season to set them going, the effect must be imagined. We are lodged in the Sawun Bhadun, overlooking on one side a huge tank with bathing ghâts; our rooms on the first floor devoid of windows and furniture; arches open to the verandahs, hung with matting. Orders had been sent for our reception, but nothing was prepared; the faithful Arakan was very angry, and soon set the servants to work. We spent a very pleasant afternoon wandering about these curious grounds; going over the Zenana, the abode of the ladies—small, dismal rooms, shut in by walls; at the other end of the garden is another huge tank, sacred to Krishna, on the ghâts of which

are innumerable pigeons. We get a very moderate dinner; in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Halsey and Dr. Tyler came in from their camp. Deeg contains some 17,000 inhabitants, and the Fort is famous for the defeat of Holkar, after a hard-fought battle by Lord Lake.

February 4th.—The peacocks were very lively during the night. At 9.30 a.m. we continued our journey in the Maharajah's carriage, 8 miles to Goverdhun, a city sacred to Krishna, where His Highness of Burtpore has another palace, and where are the tombs of his father and grandfather. There is a very large tank in a picturesque rock, with palaces on the bank; a broad flight of steps leading down to the water; this is the scene of an annual fair in October, which brings together tens of thousands of pilgrims to the temple of Harideva. One of the buildings in the garden has a most elaborately.painted roof, with scenes of Lord Lake's battles. The gardens are full of monkeys; and the retainers and idlers are more than usually keen for backsheesh.

A drive of 14 miles took us on to Muttra at 2 p.m., where we had some difficulty in finding the bungalow, which Judge Keene had kindly placed at our disposal; we found one silly old man in charge, and Favre, becoming unusually imperious, desired his bearer to "go and have everything ready in 20 minutes," which, as we were some distance from the city, and were naturally all strange to Muttra, was somewhat amusing, We made our luncheon off a bit of bull's hump we had brought with us, and then drove into Muttra; well-paved, winding streets, and crowded bazaars. There are fine buildings of very ornamented and carved buff stone, fine arch-ways, and a huge mosque, with substantial ugly minarets. We walked to the ghâts, crowded with monkeys and beggars, who pick up and eat the grain Favre was throwing to the former; a little child followed the carriage, a mile or more, to the river, and, to my surprise, came up with me after half-an-hour while I was standing on the bridge of boats; such perseverance deserved the reward it received. The Jumna is very shallow

here, at this time of year; the view of the city from the bridge very picturesque. We were met by a horseman, sent by Lachman Dhas, the great Seth (banker), who offered us every kind of hospitality, and placed carriages, horses, etc., at our disposal, and we returned home to find the house strewn with flowers, fruit, sweetmeats, etc., from the Seth, and more substantial food from the Europeans of Muttra. Arakan turns out to be an excellent cook.

This city is the birthplace of Krishna, and every spot is sacred to his adventures. He is an incarnation of Vishnu, the Apollo of Hindoo mythology. The present city is only about 100 years old; but in the neighbourhood a city has existed from time immemorial, sacred either to the Bhuddists, Mahommedans, or Hindoos; the site has been altered, owing to the changes in the course of the river. The population is about 60,000, and many of the merchants are very wealthy.

February 5th.—At 8 a.m. receive a visit from Seth Lachman Das, whose civility knows no bounds. He offers me all that is to be bought in Muttra, and begs that he may have the brass idols in vogue here made in silver to give me. Having got back into British territory, we dismiss the Bhurtpore carriages, and drive in a very smart barouche belonging to the Seth, with a gorgeous coachman, six miles out to Bindrabun, another holy city, sacred to Krishna, with four great temples. The Seth meets us there at the temple built by his father, an enormous building, in the style of the temple at Madura in the south. It was finished in 1857, cost £500,000, and is endowed with another £500,000. 800 people are fed here daily. Our host takes us up to a pagoda over the entrance-gate, where fruit and cakes are prepared; none but Hindoos are allowed beyond the outer court of the temple. We drive on to the Gobind Deva said to be the finest Hindoo temple in Upper India, built of red sandstone, in the form of a Greek cross, with a dome in the centre, supported by beautifully carved pillars;—to another temple, with a white marble façade and winding pillars, and hideous

European statues on the roof; the town is full of monkeys, and very grotesque *décolleté* fakirs. We get back to Muttra about 12, and start at 2 p.m., in the Seth's travelling carriages, for Agra; three relays on the road; 38 miles to General Trevor's house. The Collector Mr. Lawrence, Colonel Hinxman, Wortley, and Walker of the 60th, and several others, dine.

February 6th.—Receive a most interesting visit from Sheo Narain, the secretary of the Municipal Committee at Agra. Our conversation turns on the Hindoo religion and its rites, his belief in a future state, marriage ceremonies, famines and measures for their relief, the conduct of the Government officials, taxation. As to fatalism, he says that the world goes on like a wheel, under Divine guidance. About marriages, he says that they are proposed by a girl's father when she is 5 or 6 years old, amongst friends in different divisions of the same caste; that the children are looked at mutually by the parents, the Brahmins consulted and the horoscopes inspected by astronomers; that the betrothal is signified by tying a knot in the strings which fasten the clothes across the chest. When the children are about 12 or 13 years of age, a procession is formed of the boy's relations, to the place where the girl lives; they halt some way off, and presents are sent out to them by the bride's father, of money and food, with which the boy's father entertains his followers. The next ceremony is when the bridegroom knocks, with a spear, at the threshold of the bride's dwelling. At night there is a great assemblage at the bride's house. Two seats are provided, the bride sitting on the right. After several ceremonies they walk seven times round a fire; the Brahmins make an inaudible prayer; the betrothed repeat their vows; the bridegroom then takes the right seat, the bride the left; all the relations touch the betrothal-knot: from that moment the bride can never marry again. He speaks of the transmigration of souls, and, as an argument in support of his theory, says, "Why are some now cripples and poor, while others are sound and well?" He

is not himself a fatalist, but believes in our free will. He says the English have apparently no religion at all, and very few go even to church, which is the only outward semblance of religion they can find in us. He is much surprised to hear that the English hope and believe that the Hindoos will be converted to Christianity. He talks much of the difficulty caste opposes to their progress in civilisation, and says that, owing to the mixture of castes in schools and railway trains, many prejudices are being gradually overcome; but if the present system of education continues, the lower strata of caste and orders of society will clash with the upper, as these are hitherto slower to educate themselves, which will cause a serious and evil-boding disturbance in their long-established relations. He says the coolies and lower castes have no religion at all.

He tells me the country hereabouts is not as badly off as it looks, as a great part of the land only yields one harvest, which was good this year; that the winter rains having failed, two-thirds of the winter crop are lost; that only the irrigated lands are now producing crops; but that most landowners have a part of their property under irrigation. He says, in answer to my question about the number of beggars, that there is a poor-house here, well-cared for, but not full; that some of the poor prefer to live by begging, and decline to come into it. He tells me the Mutiny is considered by the natives to have been merely a Sepoy rebellion; that they are happy under British rule, but are at this moment very adverse to the new system of license-taxes, by which the rich are assessed at an arbitrary rate, and only those whose income is supposed to exceed a certain sum, become liable; that there is great peculation in raising the tax, and that those who are unable to bribe the collector, are oppressed, and suffer for the rich, who manage to evade the tax; that the octroi is the duty to which all are accustomed, and is the only popular tax in India. All goods are charged, going into Agra, and the Europeans are thus taxed indirectly, as well as the natives.

A quiet afternoon with the General, and a rubber at the club before dinner. Great preparations going on for the Lieutenant-Governor's arrival in camp to-morrow. Drive in the evening to see the Taj by full-moonlight—a scene which baffles description. While we are sitting on the terrace, vultures and jackals are fighting over a corpse on the banks of the river below.

February 7th.—Receive several visits from native gentlemen. The Seth, who has come to Agra from Muttra, lends me a smart barouche in the afternoon, in which I drive to pay the Lieutenant-Governor's camp a visit. A broad street of tents leads up to their Honours' marquees, and Lady Cooper's reception tents are very grand and prettily arranged.

CHAPTER VII.

RAJPOOTANA—JEYPORE—AMBER—A CHEETAH HUNT—AJMERE—ULWUR—DELHI.

February 8th.—I met Favre and Naville at the station at 11.30 a.m., and took leave of the General with much gratitude for his friendly hospitality. The broad-gauge line goes on to Gwalior, but I had seen and heard enough of Scindia at Calcutta to make me give up my intention of paying him a visit without regret. Our line is the Rajpootana State Railway, narrow gauge, and *petite vitesse*, traversing a flat, desert-looking country as far as Bandigui, from whence to Jeypore there are low hills rising abruptly from the plain. We arrived at 9 p.m. Dr. Hendley met and took me to the Residency. Colonel Beynon, the Political Agent, is absent in camp, and cannot return before two or three days. He has placed his house at my disposal, and I am most comfortably lodged and entertained, and by no means sorry at the prospect of a quiet time. The fact is I did not make my arrangements for Rajpootana in sufficient time. Major Bradford, the Governor-General's Agent, to whom F. Knollys had given me an introduction from the Prince of Wales, is away down at Mount Aboo ; some of my projects must be given up ; and after his kind letter offering every facility, but explaining distances and difficulties of travel, I made up my mind to relinquish the idea of visiting Jodhpore, etc., and to confine my tour, rather hastily arranged, to Jeypore, Ajmere and Ulwur.

The Maharajah of Jeypore is about 45 years of age; he has recently married a tenth wife, a Princess of Jodhpore, but has no children. In early life he indulged in excesses, but is now very religious, and spends the greater part

of the day, from 11 till 5, at pooja (prayer), in worship of S'iva. His Prime Minister began life in the dregs of society, and eventually reached the office of pipe-filler to the Maharajah. An intimacy then sprang up, which led to his advancement. The government is despotic; the nobles are wealthy and have considerable influence in the State, but no share in the government. The nominal income of the Maharajah is 400 laks, but he is supposed to have much more. The city is only about 150 years old; it was built by Sewai Jey Sing, who removed the capital from Amber, and converted the desert into a city, which is now considered *par excellence* the city of pleasure amongst the natives of Rajpootana.

February 9th.—Drive with Dr. Hendley in the Maharajah's carriage to the Ghât and visit His Highness's summer palace and pleasure grounds, situated in a pass of the mountains which surround Jeypore—plenty of irrigation and beautiful trees. There is a billiard-table, of which game His Highness is very fond, but otherwise hardly any furniture. They tell me that he sleeps on the floor, while his dogs lie on his bed. Arcades overlook the road, the scene of fairs on frequent occasions. Tigers are found in the hills close by, but His Highness's religious ardour does not now permit of any being killed. They occasionally carry off old women. Leopards abound; one was found a few days ago in the Residency garden. We return through the city, which is surrounded by a high wall; two very broad streets at right angles divide it into four quarters. Water and gas have been laid on by the Maharajah, who prides himself on being the most civilized of Indian princes. The houses are all painted pink, with balconies, and very fantastic decorations. The horns of the cattle are painted red or green.

Find my Swiss friends at the hotel. They were very uncomfortable last night. The hotel is changing ownership; they could get nothing to eat, and had to return to the station, and try to swallow some uneatable food.

We drove together in the afternoon to the public gardens, where is a menagerie. These gardens were only made 10 years ago in the sand, and are already luxuriant with trees and shrubs. Such is the rapid effect of irrigation. There is no clergyman here, and Dr. Hendley performs the service and reads a sermon at a pretty little church at 5 p.m. We drive afterwards to the Maharajah's stables, and are met by the Master of the Horse and Narain Das, the great shikaree (sportsman). A good many of the horses are Arabs; the great object is to make them fat, for which purpose a sort of rancid butter is forced down their throats in the morning, and a mixture of treacle, etc., in the evening. There are 400 horses; they are fastened by two head-chains and ropes to both hind legs. The trappings, shawls, and horse furniture are most gorgeous. Whippy provides the English saddlery.

February 10th.—We drive out, about six miles, to Amber, and ride the last mile up the pass on elephants. This was the capital for 1000 years. The Fort of Taingur above commands the city; the treasury is kept there, and people are not admitted. The palace is splendidly situated and most curious. The ceiling and walls of some of the rooms are a mass of mirrors; a hideous English iron roof and painted columns defile the beautiful Dewan-i-kas (Hall of Audience); the rooms and passages of the Zenana are wretched; the steps are fearfully high, but the principal ascent is by a circular incline; and there is a lovely view from the top down the two gorges of the pass. The hills are arid, but trees are plentiful and very green; immediately below is a lake, with a garden on an island in it. At the temple we come in for the sacrifice of goat, whose head is completely severed by a priest at one cut of his sword; the blood is caught and at once taken in to the inner shrine as a libation to the goddess.

My mahout tells me one of our elephants was left here by he mutineers under Tantia Topee, and is 40 years old. They live to about 90; females have the smoothest paces, and are

generally used for riding. We sit on side-seats instead of in howdahs.

About 4 p.m. we start for the palace on our visit to the Maharajah. His pooja would not be over so early, but we are first to see the palace, which occupies a very considerable portion of the city. Driving in through several courts, it is droll to find bazaars and a market within the palace. There is a large Durbar Hall, where the Prince of Wales was entertained at a banquet; we are conducted through the Government offices; and over the palace through rooms, decorated in all manner of Oriental peculiarity, and every kind of fantastic variety. The principal block is very high, and there is an enchanting view from the top—over the garden and lake, with the mountains beyond, overlooking all the curious courts of the palace below, the Zenana (which they say contains 2000 women), and the whole city. We can see the Maharajah coming out of his sanctum, welcomed by his innumerable dogs, and preparing to receive us. Our interview is very unceremonious, in a room furnished in European style, while, in the garden outside, a very good band is playing German valses, and a very pretty march from Hindustani airs, composed by the German bandmaster. I have a long conversation with the Maharajah, a very thin little man; he has been operated upon for cataract, and wears spectacles. His chief amusements are billiards and photography, and he is very proud of the improvements and civilization he has introduced, and desirous I should be impressed with his success. His health is not good; he only has one meal a day, at which he gorges himself, and is surprised he suffers from indigestion. The Prime Minister, a priest, and a Bengalee interpreter, with Dr. Hendley, are all that are present at our interview. He has had a great mania for theatricals, and has built a huge theatre in his palace, and during the performance occupies himself entirely with the stage arrangements. The Prime Minister shows us the armoury, and offers any arrangements for sport, etc. They had sent to ask me how I wished

to be received, to which I answered, "As privately as possible," and so I have not seen any great display of Rajpoot magnificence.

February 11th.—At 8 a.m., drive out to the waterworks. There are remains of the enormously thick wall, constructed to dam up the river, which, rising near Amber, was diverted into a reservoir for the supply of Jeypore; this wall was undermined and washed away by a flood. The river-water is now collected in a new reservoir, filtered through sand and pebbles, and then pumped up by steam into two tanks above. They can pump a million gallons a day; the daily consumption in the city is now 130,000 gallons, in the hot weather 150,000. The cost of coal here is 40 rupees a ton, whereas the same coal at Calcutta is four rupees a ton. Wood would only cost half the sum, but it is too scarce. The water is laid on free all over the city, and can be supplied in private houses at a low rate. The European engineer in charge is highly paid, but suffers from the climate; he has also charge of an ice manufactory, but ice is not much used by natives. I went thence to the tigers and leopards, which are kept in cages at the end of one of the streets in the city. One of the tigers had belonged to a European, when young; he gave it a licking one day for attacking some one, and since that time, although it takes no notice of natives, it roars and springs at any European who approaches the cage. The leopard, caught the other day in the Residency garden is in a cage here, and a panther, which tore a hole in Favre's coat-sleeve, yesterday, through the bars of the cage.

Thence to the gaol, the governor of which, a European, was many years employed at the Agra prison. There are 990 prisoners, of which 60 are women, working at all kinds of trades; nothing harder than grinding flour and drawing water. The prisoners have eight hours work a day; only one meal, at 4 p.m.; they are allowed to keep what they do not eat till the next morning. There are political prisoners from the frontier. One prisoner had murdered three people, he was first sentenced to death, but for some reason was tried again, sentenced

to imprisonment, with a recommendation to mercy, and will probably get off altogether. Another was undergoing imprisonment for life, for killing his own bull, which was dying of starvation during the famine ; his accomplice had already expiated his crime, having died in prison. These are specimens of the vagaries of native rule and justice. The warders are prisoners, and receive no pay. The prisoners are all in chains, and are chained together at night; the female prisoners are wearing their jewellery. Silver work done in the prison is very good. There are three natives judges in Jeypore. The Maharajah recently pardoned 100 prisoners on his birthday, and I begged the governor to submit, at my intercession, the name of the man who killed his bull to His Highness for pardon on the next occasion of the exercise of the royal clemency. The native doctors are very bad, and one in thirty of the prisoners died of fever last autumn.

I next visit the hospital. There are only 30 in-patients, although there is room for 50, the population of the city being 175,000. The sick prefer being out-patients, and come to the hospital chiefly for operations. The principal diseases are those of the bones and skin.

By this time I had earned my breakfast and repose during the heat of the day. The flies at Jeypore are a dreadful plague. Some of the rooms have the doors and windows covered with fine wire screens to keep them out. A visit to the School of Arts founded by the Maharajah, and a game of lawn-tennis at Dr. Hendley's, occupied the afternoon. The school is still in its infancy, having been established some twelve years. It is intended for sons of the artisan class, and the number of pupils is about 110.

The inhabitants of Jeypore are the Minas, the supposed aboriginal race ; Jâts, an agricultural race ; and Rajpoots, the governing race, said to be descended from Rama, and to have come from Mount Aboo. The country was much devastated by the Mahrattas, and subsequently by the quarrels and petty wars of the Thakoors (native chiefs). A treaty was concluded with the British

in 1818, who subsequently introduced good government during the minority of an infant Rajah. The soil is very arid, but water is generally found near the surface. Cattle are plentiful. A sheep at Jeypore costs two rupees, twelve loaves of bread one rupee, fifty eggs one rupee. As it is illegal to kill oxen in these native states, beef is brought from Nusseerabad, the British military station near Ajmere, and a good sirloin costs four rupees.

February 12th.—At 8 a.m., start with my Swiss friends and Dr. Hendley cheetah-hunting, organised by the Maharajah; a two-mile drive brings us to the bullock carts, which hold two persons besides the driver. The cheetahs precede us, each on a similar cart; as we drive across country, it is rather rough going. We soon find a herd of antelopes, and, circling round them, select a buck. The cheetah is unhooded, let loose, and makes a spring and run of 100 yards after it; fails, and stands still until he is caught and brought back. After five runs, with similar failure, I leave the carts, and try my luck with a rifle, but the ground is as bare as a table, and stalking almost impossible. The only way I could get within shot at all was to get amongst some women, who were working at the crops, and let the buck feed towards us. Wandering about, I come across lots of wild pig and hyænas. It is very hot before we get back, at 1 p.m., to the Residency, where Colonel Beynon has arrived. In the afternoon we go to see Jey Singh's observatory, like the one at Benares.

The great salt lake, Sambhur, is near here; it is some 50 miles in circuit, and the amount of salt it yields is enormous. During the hot season the water evaporates, and the salt is found crystallized on the sand.

The melancholy tidings of the disaster at Isandlana reached us this morning.

February 13th.—Leave Jeypore at 10.20 a.m., with Favre and Naville, for Ajmere; a very hot day, The view of the city, from the approach, is very pretty, with high hills all round; the Sanatorium, on a rock, 1000 feet above. Ajmere itself, 1800 feet above the sea, a small British possession in the midst

of the native States of Rajpootana, with the military station of Nusseerabad, a few miles off, played an important part in maintaining our dominion during the Mutiny. Captain Lock, of Fane's Horse, formerly A.D.C. to Lords Northbrook and Lytton, and now Principal of the Mayo College for young Maharajahs, received me on arrival, and is my host, at his charmingly-situated house in the grounds of the College. His wife, whom he has recently married, was Miss Burne, the daughter of the Military Secretary to the Government of India. Capt. Cole, R.E., is on a visit here, having come from Simla, where he has been superintending the improvements in the Vice-regal palace, to see after the buildings and works in connection with the railway, which are to be very extensive at Ajmere, the future central depôt of the railway when completed from Agra to Ahmedabad.

In the afternoon we drive up to the house of Major Bradford (the Governor General's Agent in Rajpootana), whence there is a magnificent view over the lake Ana Sagar, full of muggers (alligators), to the mountain beyond; and to the club, transformed from Hindoo buildings on the bank of the lake. Mr. and Miss Alexander (he is Head Master of the college), Mr. Laing, guardian to the Maharajah of Jellawar, Mr. Brassington, C.E., and others, dine. Mayo College was instituted by Lord Mayo, for the education of rajahs and nobles of Rajpootana. It accommodates 50, and there are 48 students here now. Nine States are represented:—Ajmere, Jodhpore, Tonk, Jellawar, Oodeypore, Bhurtpore, Beekaneer, Jeypore, and Ulwur. Each State has its own house; the styles of building are very various. The Rajahs subscribed 70,000 rupees, and the boys are educated free of expense, only paying 50 rupees a year each for books and writing materials. The college building is in course of construction, at a cost of four laks; the marbles, found close at hand, are very fine—black, white, red, and green.

February 14th.—Walk to see the works of the College Hall. Natives are sawing at a marble block, which it will take them a month to get through. Their pay is three annas a day. The

building promises to be very handsome. To the rooms now used as the college, where the boys are at their studies ; amongst them one reigning sovereign, the Maharajah of Jellawar. There is one Mahommedan from Tonk; the rest are Hindoos. They learn Hindi, Ordu, and English ; Indian and English history ; mathematics ; enter at the age of 10 or 11, and remain till they are 17 or 18; we visit the Ajmere house, where they have separate rooms, but dine together. They have three months holidays, May to July. They ride, play lawn-tennis, cricket, etc., and on Sunday, which is a holiday, some of them go out shooting.

We drive through the city to see Khaja Sahib's tomb, and an extraordinary tank in a cleft of the rocks with innumerable steps on all sides to the water; also a beautiful Jain temple, with very fine pillars, and a dome, to which the Mahommedans added a magnificent ornamental screen to adapt the temple to a mosque in Akbar's time. The Government have partly restored it under the direction of Mr. Brassington, who is very much interested in the work; he called my attention to the Corinthian capitals on the Hindoo columns.

For a wonder the sky is overcast and the very oppressive air made me feel rather seedy. However, a game at lawn-tennis with the students in the evening sets me right; they are very keen and play capitally, in spite of their velvet and embroidered jackets, white petticoats or trousers, and turbans of every size, colour, and shape. I pay the boy Maharajah a visit. Mr. Laing, who lives in the house with him, has very pretty and comfortable rooms, that are in curious contrast with the taste of His Highness. The boy is at his lessons, reading English very well, and translating it into Hindi. A very pleasant evening with the Locks winds up my short but very interesting stay at Ajmere. My host drives me to the station at midnight, where my Swiss friends have already made their beds in the carriage, which has been reserved for our travels on the Rajpootana Railway, and we are hooked on to the train at 12.30 a.m., *en route* for Ulwur.

February 15th.—Breakfast at Bandigui, the junction of the Agra and Delhi lines, at 10 a.m.; and here we actually have a heavy shower of rain, hail, and thunder, which lasts about half-an-hour, and is sucked up in a few seconds by this arid plain. Reach Ulwur at 12.40 p.m., and drive to the Residency, where Major Law, the Resident, is our host. The Maharajah is leaving Ulwur this evening for Rutlam and Malwa to fetch princesses, who are to be his second and third wives, one of whom brings him, as her dowry, a lak and a half rupees; it is arranged we should pay him a visit at 3 p.m.

The town is prettily situated at the foot of high hills, surrounded by mud walls, with a fort on our left as we enter. There are great preparations in the city, and courts of the palace, for the departure of His Highness, who receives us in a large marble hall at the end of the quadrangle; a rough, ugly, ill-mannered youth; he takes us into his durbar-room, where his throne is a shabby chair, and there is total absence of Oriental splendour. From his private room beyond there is a very pretty view over a tank, with a fine marble tomb of a former Maharajah on our left; temples opposite; in the background, a high precipitous rock, with a fort on the summit. His library is very well worth a visit, and contains the most beautifully illuminated Sanscrit books, a wonderful Koran and very curious paintings. There is a good armoury, and his horses and elephants, splendidly caparisoned, are waiting at the entrance.

We go to the school, where we are to get the best view of the procession. 300 native boys are educated here at a very small fee, in English, Hindustani, mathematics and history. The Brahmins, unfortunately, do not find the omens sufficiently propitious for the departure of the Maharajah until some hours after the time fixed, and, beside the bore of waiting, it is nearly dark when he comes. There is a great deal of banging of salutes all the afternoon, and an endless array of carriages, horses, troops, elephants, camels carrying small cannons, which are perpetually fired off along the streets. At last,

in the middle of a crowd of torches, he came on horseback, wearing a turban, which hung down and almost concealed his face.

The income of the Maharajah is 29 laks, and as he only spends 20, he is pretty comfortably off. The European notables dine; amongst them, the Rev. Dalmer, a Baptist missionary. I have been struck in India with the liberal views of the clergy, and with the unusual tolerance amongst the missionaries towards the different sects of Christianity. They seem, as a rule, to be far superior to those I have met with in other countries, in spite of which their efforts meet with the minimum of success.

February 16th.—A glorious morning, quite a fresh air after the recent showers. We leave by the 12.40 p.m. train for Delhi, which is reached at 7.40 p.m., through the same plains and rocky ridges. The newly-appointed Commissioner, Major Gordon Young, is away in camp, and I am met by Mr. George Smyth, the Deputy-Commissioner, who is to be my host at Delhi. The city contains 160,000 inhabitants, besides 50,000 in the suburbs. Three-fifths of the population in the city, and nearly all in the suburbs, are Hindoos. The revenue of the municipality is 256,000 rupees.

February 17th.—The bungalow where I am staying is between the famous ridge and the city, and close to it are the sites of two of the siege-batteries. The city is surrounded by a battlemented wall of red stone, which is now in precisely the same condition as after the siege. We drive down in the early morning to the Cashmere gate, the glorious history of which is written on an inscription in the wall. The breach on the left remains intact; inside are the guard-house and the square, where our victorious troops rallied after the assault. Passing the English church we enter the city; there are large open spaces where the houses have been destroyed, and the site of the magazine, which was blown up, is now the post-office. We pass along the glacis, between the fort and Jumma Musjid, and out by the Delhi gate, by which the great bulk of the mutineers left

the city. A short distance outside the walls is the gaol where we meet Dr. Fairweather, the governor. Here are three hundred prisoners—sentences of above three years are sent on to the Central Prison at Lahore—they are employed paper-making, grinding corn, mat-making, etc. They sleep about eight together in a ward, a prisoner in control of each ward. Some of them were in solitary confinement—seven days at a time. The diet has recently been reduced to the scale of the North Western Province, each man receiving about two pounds of food a day. A man is shown me suffering from what are called Delhi boils —a horrible result of the fever; 30 per cent. of the European troops in Delhi were down with fever last autumn. Dr. Fairweather is also in charge of the lunatic asylum close by, to which we proceeded. Some of the lunatics were working outside, others grinding corn, spinning, etc., in the yards; most of them doing nothing, muttering and talking to themselves; one in handcuffs, quite naked.

After breakfast, Major Ewart, who is now in command of the police, and who formerly served in the 2nd Bengal Fusileers during the whole of the siege, takes me over all the places of interest in connection with the Mutiny. Commencing at the Cashmere gate, we follow Nicholson's line of advance along the walls to the place where he was killed by a shot fired probably from one of the houses behind him, while urging on his men under a murderous fire from the bastions; to the Moree bastion, so vigorously defended by the mutineers; along the ramparts, to the Cabul gate. We drive through the suburb of Kishenjung, turning up the Subjee Mundee road to the Serai, a square enclosure, which was occupied by a strong outlying picquet; under the Crow's Nest, a rock occupied by another advanced picquet; up the ridge to where the monument to those who were killed during the siege and capture now stands. We here overlook the famous Samee house, and the sites of our right batteries, as far as Hindoo Rao's house, the centre of our position. Away to the north lies the plain, the site of the old cantonments and encamp-

ments during the siege; the scene, also, of the great Proclamation Durbar, and of the Prince of Wales's camp during his visit to Delhi. Passing the observatory, we go down the line of breastworks, and drive past the Guard House and Flag Staff, down to the end of the ridge, coming down upon the Alipore road which led from the city to the cantonment. Turning towards Delhi we walk over broken ground to the Mound Picquet, Cow House, Sir T. Metcalfe's house, all memorable places of the siege, and reach the bank of the Jumna, the extreme left of the position. We drive on to Ludlow Castle and the Khoodsia Bagh, where the sites of the breaching batteries are all marked out, to the Cemetery where Nicholson lies, and all over the ground where the desperate assault of the city was made on September 14th, 1857, finishing up by the right breaching batteries, which are close to our house. It was a hot morning's work, but every incident was graphically explained by Major Ewart, and I never was more interested. To describe what I heard and saw would be to give an account of the siege of Delhi; it has been a grand opportunity to help me to realise the marvellous fortitude, bravery, and endurance of our troops, the heroism they displayed, and the prodigies they performed.

In the afternoon the merchants display their goods in the verandah; jewellery, embroidery, Cashmere work, ivory carving, etc.

February 18th.—Drive out with Mir Mi, native Assistant-Collector to the Kutub Minar. Leaving the city by the Ajmere Gate, the road, the "Via Appia" of Delhi, leads for eleven miles through the remains of ancient cities dating from time immemorial. We visit Sufdar Jung's mausoleum, built in imitation of the Taj; an instance of the decadence of Mogul architecture. He died A.D. 1754. The Kutub is a magnificent tower, built in five stories, each differing from the other, but all splendidly carved, and adorned with Arabic inscriptions, having balconies around the top of each

storey. Its height is 238 feet, with a diameter of 47 feet at the base, sloping to 9 feet at the top, and it is, I believe, the highest column in the world. It was built in honour of the victorious General Kutab-u-Din, who commanded the armies of Mohammed Ghori, and conquered the kingdom of Raj Pithora in A.D. 1193. It stands within the precincts of an ancient fort; I climbed to the top; the view is very extensive but monotonous. Here are also the ruins of a very ancient Jain temple, which was subsequently converted into a Mahommedan mosque. There are Hindoo pillars surrounding three sides of a quadrangle, all carved throughout, all different, and on the fourth side stand the three enormous arches of the mosque. Close by is the iron pillar, 22 feet high, which is the oldest relic of the former city, A.D. 319; a Sanscrit inscription records that it is the memorial of Rajah Dava; and it was said formerly that the Hindoo Raj would last as long as this pillar stood. There are various other ruins: amongst them the Tomb of Altamsh, the slave and successor of Kutab-u-Din, the oldest known tomb in India, who died in 1236 A.D., built of white marble and red sandstone. We are shown Adham Khan's tomb. He was condemned to death by the Emperor Akbar for having murdered one of his relatives, and was sentenced to be killed by being thrown from the terrace of the fort. This was done, it is said, three times before he ceased to breathe. As at Futteypore-Sikri there is a tank, into which the natives show their agility in taking headers. They jumped 60 feet into 36 feet of water. I drive back to Delhi at 3.30 with my Mahommedan companion, and join Mr. Smyth, who is engaged in judicial labours at the Kutcherry. Later we drive to Colonel Harris's (33 N. I.), lawn-tennis party; our game was played in an open court with back walls, in a garden overhanging the banks of the Jumna. Look in at the Institute, a sort of club-library and assembly-room, combined with a beautiful garden, within the city. From 6 till 8 p.m., Delhi society assembles here. Dine with Dr. and Mrs. Fairweather, and go on, to a dance at the Institute.

February 19th.—Visit the Fort and Palace, a magnificent pile, surrounded by red sandstone walls; we enter through a long, covered archway, with bazaars on either side; a good deal of the interior has been cleared since the Mutiny. There remains the Dewan Khas, a beautiful open hall, with large white marble columns, ornamented with painting and much gilding, where formerly stood the famous Peacock throne. The ceiling was once of solid silver; the throne was destroyed by Nadir Shah in A.D. 1739, and the Mahrattas removed the silver in A.D. 1760. The marble-room of the Zenana is painted with all kinds of devices, and beyond is a building now used as the officers' mess-room by the 6th Regiment quartered there. We also visit the Hammam; the Dewan Am, public reception hall, with red sandstone columns, now used as the canteen. There are fine barracks within the Fort; some of two stories.

From the Fort we drive to the Jain Temple, recently built, very ornamented, and with good carvings; through the narrow lanes of the city and curious native bazaars to the Jumma Musjid, approached by magnificent flights of steps, under high gateways, leading into a large quadrangle, with a marble fountain in the centre. The mosque is 200 feet long, 120 feet broad, and is surmounted by three fine marble domes. There are two minarets 130 feet high, one of which I ascend, and get a splendid view of the city, with the famous Ridge beyond. We drive out to the Kala Musjid, or black mosque, the oldest in the city, and of the period A.D. 1386—when the name of the city was Ferozebad. The present city was built by Shah Jehan, about A.D. 1650; hence it is called by natives, Shahjehanabad. At previous periods Delhi has existed on various sites, within a circuit of 20 miles. The great street, called Chandni Chowk, is a mile long, and 120 feet broad. There is an avenue down the centre, and carriage roads on either side.

February 20th.—An early walk and drive to the Ghâts, from some of which the river has receded, and to the great bridge over the Jumna, with the railway above the carriage-road. There

were crowds bathing, and we watched the kingfishers darting into the water. The bridge is commanded by the Salimghur Fort, formerly the state prison of the Moguls. In the afternoon drive out to the Roshumera Gardens, where is the tomb of the daughter of the blind king. In the evening we have a thunderstorm and some rain.

February 21st.—Walk up to the monument on the Ridge, and copy the inscription; and to the Sammy House. The fakir of the temple was killed during the Mutiny; but I come across two old fakirs, who were also here at that time. This rest for a couple of days is very refreshing.

February 22nd.—Attend a meeting of the Famine Committee; in consequence of the failure of the winter rains, great scarcity is apprehended; it is marvellous what an effect over the country the few showers of these last few days have produced; prices are already falling in the great market of Cawnpore, and any further action by the committee is postponed for a fortnight. There are only 500 paupers in the city, and these are mostly old and infirm; it is under consideration to employ the women at cotton spinning, and to find labour for the coolies who are out of work, at low wages.

Pandit Prammerain, a Brahmin of Cashmere origin, accompanies me on an expedition to Ferozabad, one of the cities of the earliest date on the site of Delhi; the vast ruins are said to date from B.C. 1500. The principal object to be noticed is the Kotila of Firoz-Shah-Toghlak, a Buddhist stone pillar, like that on the Ridge, standing on the top of a three-storied building. The inscriptions record the edicts of Asoka, about 300 B.C. Drive on to Indrapat, which is also called Purana Killa, or the Old Fort, whence the Emperor Humayoon was expelled by Shir Shah; it is now full of native huts. There is a fine mosque, Killa Kona, built in A.D. 1540, from the top of which Humayoon is said to have fallen, and there died. A mile or two beyond is Humayoon's tomb, which is the first known instance of the style which was followed in the structure of the Taj—a very fine, large monument—but

chiefly interesting from its having been the refuge of the Royal Family of Delhi, after the storming of the city in 1857, and the place from which Hodson took the king prisoner, overawing the numerous followers by his intrepidity. The view from the top is charming. Drive on to the Nizamuddin—a marble cemetery—containing, in a hall surmounted by 25 domes the tomb of Akbar's foster-brother Aziza Kokal Tash; the tomb of Shah Nizamuddin, A.D. 1290, considered to be the founder of Thuggism, and the tombs of modern Delhi princes. Adjoining is the residence of the nephew of the last king, considered as the present representative of the royal family, a pensioner of the Government. His father was faithful to the British, during the Mutiny, and gave information from the palace to the besiegers. The Jamat Khana mosque, and the tomb of Mohammed Shah, in whose time the terrible massacres by Nadir Shah took place in A.D. 1740, are visited, and boys repeat the performance of jumping from a height into a well.

Return to Delhi, and drive with Mr. Smyth to the Fort; and join a lawn-tennis party of the 6th Regiment. Over the barracks; part of the regiment is at Roorkee: there was very much sickness here, last summer. The water supply of Delhi is very bad; it appears works had been sanctioned for remedying this evil, and were already in progress, when a change took place in the engineer department. The new authority considers the plan already sanctioned too expensive; meanwhile the whole subject is under reconsideration, and the population and troops are drinking bad water. This is an instance of the drawbacks to the constant changes of the authorities.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEHRA DOON—DEHRA—MUSSOORIE—THE HIMALAYAS—LANDOUR—CAMP-LIFE AND SPORT—KHANSARO—RAIWALLAH—HURDWAR—THE GANGES CANAL—ROORKEE.

February 23rd.—To the church near the Cashmere gate at 11; after which a very pleasant week, under the hospitable roof of Mr. Smyth, is concluded, and I leave Delhi at 1.30 p.m. I travel with Colonel Colthurst, commanding 6th regiment, by rail, to Saharunpore, passing Meerut, a great military cantonment, on the way. Dine at the station, and at 9 p.m., continue my journey in a dâk gharry, 40 miles to Dehra. The difficulties at the start were considerable; the wretched horses, apparently, had not strength to move. I was beginning to give up the idea of proceeding by this mode of transport, when the shouts and yells of men, pulling on the horses with thongs round their fore-legs, kicking and poking at their flanks, turning the wheels and shoving behind, at last produced an effect; and once off, the wretched brutes go at a gallop till the next relay—generally 5 miles apart. A dâk gharry is most uncomfortable, very rough, very dusty, very noisy; it becomes wearisome to lie down all the time on a mattrass, and the shaking is such that even smoking is difficult. My road crosses the Sewalik range of mountains, which are an offshoot of the Himalayas, and which form the western boundary of the elevated plain called Dehra Doon. Extra horses are provided for the ascent, and the struggles to produce combined action on the part of the quadrupeds, are proportionately greater. At 3 a.m. we run into a bullock cart, apparently on the edge of a precipice; innumerable men belonging to the convoy unite their efforts towards starting my gharry, but for nearly an hour without success;

sometimes the gibbing horses are pushed on for two or three yards, then there is again a standstill. I was as much surprised at the good-will and work of the bipeds, as at the obstinacy and feebleness of the quadrupeds. Arakan, who travels on the roof on these occasions, is as energetic and amusing as usual; at last we reach the tunnel at the top of the pass, and get down into Dehra at 6 a.m.

February 24th.—Mr. Hercules Ross, Superintendent of the Dehra Doon, *i.e.*, monarch of this delightful country, a great sportsman, who has preferred remaining here to accepting higher and better-paid appointments, is my host, and has made all arrangements for sport. I am lodged in a tent close to the bungalow of Mr. Holmes, the District Superintendent; he has a charming wife, daughter of the great engineer, Scott Russell, and a very pretty little daughter. The country is lovely; green, woody, and very refreshing after the plains of India, which are 2000 feet below us. At 12, drive with Mr. Ross to Rajpore, eight miles, and are then joined by Favre and Naville, who had preceded me from Delhi. We ride on excellent ponies, seven miles up a very steep ascent to Mussoorie, 6300 feet above the sea, and put up at the club. It is quite cold, but there is no snow, and they have had so little this year that ice will have to be brought up from the manufactories in the plains for consumption in the hot weather. Taking a walk round one of the hills is quite a novel sensation; the scenery is magnificent, and the cloud effects and the glow of the sun on the snowy peaks, glorious. The south sides of the limestone hills are bare, but the northern slopes very green, with bastard oaks and rhododendron trees in flower. At this time of year there is hardly a European in the place; the natives are fine muscular fellows. We enjoy a roaring fire; the view over the mountains from my window is one never to be forgotten. Ross gives us a capital dinner at the club.

February 25th.—Ride up to Landour at 8 a.m., the military Sanatorium some 1200 feet higher than Mussoorie; the air is perfectly still at the top, and as warm as the finest English

summer morning; the view towards the mountains is grand. The highest points are 70 miles off; towards the south-east there are some very high, distant peaks; a comparatively low range impedes the view to our left front, but in the north-west the summits of the Himalayas soar in two great walls of snow. There are three passes in sight, one of which is generally open as early as April; there is, however, no trade through them, and they are very little used. These mountains are from 20,000 to 24,000 feet high. The view differs from and is proportionately inferior to that at Darjeeling, where the mountains in sight are 4 to 5000 feet higher, and much nearer; but there is in this more northern latitude a much vaster extent of snow, and the huge ridges are more like gigantic white walls. The view towards the west is also magnificent, the beautiful Dehra Doon below, the Sewalik range beyond, and in the distance the plains of India. Down again to breakfast at Mussoorie, at 11 a.m. The hill races of which we see specimens here have quite a fair complexion; they live in little villages; polyandry exists amongst them; girls are sold to the natives of the plains. The country abounds in wild elephants, tigers, bears, and game of all sorts. We ride and walk down the most precipitous descents to Rajpore, and thence drive to Dehra at 4 p.m., passing the head quarters of the Viceroy's body-guard; where the horses have suffered much this year from glanders. On our return we play lawn-tennis with the *élite* of the Dehra society, and have a very agreeable dinner with the Holmes's, where I wish good-bye to Favre and Naville; the former "*toujours pressé*," and not keen for sport, is anxious to be off, as he intends to prolong his travels to China, Japan, and America, before he returns to Europe; they start to-morrow for Lahore. We have travelled together during many weeks, and become great friends. I am very sorry to lose their company.

February 26th.—At 7.30 a.m. drive off with Ross and Holmes. We visit on our way the head-quarters of the 2nd Regiment of Ghoorkas—ugly, sturdy little fellows, in dark green tunics and trousers; wearing the old English forage caps, with the Prince

of Wales' feathers as their badge; armed with a kuchri (a long knife) as well as a bayonet. On leaving Dehra, a wild-looking fellow runs alongside the carriage, and gives me a paper with my name inscribed, and compliments in Indian fashion, which he has executed marvellously, on gilded paper, with the nail of his thumb. He turns out to be a Dehra poet. We drive 14 miles through rich crops in the environs of Dehra into dense forests, and find our breakfast arranged *al fresco* in a charming spot, and elephants waiting for our sport.

My first experience of mounting an elephant by his tail is successfully accomplished. Shooting from a howdah is a novelty; we beat through the jungle and long grass, frequently near the bed of a river; the day very hot, the scenery lovely. Hog, hog-deer, spotted deer, civet cats, pythons, partridges, quails, pea-fowl, plovers, alligators, porcupines and jungle-fowl, offer a variety of sport. I carry with me a shot gun and a double-barrel Henry express rifle; the combination is rather awkward, as the wrong weapon is so often in one's hand. We pass by jungle so dense that nothing but tigers can enter it; but it is impossible to get them out, especially at this time of year. The python we killed was enormous; curled round the trunk of a tree over a stream, he appeared to be gorged; it took several shots to kill him, and the elephants did not at all care about going very close. We reach our camp at Khansaro, 10 miles from where we breakfasted, at 6.30 p.m., and find some gentlemen invited by Mr. Ross to join us. The land here is very rich where cultivated, but the country is principally dense jungle and very unhealthy during and after the rains. The very valuable forests abounding in trees of great variety afford ample scope for the energies of the Forest Department. A young Sikh Rajah, who is devoted to sport, was to have joined us this evening, but is unfortunately laid up with fever. My tent is sumptuous—very large, with a passage all round between the inner and outer canvas.

February 27th.—Justice is administered and business trans-

acted by my hosts under a tree in the early morning. We mount our elephants after breakfast, and cross the river to beat the jungle, where the long grass sometimes reaches over our heads in the howdahs, and trees are knocked down by the elephants to make way for their huge bodies to pass. We pass cane-brakes which tigers are known to frequent—(if only one would come out!). All at once a growl is heard, and a pad elephant next me runs away, to the imminent danger of the men on its back. Luckily he comes up to some low trees, which stop him. The grass was much too long for us to make out the beast, which, the shikarees say, from the growl, was either a tiger or a leopard. However, we have a capital day, and lots of shooting. We parted company with Mr. Holmes in the morning, when we all lost each other in the dense jungle, and he does not turn up till we reach Raiwallah, where the tents are pitched in the evening, some seven miles from Khansaro. Our new camping ground is a lovely spot, on a cliff overhanging the Ganges, already a tolerably large river—very wooded country around—the snowy Himalayas opposite. Our party is considerably increased, amongst others by General Storey and Captain Tickell, R.E., in charge of the Gangès Canal Works. My elephant's name is Amelia, with Mahomet Hossein for a mahout (the same the Prince of Wales had), who carries a big knife H.R.H. gave him, and is very proud of it.

February 28th.—Walk down in the early morning to see the elephants take their bath; it is funny to see their huge carcases crouching in the water; others spurting water with their trunks over their bodies, and the mahouts scrubbing them; they seemed thoroughly to enjoy the operation. The amount of forage they get through is astonishing; it must occupy them a good part of the night to eat up the pile of grass and leaves they find prepared for them on their return from a day's work—moreover, they help themselves more or less all day in the jungle.

Our route to-day crosses two rivers, one of them the Ganges, the current of which is very rapid—such a rush of water under us. The elephants don't seem to relish the

big stones in the river-bed. Our shooting ground, the Gurdwan Terai. Great variety of game, besides eagles, cormorants, peacocks, ospreys, vultures, and troops of monkeys. My own bag consists of para (hog-deer), jaunk, spotted deer, pig, pea-fowl, partridges, jungle-fowl.

About 8 p.m. we come across a bullock, which we ascertain has been killed since 9 a.m. this morning by a tiger, and track his marks leading up a gully of the Himalayas, which rise abruptly at a few yards' distance. Ross says it is a thousand to one I get a shot if I remain. It is at once decided that he and I shall do so. The rest of the party return homewards. The shikarees construct a perch on the nearest tree, with a few branches and leaves. Nothing, of course, led us to anticipate such a chance, and none of the usual arrangements were at hand. At 5 p.m. we climbed from our howdahs with the aid of the shikarees and a Goorkha fakir (an extraordinary fellow, who always accompanies us), into our roost. The men and elephants are sent to some neighbouring huts, with instructions to come at once if they heard us fire before 9 p.m.; if not, the following morning at 7 a.m. I devoutly trusted we should be released before 9 p.m., in possession of the tiger. We hid ourselves very carefully amongst the branches, made all arrangements for a quiet shot, and settled down in anxious expectation; not a whisper or movement; sun down was considered the most likely time. A dove came to roost close to us in our tree; jackals came lurking about below, and vultures congregated on the trees around. About 7 p.m., when it was nearly dark, we heard a shot not very far off; evidently some native warning off trespassers, perhaps our tiger from his domain; Ross was evidently annoyed at that sound. The moon would be all right till 11 p.m.; I watched the jackals warily approach the carcase, attack it and begin their meal; they were not long left in peace, vultures came down from the trees, began hopping about, and, from their numbers, mobbed and got the better of the jackals; occasionally, a fierce onslaught by the latter scattered the

birds, but in the end they were overpowered. The vultures took possession and kept it, fighting, flapping, and pecking at each other over the titbits. It was an anxious half-hour from 8.30 to 9 p.m. I must admit that I had had enough of the tree, and did not look forward with entire satisfaction to spending the night there.

Nine o'clock came, there was no hope of release, but I still felt confident about the tiger. At 10 p.m. I hazarded a request whether a cigarette was out of the question; it was deemed unadvisable. I was getting very hungry; we had nothing with us but two biscuits and a little whisky and water, as we had only provided ourselves with luncheon and had made no preparations for any other meal. The moon set about 11 p.m., and soon afterwards Ross, who had kept a keen, unceasing look-out for six hours, said there was now little hope; that confounded shot had probably done the mischief. Watching alternately, we ate our biscuits; it felt chilly after the intense heat of the day, and the whisky was by no means unacceptable. Still anxiously intent on the entrance of the gully, I heard, to my dismay, a snore from my neighbour, and realised all hope was gone; it was very dark, and, in spite of the dodges for the sights, I had not felt quite confident about my aim since the moon had got low. After a short snooze, Ross again took the look-out, but evidently it was a forlorn chance, and we eventually settled down in despair for the night. I did not find my bed in the tree comfortable; lying down, either my head or half my legs were hanging over the side. Ross, by no means a little man, took up a great deal of room; there was nothing at my side to keep me from slipping out, and I felt sure that if I dozed I should topple over, perhaps into the jaws of the longed-for tiger. However, I did doze at intervals, and did not tumble out. I had only a thin stalking-coat over my very thin shooting clothes, it was undeniably cold, and the night very long.

At last came the slow process of dawn, and the concomitant sounds from the winged inhabitants of the jungle. The vultures still hard at it; such horrible hissing, gurgling noises, and the

odour from the carcase not altogether savoury to an empty stomach. Then the sun-rise, and, a few minutes later, the welcome sound of four elephants crashing through the jungle. We were stiff after fourteen hours in the tree, and our descent into the howdahs took some manœuvring amongst the boughs. My intense disappointment at not getting a shot was fully shared by Ross and the shikarees, but somewhat mitigated by the release from our airy perch.

March 1st.—We scramble about the foot of the mountains, the almost impenetrable jungle and swamps, getting a few shots on our way home; kill some capital little fish in a stream with small shot; are met by servants bringing out our chota haziri (early breakfast) half-way, and reach the camp about 10 a.m.; breakfast, and are off again at 12. This time we send the elephants round, and cross the Ganges in native boats, called sernais. These consist of two cowskins inflated, with a matting fastened between them, on which one lies; they are propelled by two men, one at each end, holding on with their hands, lying on their stomachs on similar skins, quite independent of the sernai, and paddling with their feet. We did not find as much game as usual on this ground; there were large troops of langours,—black monkeys, with white hair and beards and long tails, a much nicer sort than the common bunder or brown monkey. My No. 7 shot has no effect whatever on a porcupine at very close quarters. We come across several fakirs, who have already congregated for the fair at the holy city, Hurdwar, a few miles down the river, wandering about the bed of the sacred Ganges, singularly devoid of any garments. After two consecutive long hot days on an elephant, with the interval of fourteen hours spent in a tree, I never more thoroughly enjoyed a night's rest.

March 2nd.—Our shooting-ground to-day is between the Sewalik mountains and the river; we get several spotted deer. I kill a very good stag, and hit the horns off another, which, in spite of several advances in line of elephants plunging in the broken ground of the jungle, we did not come up with.

The shooting is very difficult, as the grass is so long and the ground so broken. The beasts are only seen for an instant, and although the elephants are wonderfully acute in stopping at the word "dut," the chance of taking a steady aim with the rifle is very rare.

I had an exciting half-hour to-day. Ross was ahead, and when I came up to a bit of thick covert, I saw, from the excitement of my mahout, something was up. My elephant trembled and snorted; the other elephants were sent for, and my mahout was told to take me to the end of the brake, while all the others formed line to beat it. I made sure there was a tiger, and my mahout and the men behind me thought so too. I had a good bit of ground to cover, but hoped to make the tiger charge. It turned out, however, that there were only two bears there, and they slunk away to the side, without my getting a shot. We had a long ride home in the dark, through the jungle, and got several nasty cuts across the face, from the prickly boughs of the tamarind.

March 3rd.—There was a little rain in the night. I try riding an elephant on a pad, which seemed very comfortable; but I expect, if one were shooting, the mahout would be rather in the way. I also succeed in mounting my elephant by the trunk, as the mahouts get up. They catch hold of the elephant by his ears, and put one foot on his trunk; he then lifts them up and they step on to his head. I must admit it was not accomplished without a few shoves from the natives, and great caution on the part of my sagacious "Amelia." I also managed to drive my elephant after the fashion of the mahout, sitting on the neck; they are guided by speech, by pressure of the legs on their necks, and by the iron spike, with which the drivers rather unmercifully prod them behind the ears.

This very happy time in camp is over, and our party breaks up to-day. I cannot say how much I have enjoyed it, how grateful I am to Ross for his perfect arrangements and for his friendly hospitality, and how sorry I feel that this delightful week, with

excellent companions, capital sport, in beautiful scenery and perfect climate, has come to an end.

At 12 o'clock Ross and I leave Raiwallah, and float in sernais, down the Ganges, to Hurdwar. There is a series of rapids, down which we are carried at a tremendous rate; I expected, at first, to be swamped every second. In the quiet water we get some duck and teal. One feels rather helpless when the sernai-wallahs (boatmen) paddle away to pick up the birds, and one is left floating on a cowskin alone in the middle of the river. We pass two great bunds, or water-dams, which, at this season, divert the waters of the Ganges from their original beds into the channel, which becomes the canal at Hurdwar. These bunds are washed away every rainy season, and repaired at an annual expenditure of £3000; the cost would be enormous to construct a permanent bund, and the river is capable of changing its course any year. As we approach Hurdwar, the mountains are nearer the river, and the city itself is situated in a sort of gorge, where the river debouches into the plains, and supplies the great Ganges Canal. The Ganges rises at the base of a snow-bed in the Himalayas at an elevation of 13,800 feet. There is a village called Gangotri near the source, very sacred to Hindoos. The course of the river has accomplished 167 miles at Hurdwar, which is 1024 feet above the sea. This is also the boundary of the Dehra Doon District.

The city is most picturesque. Half-built, half-ruined palaces of Maharajahs on the banks; Hindoo temples by the river and on the heights; handsome flights of steps at the ghâts called "Harika Pairi," or the stairs of Vishnu; innumerable bathers, and picturesque costumes. We are met again by Captain Tickell, R.E., superintendent of the canal works. Hurdwar is one of the holiest cities of the Hindoos. There is a great fair held here every year in April; every twelfth year the fair assumes immense proportions, and is called Cumbh-mela; this is one of those great occasions, and may, owing to the probable interference of the Government, be the last, as among the millions who con-

gregate here from all parts of India, cholera generally breaks out, and is carried hence, far and wide, over the country. Formerly many deaths were caused by drowning and suffocation, among the crowds who pressed through the narrow streets, down the ghâts to bathe in the sacred river, which is supposed to purge them from all their sins, priority of ablution at the auspicious moment, announced by the Brahmins, being especially efficacious; great preparations are being made by the authorities this year to secure a regular passage for the multitudes. In 1819, I believe, 430 persons were crushed to death on one occasion.

We stand out on one of the barricades in the river, and for a couple of hours are amused beyond measure at watching the operations of the bathers. There are thousands of fakirs; some in yellow garments, others with nothing on but, perhaps, a few inches of apron tied with a string round the waist; others painted and covered with a sort of ashes-dust. Whole families come down to the water together; men urging their timid wives into the water; hideous fat old women, whose garments, caught by the rapid stream, disclose an astounding amount of flesh; a few pretty girls who, in the excitement of the moment, are equally forgetful of the publicity of their bath; squalling babes, frolicsome children, tall handsome Sikhs, miserably thin old men, a marvellous conglomeration—the whole of them being, more or less, harassed by the priests demanding and exacting baksheesh. Others are depositing the ashes of their relatives, brought from far and wide in packages or urns, in the holy river, while men and boys, standing in the stream, are carefully sifting the bones and ashes in order to collect any jewels or coins which may have been deposited with the remains of the departed to assist their expenses in a future world. I never saw a more curious, picturesque, and amusing scene.

We walked round to the ghâts and amongst all the crowd, who treated us with great respect; and then, accom-

panied by the High Priest, into some of the temples and in the streets. The Black-God is the principal deity here. Entering our sernais again, we float down to the entrance of the canal, and land at Captain Tickell's bungalow, situated on the angle at the separation of the river-bed and the canal, where we spend the night.

March 4th.—There is a curious wind at Hurdwar which comes on regularly every evening, and lasts till the following morning; it blows from the mountain through the gorge, consequently the nights are wonderfully cool. We pay another long visit to the ghâts, which are again thronged with bathers. The rich pay large sums for the privilege of bathing, ordinary bathers a rupee each. The prevailing colour of the women's dress is dark red; the men's bright orange.

Start at 11.30 a.m. with Ross and Tickell, in a four-oared boat, five miles down the canal; we then get into sernais, as we have to pass four falls, round which these skins are easily carried. Two very broad mountain torrents cross the canal on huge aqueducts. After another five miles we leave our sernais and the fine hill-men who work them, and drive to Roorkee along the canal bank. At Donary a river runs across the canal; its waters are now stopped by a bund and a series of gates. To show me how the water is let off during the rains and floods, one of these gates is removed in a second by knocking away a bolt, and the water rushes through into the river-bed (causing, I imagine, considerable astonishment to the people living on its course below). In about a quarter of an hour the breach is repaired, horizontal planks are let down into a frame, and the interstices are filled with grass. 5000 cubic feet of water pass through the canal in a second. It pays 4 per cent. while the Jumna Canal pays 12. The length of the canal from Hurdwar to Cawnpore, where I saw its narrow exit after nearly all the water had been spent in irrigation, is 370 miles. There is another branch of 150 miles length. It was planned by Sir Proby Courtnay, and finished in 1855. Before reaching Roorkee the canal, and our road alongside it,

are carried over the valley of the Solani river on a stupendous aqueduct, 920 feet long, giving a water-way of 750 feet for the river.

On our arrival we at once visit the great Roorkee iron-works, and are shown over by Mr. Campbell, the superintendent. These were originally the canal workshops; they are now the property of the Government of the N.W. Provinces, but work is also done for the public. All the workmen, 1000 in number, are natives. The wages of engineers are only five annas a day. There are fine specimens of deodar wood, which is much used. Owing to the difficulty of transport, the pinewood is imported from Canada at a cheaper rate than it can be brought down from the forests of the Himalayas within sight. There is a heliograph which has successfully flashed to Mussoorie, forty miles off. We are lodged at Captain Tickell's head-quarters, and Colonel Davidson, R.E., Mr. Chatterton, the cantonment magistrate, Colonel Colthurst, and others, come to dinner; the best meat I have had in India; it is generally very indifferent. We hear that a tiger has killed a man near Donary, where we were to-day, but we have not time to retrace our steps and find him. At Roorkee are the head-quarters of the Royal Engineers. News arrives of Shere Ali's death.

March 5th.—We go to see a very fine collection of stag's heads at the R.E. mess-house. Major Brandreth, the commandant, shews me over the Roorkee College, where natives are educated, and compete at an annual examination for appointments in the Civil Service. There are three grades of education. The courses last two years. There are about 200 students. Visit the head quarters of the 6th Regiment. Some men of the regiment have been very hardly treated. The military orders in England are not immediately promulgated in India. A large number of privates prolonged their service with a view to remaining in the battalion, which shortly goes home. They now find, according to the new regulations, they are likely to be transferred to the other battalion of the regiment shortly expected in India, which is not at all what they bargained for.

I take leave of my excellent host, Ross, who returns to Dehra, and of Captain Tickell, who joined our shooting party, and has been most obliging in shewing us over the gigantic works of the canal, and leave by dâk gharry at 2 p.m. Thirty miles to Saharunpore, six stages; meet crowds of pilgrims on their way to Hurdwar; their number is astounding, considering it is still three weeks to the time when the fair proper culminates. Leave Saharunpore at 7.20 p.m. by train.

CHAPTER IX.

UMRITSUR—LAHORE—RAWUL PINDI—PESHAWUR—JUMROOD—THE KHYBER PASS—ALI MUSJID—RETURN TO LAHORE.

March 6th.—Arrive at Umritsur at 5 a.m. Owing to a misunderstanding there is no one to meet me, so I settle to continue my journey in the afternoon to Lahore. Having performed my ablutions at an hotel close to the station, I thank my stars it has not been my fate to sojourn in Indian hotels. This is a very fine large walled city, with curious winding streets. It is the holy place of the Sikhs—the sacred tank and golden temple, their shrine of pilgrimage. The importance of Umritsur dates from A.D. 1581, when it was sanctified by Ram Das, the Gourou or spiritual guide of the Sikhs. It was devastated by Ahmed Shah, the Afghan invader, but restored by the Sikhs on the overthrow of the Mohammedan sway, and made the capital by Runjeet Singh. The golden temple stands in the centre of a tank, and is connected with the outer court by a causeway. It is necessary on entering the precincts to remove shoes, which is not the usual custom in India, and unfortunately, just now, a feast is going on, during which all the people besmear the pavement as well as themselves, their clothes, etc., with red dye. There were many people singing and praying inside before the sacred books, and a priest produced the Holy Sikh swords for my edification. The shops were mostly shut on account of the feast, but I visited the shawl manufactory, where shawls in imitation of Cashmere fabrics are made of goat's wool from Bokhara,—and drive through the public gardens. The fortress, which is outside the city, was built by Runjeet Singh, the last Rajah of the Sikhs, in A.D. 1809. It is a strong place, and is undergoing extensive alterations. I was besieged all the afternoon

at the hotel by shop-people, etc. The high priests of the temple insisted on paying me a visit, and I was thankfully rejoicing this was a solitary instance of my spending a few hours at an hotel, when a messenger comes from the Commissioner, to say his house is at my disposal during his unavoidable absence in camp; the fact being, this was the first morning for several days they had not met the train, having expected my earlier arrival. However, I have seen enough of Umritsur, excuse myself to the Commissioner's nephew, who came to the station to beg me to return, continue my journey at 5 p.m., and reach Lahore at 7 p.m. Captain Egerton, A.D.C. of the Honorable R. Egerton, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, meets me at the station with a *char-à-banc* drawn by four camels.

Government House is charming; it was constructed for a tomb, supposed to have been built by a man during his own lifetime, for himself, and never occupied; the rooms are consequently of curious shapes. There is a very fine dining-hall. At dinner are the Lieutenant-Governor, and Mrs. and Miss Egerton, Captain Marshall, Private Secretary, the Commissioner's wife, Mrs. Hall, and her daughter (the prettiest girl I have yet seen in India), and others.

March 7th.—I expected to have found it colder here, but there is very little difference in the temperature; hitherto, I have been most fortunate in my time for visiting the different places, and have travelled northwards with the increasing warmth. Calcutta would be getting unpleasantly hot now, while Lahore was pretty cold when I was at Calcutta.

Drive to the Museum, where there is a fine collection of statues and antiquities; also an exhibition of the raw products of the Punjab, iron-ore, lead, a little gold found in the rivers, coal of not much value, rock-salt, saltpetre, etc. We then visit the city. The brick wall, which surrounds it in a circuit of 7 miles, has been considerably lowered, and the moat has been converted into public gardens, with a winding drive through them. The

streets are very tortuous, narrow, and crowded. A good many of the mud-houses are in ruins, but there are some very picturesque prospects; the mosque of Nazir Khan, built in 1634, during the reign of Shah Jehan, has the outer walls decorated with pottery inlaid in panels, and inscribed with Arabic sentences of the Koran. Most of the shops are shut on account of the feast, and the people are covered with red dye, with which they bespatter each other freely. The swarms of flies are horrid. I am much struck by the race of Sikhs, very fine, handsome men; they have no caste like the Hindoos—eat meat and drink spirits. They are divided into tribes, and only intermarry with different clans of their own tribes; there is also a large number of Mahommedans at Lahore. Lawn-tennis and a dinner party.

March 8th.—At 7 a.m. visit the Central Gaol; Dr. Dickson is the governor; the gaoler, a native; about 2000 prisoners are confined here, with sentences exceeding three years. There are two central towers to which the prisons converge. Life prisoners are mixed with the others. Some are in solitary confinement; when thus sentenced, they undergo solitary punishment alternate weeks. Their hard labour consists of grinding corn, printing, working at a wheel, making paper, yarn, and carpets. They mostly wear fetters, but no cross-bars. 116 prisoners have died already this year, generally from the effects of famine and pneumonia, the prevailing sickness at this time. I found a poor famine-stricken-looking wretch, with legs little bigger than one's finger, wearing fetters in the hospital. The poor fellow was evidently too weak to stand; I begged his chains might be taken off, which was done. The European governor naturally has too much to do to supervise individual cases, and the native employés seem singularly devoid of common sense, otherwise how could such a case occur? There were a few European prisoners, some in a room together, some alone; they seemed very comfortably off for prisoners. The labour cannot be very severe, as a prisoner sometimes finishes his task by 2 p.m. The warders are ordinary employés, but the men in charge of each room are

prisoners. Two meals are allowed daily, the diet consisting of 1 lb. of meat, 1 lb. of bread, 1 lb. of vegetables. Some of the Pathâns, the soldiers who traitorously disgraced themselves in the attack on the Afghans at Peiwar Kotal the other day, are confined here; also some political prisoners, one of whom is the head-man of a border village, detained during the pleasure of the Government; he does nothing all day, and seems very much bored at this contrast to his former wild life.

After breakfast I drive with Miss Egerton, Miss Hall, Captain Marshall, and others to the Fort and Palace, which are in the style of what I have already seen at Agra and Delhi, but much inferior; the panels of pottery on the walls are striking, and the view from the top very extensive over the vast plains of the Punjab. The Public Works Department has shamefully defaced some of the buildings with hideous yellow paint. The 68th Europeans, 89th and 9th Native Infantry, and some Royal Artillery are on duty here. We visit Runjeet Singh's tomb, which also contains the remains of his wives deposited in small urns,—and the Jumma Musjid, with a fine extensive quadrangle. In the afternoon there is a review and sham fight of the Volunteers, concluding with a distribution of prizes.

March 9th.—Church at 11 a.m., and sermon by the Bishop of Lahore. In the afternoon I drive with the Commissioner, Mrs. and Miss Hall and others to the Shalamar Gardens, laid out in A.D. 1637 by Shah Jehan, where the mango trees are very fine, and the 450 fountains are arranged in seven divisions to represent the seven degrees of Paradise; three successive terraces rise one above the other; the buildings were ruthlessly spoiled by Runjeet Singh, who removed a great part of the marble to Umritsur.

March 10th.—Showery during the morning. Receive visits from the following native gentlemen:—A Mahommedan doctor, who was born in Agra, and took his degree at the College at Calcutta; he expresses the same views I have generally heard relative to the social differences between Europeans and natives, and thinks the days of Haileybury produced the best civil

officers ;—a Hindoo Civil Engineer ;—a Brahmoo, one of a new sect recently sprung up at Calcutta, which aspires to the restoration of the ancient pure Monotheism of the Hindoos, and rejects caste and the multiplicity of Gods ;—a Christian converted from the Hindoo religion by an American Presbyterian (this sect formerly made most converts here, now the Church of England is most successful); he was roughly handled by the natives the day before his baptism, and has never since been acknowledged by his relatives ; eighteen months after his conversion he was divorced from his Hindoo wife and has since married a Christian ;—a Sikh who is agent at Lahore for the native courts, and who gave me much information relative to the Sikh religion—they worship one God, venerate one book, and one family, all priests, of which he is a member; they believe in four stages of Paradise,—two temporary, in which they may revert to being men or animals; the third, a temporary place of punishment, whence they also return to a state of transmigration ; the fourth, a place of eternal bliss or punishment, measured according to the balance of a man's virtues and vices. He tells me the Sikhs are very loyal, that the Sultan of Turkey is considered as the greatest Mahommedan potentate, but has no especial connection with the Mussulmans in India; that they hate the Russians, and consider the Afghans very foolish in having played into their hands. He is the editor of a weekly vernacular newspaper, and considers the Government supervision very light, and that unrestrained liberty of the press is impossible in India, where there is no predominance of public opinion in consequence of the multitude of sects and castes, all more or less differing from each other. The Press Commissioner supplies him with any special news. *The Times* and *Standard* are the English newspapers best known in India. The Sikhs never cut their hair; they may dine together, but each man has different varieties of food all put together on his plate at once. The difference of Mahommedans from Hindoos is always distinguishable in dress, the opening of the waistcoat of the former being on the left side, that of the Hindoos on the right. He

tells me that the chuprassies of English officials are very rude to the natives, and that they always expect a bribe before they are admitted to an audience with the Sahibs.

Drive in the afternoon, and play lawn-tennis. Leave at 9 p.m. by train for Jhelum, *en route* for Afghanistan. On the Northern Punjab State Railway it takes 10 hours to accomplish 100 miles!

March 11th.—I reached Jhelum, the terminus of the railway, at 7 a.m. The postmaster, a Eurasian, had not sent my dâk gharry to the station, as he said it was not ordered there. I wonder where else he expected I should wish to find it, having telegraphed for one from Lahore; so I had to walk to the dâk bungalow, where I got a very bad breakfast, and started at 10 a.m. for Rawul Pindi. The wretched horses have had a very rough time of it lately; however, they were infinitely superior to any dâk animals I had seen before, and, considering the traffic on the road, we travelled along at a very good rate, reaching Rawul Pindi (68 miles) at 8 p.m. The road was excellent; a pucka (an Indian word for anything good or genuine, used in this sense for metalled) road in the centre, and cart roads on either side. It is the only line of communication with the two field forces of the Khyber and Kurrum, and the number of convoys we passed by was astounding; European and native troops of all kinds, trains of bullock-carts, camels, mules, extending for miles. The pucka road is reserved for the carriage traffic, and the driver's horn was pretty constantly at work; but it was often impossible to clear the way, and the naked backs of the men on the bullock-carts got many a cut from my impetuous coachman.

We saw several convoys parked near the road, and camps of the troops on their way to the front; one very fine-looking native cavalry regiment. For the most part the road passes through very broken, hilly ground; the Himalayas are visible in the distance. The Deputy-Commissioner, Mr. Wilkinson, received me most hospitably as his guest at Rawul Pindi.

March 12th.—Left at 7.15 a.m. in dâk gharry, and soon came up with a battery R.A., a detachment of native troops, and of

the 72nd Highlanders, *en route* to Kohat, ladies riding out with them to breakfast, at their first halt. At Rawul Pindi, being the nearest healthy station to their husbands at the front, there is quite a collection of grass-widows. A few miles from Pindi (as it is familiarly called) the Kohat road branches off to the left; it is a kutcha (the contrary of pucka) road, and very rough travelling for the post-cart, which is the only means of conveyance. The day was lovely, and the views of the snowy mountains of Cashmere magnificent. At 12 o'clock, having accomplished 43 miles from Pindi, the road traverses a pass; on the crest of a hill stands an obelisk in memory of Nicholson, who gained a victory over the Sikhs, close by; there are also two fountains by the road, in his honour, for the use of men and cattle. We cross several deep gullies and rapid rivers; some of the streams, with willow banks, quite remind one of England. Attock, on the Indus, is reached at 1.30 p.m. The river is very broad between Attock and the mountains, a great part of the bed being, however, now dry; it is contracted here by a narrow gorge in an outlying spur. The Fort, built by the Emperor Akbar, in A.D. 1581, is splendidly situated and commands the bridge of boats, by which, at this season, the river is crossed. The town is small. The operation of getting across the bridge was not an easy matter. While my horses were being exchanged for bullocks I walked down to the bridge and found its whole length jammed with carts, all more or less inextricably stuck. Having stopped the traffic at both ends I used my best vernacular to hurry on the carts already on the bridge, but the difficulty was at the further end, where the road rises abruptly from the bridge, and the immense increase of traffic had caused great ruts, from which it seemed almost hopeless to extricate some of the wheels. The undisputed authority of a sahib was here of great value, it was wonderful how the natives struggled to clear the bridge; but the delay occupied about one hour and a quarter. Having scrambled up the opposite bank, horses were again put to my gharry and we bounded off at a great pace along the bank

of the Cabul River, which joins the Indus just above Attock. I passed through a dense flight of locusts, which seemed to be following the course of the river and literally covered the road. A long plain is traversed before reaching Peshawur; the Himalayas on the right; the frontier hills of Afghanistan on the left and in front, and in the far distance the snowy peaks of the Hindoo Koosh, the border summits of the table land of the world. More camps and convoys were stacked at intervals along the road; the further I progressed the more carcases of camels and bullocks I saw lying about, poor brutes—among the first of the many thousands who succumbed to overwork and starvation. It was dark by the time I reached Peshawur, 100 miles from Rawul Pindi, and drove into the compound of the Commissioner Mr. Macnabb, whose house is about half-a-mile from the walls of the city.

I have unfortunately just missed General Roberts and others, who have been down from the Front for a few days. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir F. Haines, was also here a short time ago, on his way to visit the two advanced forces. Two Afghan Sirdars are encamped with their suite in the compound—cousins of Yakoob Khan. They have just arrived from Jummoo, where, partisans of Yakoob, they have been living in exile. They received sudden notice from Lord Lytton to leave Jummoo at once, and proceed on a conciliatory mission to Yakoob Khan. The Maharajah of Cashmere wished them to start at a moment's notice, and with difficulty they obtained a respite of 24 hours; and as they are still being hurried on, it is not likely that they are best pleased, or in a very propitiatory frame of mind. Rumours are afloat that Yakoob has come to Jellalabad.

March 13th.—Yesterday was very hot, but to-day is dull, cold, and gloomy, with rain at intervals. The shop goods of Peshawur are displayed in the verandah in the morning. I have come amongst quite another race of men,—Pathâns, fine wild, rough-looking men, and of much fairer complexion. The term

Pathân is nearly synonymous with Afghan, the latter meaning inhabitant of Afghanistan, the former applied to those who speak the Pushtoo language.

In speaking of Afghans, it is a mistake to suppose that they are one people, in the sense in which we consider Belgians or Dutchmen, that they have one government, and are a united nation. The Ameer does not even pretend to exercise authority over many of the tribes included in the geographical expression, Afghanistan, either in respect of tribute, or submission to his demands. Many of the tribes have a chief, but their obedience to him is ignored, if the desire of a considerable portion of the tribe is contrary to his decrees. The actual form of government amongst the various tribes is generally republican. The Jirgah, or council of elders, is supposed to be the real governing body, and it is through these councils that the political relations with the tribes are conducted.

The Commissioner receives a visit from the Sirdars. They consist of two brothers (one of whom has two sons with him), sons of Sultan Mohammed, the brother of Dost Mahommed Khan, the former ruler of Afghanistan. Mr. Macnabb converses with them in Pathân. I asked them about Yakoob Khan; their reply was, that they had not heard much of him for many years; that they believed he had been confined so as "not to distinguish day from night," which is hardly calculated to have improved his vigour of mind or body; the general idea being that neither was, at any time, very great. They are fine-looking men, with rather cunning, cruel countenances. Tea was served during the visit.

Macnabb drives me into Peshawur, in his phaeton; after the rain of this morning the streets are deep in mud. The gateway leads into a large fine street, built by Avitabile, an Italian adventurer, who became the tryannical governor of Peshawur under the Sikhs. There are a good many trees in the city, and a stream runs through it, with roads on either side ; we walk into a large circular court, all round which workers at silk, gold, and silver-thread, are

hard at work in the shops. Drive up the steep street of the new town, recently rebuilt after a great fire which destroyed a great part of the city. The houses look as if they were built entirely of mud, but a great deal of wood and even bricks are used. There seems to be considerable trade in silver-work and baskets. We visit the palace of the former governors, from the roof of which there is a magnificent panorama. The houses have all flat roofs, on which the people principally live; there are gardens nearly all round the city, and gigantic mountains enclose the plain on all sides.

Visit the Fort; a Company of the 9th Regiment and two native Companies guard the Arsenal and stores; the buildings and fortifications are all of mud, and were constructed by the Sikhs. The 22 guns, captured at Ali Musjid, are parked here; they were thrown or rolled down from the heights, and are most of them considerably knocked about in consequence. When the Afghan prisoners were brought in, some of them inquired whether they would be shot in or outside the Fort; they must have been agreeably surprised to find they were comfortably fed and lodged, and released the next day with a couple of rupees in their pockets, of which, I hear, the Afridis relieved them during their return journey.

We drive on to the barracks, which have been built at three different periods; the new ones are large two-storied blocks, and erected in long lines. I believe the men infinitely prefer the old ones with thatched roofs, as being much more convenient and cooler than the more recent palatial buildings. There is a pretty church in the cantonments, with monuments to the numerous victims of cholera. The inscriptions bear such terrible testimony to the ravages of this scourge that creepers are encouraged to grow over and hide the memorials. Amongst the monuments there is one to a British officer of the Civil Service, who was brutally killed by his bearer, or one of his native retinue. The epitaph records his distinguished services, and the

melancholy circumstances of his murder by his servant, concluding :—

> " Well done, thou good and faithful servant ; "
> " Go thou and do likewise."

Peshawur contains about 60,000 inhabitants, chiefly Pathâns (Mahommedans) —a very fanatical race. We are well guarded by police in our peregrinations in the city. The late Commissioner was murdered by a man while making pretence of offering a petition, and the Deputy Commissioner was stabbed in the back, while walking in the town. Colonel Macbean, the head of the transport arrangements, and several others, dine.

March 14th.—A very cloudy, threatening morning. Start at 8 a.m., and drive a dog-cart along a fair kutcha road, across the stony plain to Jumrood. About three miles from Peshawur there is a little stream, beyond which Europeans were not allowed to go before the war broke out. Pass the 10th Native Cavalry on the march, and no end of convoys ; camels, dying or dead ; poor brutes, when once they sink from exhaustion they become paralysed and are left to die, and I have myself driven off the crows which had begun to peck at them before they were dead.

A shallow river is crossed before reaching Jumrood, which consists of a dilapidated mud fort, a few huts, and the camp of the 2nd Division. I found my way through seas of mud to the lines of the Royal Artillery, was very hospitably entertained at breakfast by Major Nairne, and visited the camp of the 9th Lancers, where I met Ralph Kerr, on his way up to take command of the 10th Hussars, not looking at all fit for a campaign. I called upon General Maude, V.C., in command of the 2nd Division of the Khyber Field Force, and went through the camp of the 5th and 25th Regiments. This division has just returned from an expedition into the Bazar Valley. They had been ordered up to chastise or overawe the Mohmunds, but their orders were distinct to

return, under any circumstances, in ten days. The political officer, ordered to accompany them, started immediately on receipt of his instructions, but on arrival at Jumrood, found the force was to be back the next day; it is hardly likely that a campaign, under such circumstances, could be attended with good results. The tribes retired on our approach, and threatened the force when it commenced the retreat. The only casualties were caused by our night picquets taking each other for enemies, and firing into each other.

My escort of Sowars ready, and a revolver in my belt, I rode up the Khyber Pass with Rose, 10th Hussars; he was with the cavalry escort to the Royal Horse Artillery which formed the advanced guard on the day of our invasion of Afghanistan. After leaving Jumrood the ground is undulating until a level valley is entered, leading up into the mountains. The road turns to the left up the hill side, is pretty steep, and winds about until it reaches Mackieson's bridge, which the newly-constructed road avoids by keeping up the mountain to the left. I crossed the bridge; half the arch has fallen in, and why the Afghans did not destroy the other half is inconceivable. The old road beyond is very rough and steep, and must have been difficult for the Horse Artillery.

At the top, at an elevation of about 1000 feet, there is undulating ground, and thence a gradual descent to the river-bed, where, on turning a corner, the heights of Ali Musjid come in sight. It was at this point that the Royal Horse Artillery opened fire. Straight in front stand the three huge "sungers," a fortified ridge, the peaks of the rock in shape, not of course in size, rather reminding me of Gibraltar; and much lower down, on their left, the rock and fort of Ali Musjid. The road continues alongside the river, completely commanded by the position, until, passing close under the fort, it enters the narrow gorge, which is merely the river-bed, about 20 yards broad. Before reaching the gorge, we turned up a

narrow path leading up to the camp of the head-quarters, on a steep rock to our right. I narrowly escaped a bad cropper; my Australian mare, which had come very well through all the convoys, objected to the salute of some men, and shied off the narrow path and up the nearly precipitous rock; however, we got back all right. On the platform of rock at the top, which has been made pretty level, are encamped the head quarters of General Appleyard, the 51st Regiment, and a mountain battery, Royal Artillery. The General being on leave, I occupied his tent, and was entertained by the 51st. Torrents of rain prevented my getting about in the afternoon, and whist was the order of the rest of the day. I never saw a finer lot of officers than in the 51st; there seemed to be a capital spirit amongst them. Naturally they were very weary of Ali Musjid, and hoping to get on to Jellalabad. At night I visited several of the pickets, perched on rocks round the camp; the men have been frequently shot at by night, and even stabbed in their tents, for in this broken ground it is impossible to prevent the enemy from sneaking into the camp; but there have been fewer cases lately. My tent, like all the others, was surrounded by a wall of stones, and I felt well protected by a Ghoorka sentry outside. The night was very wild and cold, but my good hosts supplied me with plenty of rugs; the mess tent was snug enough, with a good stove.

March 15th.—It rained nearly all night, but the wind subsided and the mist cleared off in the morning. At 7 a.m. Captain Fairwell, Brigade-Major, and I start on ponies, to visit the positions and fort. The camp below, by the river, in a wretched plight, a deep mass of mud, consists of an elephant battery, Madras sappers, native cavalry, commissariat, hundreds of camels, all looking miserable, many lying where they died during the night. We walk up the steep ascent to the Afghan position; the two outer peaks had guns in them, and the whole ridge was defended by a sort of stockade. Near the top it is very steep; the slope below affords a splendid natural glacis down to the bend

of the river. I cannot imagine a finer position, and it is astounding to think that, before the flank attack could possibly have been developed, it was attacked in front. The marvel, however, is that the Afghans should not have opposed our advance from the entrance to the pass. A few shots could have picked off our Horse Artillery, and blocked the road almost anywhere; the destruction of the ruins of Mackieson's bridge would have effectually delayed the advance by that route; the position should have been impregnable from the front, and a small detached force should have prevented the flank attack, or cut off the Rifles and Sikhs coming down the mountain, after 48 hours' exposure, without food, on the heights. The secret of our success at Ali Musjid was the baksheesh to the Afridis, and the absence of any definite resolution on the part of the Afghans to resist us. An Afghan told me that the men had received no pay, were half starved at Ali Musjid, and that their only intention had been to make a show of defence and retire; otherwise, it is inconceivable that they should not have made a sortie after our retreat from the attack, and caused fearful havoc among the force, huddled together beyond the bend of the river.

The view is magnificent from the heights, under a wild sky, with dense masses of cloud rolling about the passes; on our left front is the ridge, whence our batteries opened fire. Fairwell points out in front where Major Birch and Lieut. Fitzgerald, 27th Native Infantry, with impetuous bravery, endeavoured to do that which was impossible, and were killed. The attack only commenced at 4 p.m., but it is wonderful we had not more casualties. To our right rear is the line by which the garrison escaped, and from that side the flank attack should have been made.

An outlying picket of Ghoorkas was on duty on the ridge. We descend into the Fort, which is constructed of stones roughly cemented, upon a rock immediately above the narrowest part of the pass. The rude huts which were used as the barracks of the Afghans are now occupied by the 2nd Ghoorka

regiment; there are evident signs of the effects of our artillery fire, and many Afghans are said to have been killed by our shots dropping in the ravine at the back of the Fort. We find our ponies again at the bottom of the hill, and ride up through the gorge, in the bed of the stream, now only a few inches deep; the scene here is very wild and grand; a new road, avoiding the river-bed, is to be made, at a cost, I am told, of 45,000 rupees! Beyond Ali Musjid, the road again ascends to Lundi Kotal, the heights of which are visible in the distance. We retrace our course through the encampment, and get back to the tents of the 51st.

Before leaving Ali Musjid, I cross the river again, to see the Bhuddist remains recently discovered by the Royal Engineers. Those already unearthed consist of two monuments, like large sarcophagi, with plaster figures of Buddha in niches and on the sides, in a wonderful state of preservation; they are at present only partially excavated. Everybody advises me that a further journey to Jellalabad would not repay the trouble, and it would entail considerable arrangement. I have seen the finest part of the pass, and the scene of the only real fight in which the Khyber Force was engaged. Beyond the mountains, the stony plain is very uninteresting, and Jellalabad merely a mud town, like most others in this part of the world.

I left Ali Musjid on my return about 1 p.m., with an escort of Sowars and Mr. Macnabb's Kandahar sergeant-orderly, who remains close to me during the expedition; we proceeded down the new road, part of which, being excavated, is too deep in mud for the wretched camels to attempt. All along the road are convoys, guarded by troops, a duty which must be very harassing. The men of the 51st told me they had had seven nights out of bed in eight, since they had been up at Ali Musjid. The detachment of the 10th Hussars had hard work to get up to the camp last night, had to leave some of their camels in the pass, and did not arrive themselves till 8.30 p.m. I met Ralph Kerr at Mackieson's bridge, riding up; it rained heavily as we trotted down,

but was very fine and hot in the plain at Jumrood, which I reached in a couple of hours.

General Maude and Surgeon-General Hanbury took me over the Field Hospital, which is admirably kept; there are few sick, mostly slight cases, except some camp followers, who very rapidly succumb to attacks of pneumonia; the sick are lying on low beds, which are easily transferred to dhoolies, and carried down to the base hospital at Peshawur. The cavalry at Jumrood look very poor. There is a difficulty about forage, and the horses decline to eat the apology for grass which is given them. Reached Peshawur after an hour and a half's drive. General Ross, Colonel Macbean, Keppel Stephenson, R.A., etc., came to dinner.

March 16th.—Walked with Macnabb through the prettily laid out gardens of the former Residency to visit the hospitals. The men themselves and the surgeons were determined I should examine the wounds, which I thought rather a trial, before breakfast. The men wounded at Ali Musjid have made very good recoveries. A sergeant, Royal Artillery, badly shot in the thigh, was nearly well; a very fine young fellow, in the Horse Artillery, is very proud of the lead in the bits of bone which have been removed from his arm. There is a less honourable case of a private in the Rifle Brigade, who shot his own foot. Another wound was pointed out as most extraordinary: the bullet had entered by the arm, made a circular course round the back, and passed out near the neck; this was a marvellous escape for one of the men shot by our own picquet in the Bazar valley. The principal diseases are diarrhœa, pneumonia, enteric fever, and ague. Some of the men had completed their twenty-one years' service, and most of the wounded are going home by the next troop-ships. There is another base hospital at Kohat.

In the afternoon Macnabb took me for a beautiful drive; after paying a visit to the Royal Artillery mess, we drove round the town, through gardens and orchards—a mass of peach blossom. The mountain views in every direction are magnificent.

The people's gardens are much frequented, and Peshawur has also its race-course. The streets of the city look very different this lovely day, with carpets and cloths of every hue exposed for sale on the branches of the trees. The narrow covered lanes reminded me of towns in Morocco. At the native hospital, 14,000 cases have been treated during the past year; it is under the charge of a Hindoo doctor, educated at Lahore College; the Afghan sick prisoners were accommodated there.

In the streets of Peshawur I came across an extraordinary deformity—a little man, with a head shaped more like that of a rat than any other animal. I hear that fakirs are in the habit of compressing the heads of these beings when children, destroying their growth and their intellect, and taking them about the country to obtain alms. The object was more like an animal than a man, made hideous noises, and was horrible to behold.

Colonel Heathcote, 17th Native Cavalry, and Colonel Worsley, 7th Native Infantry, came to dinner. The native troops, they tell me, enlist for three years, at the end of which they can be dismissed; their service is, however, generally unlimited, and most of them serve for their pension. The pay of the Infantry is 7 rupees a month, but they rise to higher rates of extra pay; the Cavalry receive 27 rupees a month, and find everything for self and horse.

March 17th.—After a most interesting visit, I left Peshawur at 8 a.m.; a lovely morning, the Hindoo Koosh, towering over the lower mountainous regions inhabited by the Hazares, Swats, and other wild tribes, shows wonderfully clear; passed the 1st Native Infantry, a very fine tall regiment, on the march. After a delay of one hour at Attock, reached Rawul Pindi at 8 p.m., where Mr. Wilkinson again treats me most hospitably. My driver insisted on changing his horses within about 100 yards of the end of my journey; the changes every five miles take up much time, as there is frequently a great struggle before the fresh horses can make up minds to start; but when once off, they gallop along at a capital rate.

March 18th.—Rawul Pindi is a large military cantonment, now commanded by General Bright, on a plateau bounded to the north and west by the Himalayas. The so-called fort consists of a space surrounded by a mud wall, containing a big block of barracks, occupied by the 81st Regiment. The gaol, under Dr. Henderson, contains 900 prisoners, under all sentences except life; the prisons radiate from a large central tower. There are three classes of labour, according to length of sentence, of the usual type. There are several workshops, at which the prisoners work at their respective trades, and a large number are employed on the railway, which is being constructed through this station in a deep cutting. The prison labour seems light, and there are very few prison offences; no meat is allowed, except to the hill-men. Many of the prisoners look frightfully thin; and I shall never forget one wretched man, crawling about on his haunches, a living skeleton. There have been forty deaths already this year from pneumonia. Fetters are worn by all, except those under very short sentences, or such as have nearly finished their time. There were only eight boys, employed in sorting paper, and there have been no European prisoners for two years.

Start at 10.30 a.m.; the views of the mountains of Cashmere splendid; but I admit to having had enough of a dâk gharry, and am delighted to find myself at Jhelum at 6.45 p.m. The dinner at the dâk bungalow was filthy. Several officers of native regiments, and of the 25th K. O. B. on the march towards the front, some with their wives, were also dining there, and complaining very much of the wretched food; many of them are detained here several days; and as the dâk bungalow must have done a good business this year, it is astonishing that the supply of food should be so limited and so execrable.

March 19th.—Reach Lahore at 7 a.m.; a glorious morning, nature looking so refreshed after the recent rains, and return to my quarters at Government House. Drive in the afternoon to see the Emperor Jehanjir's tomb at Shahdara, crossing the river

Ravee by a bridge of boats, curiously constructed, so as to swing down with the stream. The Mausoleum is very grand, with a beautiful pavement, and the gardens more than usually splendid.

Dr. Leitner, the great Oriental scholar, receives me at the Lahore University, where men from all parts of India and central Asia are congregated; they recite poems, some of their own composition, in innumerable languages, many of which Dr. Leitner is able to translate to me as they recite. The combination of races at this Literary and Scientific Society is most interesting, and many of the recitations are received with much applause. The advancement of learning and civilization amongst the natives of Asia is surely more likely to progress by promoting study and cultivation of the intellect in their own languages, than by making a knowledge of the English language the first necessity and the only medium for the social and political advancement of native students, as is generally the case throughout India. Thence to Montgomery Hall, which is the afternoon rendezvous of Lahore society, combining a club for both sexes, with a rink, dancing, etc. The rain has been general throughout the Punjab, and has saved the crops.

March 20th.—Pay a visit to the Viceroy and Lady Lytton, who have just arrived from Calcutta, and have returned to their former quarters here. They occupy Bahawulpore House, belonging to the Maharajah of that state. The house is surrounded by the enormous viceregal camp. Luncheon is served in a tent. Reggy Pole Carew has arrived from England as A.D.C. It is very pleasant to meet a well-known face, and he is much amused at my carriage with four camels. An evening drive with the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Egerton, round the city; a dinner party of thirty; a very interesting conversation with Mr. Egerton, whose career in all grades of the civil service has been spent in the Punjab; and my visit to Lahore is concluded.

March 21st.—The train starts at 8.30 a.m. for Mooltan; a very hot wearisome day, the country a dead level wilderness. Camels

are bred in this district; I saw a few herds of them from the railway. Half-way is a station called Montgomery, a melancholy-looking place; otherwise the country seems scantily populated. Arrive at 6.30. p.m., and am received by Mr. Corderey, the Commissioner. This is generally a considerable military station, but the troops usually forming the garrison are up at the front, and they have been replaced by Madras troops. It is commonly considered the hottest station in India, but, as usual, those who live in the place say it compares very favorably with many other stations. The rainfall is very slight, much less than in the eastern districts of the Punjab; certainly the temperature is considerably hotter here to-day, than it was yesterday at Lahore.

CHAPTER X.

MOOLTAN—BAHAWULPORE—A DAY IN THE JUNGLE WITH THE NAWAB—SUKKUR—HYDRABAD (SCINDE).

March 22nd.—Palm-trees everywhere, and much cultivation about the cantonment. Drove to the old Fort, which stands on a slight eminence; no fortifications now remain. The 85th are occupying huts, with dome-like roofs. The principal building is a square mausoleum, ornamented with very effective tiles, surmounted by a dome. Within are crowded the graves of the members of a priestly family, who have been interred here for 600 years; pilgrims are paying their devotions at the sacred shrines. The monument to Vans-Agnew and Anderson, commemorating their cruel deaths, stands at a short distance from the Fort; it bears rather a poor inscription composed by Lord Dalhousie. These two young officers, Vans-Agnew of the Civil Service and Lieut. Anderson, arrived at Mooltan on April 18th, 1848, in charge of a small force, which was sent from Lahore to occupy the Fort, in consequence of the non-fulfilment of the engagement into which Moolraj, the Dewan of Mooltan, had entered with the British Government before the first Sikh War. Moolraj, finding it impossible to evade payment of the fine imposed upon him, had resigned, and these officers were sent to administer the Government of his province. While Moolraj was ostensibly surrendering the fortress, these officers were treacherously attacked and wounded; Moolraj left them to their fate; their escort of Sikhs and Goorkhas abandoned them in the fortified place, which had been assigned as their residence; wounded and helpless, they were brutally murdered by the fanatical mob. This occurrence led to the siege of Mooltan,

which succumbed to the force under General Whish in January 1849.

The city and bazaar are different from any I have yet seen; bare, well-paved streets with tiny shops, many of them still barred at 10 a.m. Many of the houses have towers. The population have a look of poverty, and appear very dirty; many of the inhabitants are Beloochees, a small race with long rough hair; the religion of the country is Mahommedan, but there are Hindoo bunyahs in the city. The central bazaar is very picturesque, and shaded by big trees; silks, blue and yellow tiles, pottery, and silver and enamel-work, the principal commodities.

We drove in the evening to see the District Gaol, which is constructed like the one at Lahore; the prisoners were squatting in a circle, while their work was being inspected. My attention was drawn to a fine-looking old man, and in answer to my inquiries, I ascertained that he is a so-called security-prisoner, *i.e.*, that he is undergoing a year's "rigorous" imprisonment (hard labour), for being a reputed budmasha (robber), and because he cannot find two sureties of 100 rupees each, for his good behaviour for a year. He told me his last conviction was in 1857. The gaoler said he had been several times in gaol; the last time, three or four years previously. I inquired what his offence was on the last occasion; they told me, the same as now; this man will consequently have undergone at least two separate years of imprisonment, with hard labour, within five or six years, without trial or conviction of crime on either occasion. These arrests generally take place during the winter tour of the Deputy Commissioner, and, curiously enough, considering the extraordinary number of cases of appeal in India, the summary judgments of the Deputy Commissioner on these charges are not subject to any appeal. The sentences are submitted, in the usual returns, to the High Court, but the prisoners have no remedy. The Commissioner told me he had no power to interfere; that his atten-

tion had been called to the frequency of these convictions in his district, and that he had issued a general recommendation to his Deputies to use with moderation the powers they possess, and to exercise great discretion in awarding their sentences. Amongst the juvenile offenders I found a boy undergoing a sentence of three months under similar conditions. As far as I could make out, he had come with a fakir from Saharunpore, hundreds of miles away, had lost him, had been apprehended as having no means of obtaining a livelihood, and sentenced to rigorous imprisonment, far from his home, where, very naturally, he could not find sureties. I ascertained that, during the recent cold season, there had been 115 similar committals in the district of Mooltan, containing 300,000 inhabitants; of these, 36 have since found sureties, leaving 79 now in prison. In a sparsely-populated country bordering on wild lawless tribes, it is no doubt difficult to preserve order and to ensure obedience to the laws. The police are few and far between; the facilities for stealing cattle and other depredations great, and the detection of criminals often impossible. Exceptional legislation is, no doubt, necessary, and the theory of demanding sureties from the population for good behaviour excellent, so long as the natives accept this responsibility, which, I understand, is generally the case; but when, in default of the required sureties, the necessity arises of sending 80 or 100 men to prison, with hard labour, on suspicion, some of whom have already suffered a similar sentence and have not in the meanwhile been convicted of crime, it becomes possible that an innocent man may be kept in prison half his life. I am told that, when accused, they are given 14 days to find sureties, and, failing to do so, they are imprisoned. Their friends, believing that they have been convicted of some crime, take no further heed about them; or perhaps it may be that some of the inhabitants find this an easy mode of getting rid of unpopular or quarrelsome neighbours. (Being very much surprised at this arbitrary power, I subsequently inquired at several prisons, and in different places, on the subject, but

nowhere found any approach to the amount of punishment of this nature administered at Mooltan. In some places there were no security-prisoners—never more than two or three.)

There is a wonderful change in the temperature. To-day has been very hot. Leave at 9 p.m., by train, for Bahawulpore, by the Indus Valley Railway.

March 22nd.—Arrived at 2.15 a.m., and was met by an officer of the Nawab's household; a three-miles drive brought me to the house where His Highness entertained me during my stay. This was his residence up to a few months ago, when he commenced his harem life. He now comes here every morning, spends the day with his tutor, Mr. Crampton Doran, and returns to his harem in the evening. Arriving in the middle of the night, my object was naturally to turn into bed at once; but I had considerable difficulty in getting rid of this native chamberlain, who, when I thanked him for his attention, and said I should retire, replied, "I will remain with you another half-hour." Not having got to bed till nearly 4 a.m., I took what in India is called a European morning, *i.e.*, did not get up till 9 a.m. There was nothing very different in the house from most bungalows; the rooms all on the ground floor, furnished in Anglo-Indian style. My bed-room had a kind of double verandah between it and the garden; one having walls and glass doors, the outer one hung with matting.

March 23rd.—While dressing, I heard my host, the Nawab S'adiz Mohammed Khan, playing at billiards; when ready, I went into the room and found him playing with two native gentlemen; one turned out to be his Moonshee (Secretary), the other his uncle, who is also his A.D.C. His dress consisted of purple silk, with gold embroidery and muslin, a loose, flowing coat and very wide trousers tight over his ankles, an enormous red and gold turban, and a double row of splendid pearls, with emerald pendants round his neck. A fine, good-looking young man of about 18; he looks older; he received me very civilly, with a courteous but shy and reserved manner.

The State of Bahawulpore is one of the principal native States in the Punjab, 310 miles long, and containing 22,000 square miles. It is intersected by the Sutlej, Chenaab, and Indus; the country under irrigation in the vicinity of these rivers is very fertile and richly cultivated, but the rest of the country is a flat sandy desert. The population consists of Afghans, Beloochees, and some Hindoos ; they are a fine, hardy race ; the Nawab, and most of his subjects, are Mahommedans. In 1838, the subjection of Bahawulpore to the Amir of Afghanistan was annulled, and the State was placed under British protection. From that time the Nawabs have been faithful allies of the British. During the Scinde and Afghan campaigns, and the Mooltan rebellion in 1848, they rendered important assistance to the British troops, and received rewards in money and territory. I breakfasted at 10 a.m. with the Nawab and Mr. Doran, his Highness having adopted European customs, as regards eating, during his boyhood; as a Mahommedan, however, he drank nothing but water. We spent a good part of the morning at billiards. At 5 p.m. the Nawab took me for a drive ; himself driving four greys in a four-wheeled double dog-cart along a fine road through broad avenues, amongst gardens and palm groves, round the city. At the menageric I saw a curious animal, half dog half wolf, tigers, deer, monkeys, bears, etc. He took me to his new palace, which is barely finished, and which is not likely to be used. It is a fine building, consisting of a very large central durbar hall and two wings, the one containing a suite of rooms for the Nawab, the other for his tutor. This would have been naturally a very suitable arrangement, if he had occupied the palace during his minority; but as his tutor leaves him next autumn, and his residence will then require apartments for the ladies, no building could have been less adapted to the purpose. The furniture is ridiculously inappropriate ; paper walls, paper curtains, hideously vulgar English upholstery—the taste of the public works department—mirrors and chandeliers in profusion ; it is wonderful how the natives delight in glass. His Highness

seemed supremely indifferent to the whole concern, with the exception of pointing out a mirror, which he said was the largest in India. The grounds are being laid out on a vast scale, under irrigation from the Sutlej.

I received this afternoon a visit from the ministers. They are a council of six, and administer the government under the Nawab. During the minority, the administration of the State was taken over by the Indian Government. These officials left about a year ago; none remain, except the political agent, who is now on leave, and the tutor, and these are going next November; after that, not a European will be left. There are wonderful diversities of government in the different States, which exist in every kind of relationship to the paramount power; but I imagine no State will be more independent than Bahawulpore. Doran interpreted, and the Nawab came in during their visit and sat down, but took no part in the conversation.

March 24th.—At 7.30 a.m., drove in a carriage and four to the race-course, to see the national sports. The Ministers, etc., received me, and the Nawab arrived shortly afterwards. We witnessed the proceedings from a pavilion, and walked about an enclosure. The entertainment commenced with tent-pegging; the best men are gone to the war, the Nawab having furnished a contingent, so the performances were not first-rate; some knocked the peg out, but none succeeded in carrying it away 40 yards on the spear. This was followed by cutting oranges, placed on three sticks, at 20 yards distance; the fellows gallop by, and have to sever the three oranges as they pass. This was well done. Then came wrestling, which is the great national sport; the very powerful wrestlers are wonderfully trained and as nearly naked as possible; some of the contests occupied a long time; the crowds looking on took great interest in the proceedings, and were even demonstrative, applauding the good points; after which, competitions at sword exercise took place, and fights with single-stick and shield; several men blindfolded were turned loose in the ring

and tried to cut a jar; in the *mêlée* they slashed into each other pretty considerably; in another game, a man with bells fastened on him, and his hands tied behind his back, is turned into a circle, and men blindfolded have to catch him. They finished up with the tug-of-war, sepoys *versus* city-men, in which the latter were victorious. The Nawab distributed the prizes to the successful competitors, and drove me home to breakfast. His subjects made a great noise as we passed through the crowd, invoking blessings on their sovereign, and, in many cases, begging for money and offering petitions.

In the afternoon, Doran drove me through the city, which is being renovated with broad streets and new houses. The general aspect of the mud architecture is very dull. We visited the Dispensary and native hospital; the sick and lunatics were lying about a court, some few in separate mud huts around, altogether a very rough establishment. The authorities, as usual, insisted on my writing my name, but the difficulty was, where? They did not understand a visitor's book, but produced their hospital accounts, medical certificates, etc., and I have not an idea to what medical prescription or hospital return I eventually subscribed my name. We drove out to see the stud—some very fine stallions were brought out. In the evening the Nawab's band played during dinner. Mr. Barnes, the only other European in the place, was invited; he is a Civil Engineer superintending the irrigation works—600,000 acres, in this neighbourhood, are under irrigation, and 1000 men are employed making a canal, some 20 miles off. The country must be healthy, as these men work by the river and sleep in the open air without any ill effect. The sandflies have bothered me horribly here; no musquito curtains keep them out, and they are unmercifully voracious.

March 25th.—Very hot and a high wind. At 6.30 a.m. the Nawab drives me out in his phaeton at full gallop to the jungle, eleven miles on the road towards Beekaneer. Soon after starting, one of the horses kicked over the traces, which

entailed, however, no delay, as he was made to kick back again. The last part of the drive was over very rough ground, in and out of dry canals, and straight across country, the two aide-de-camps galloping at our side. Arrived at a bungalow, where breakfast was prepared; the Nawab goes off to make arrangements about the sport. A great number of men had collected, and for some time they continued to stream by. I asked what it all meant, and discovered they were beaters, who, to the number of 600, had been pressed for the day's sport. Doran and I remained a couple of hours at this bungalow, during which time I received a telegram from London—an out-of-the-way place for it to find me. Our shooting ground was close to the Sutlej, a dense three-cornered bit of jungle, bounded by deep ravines. We took our places in stands elevated about 5 feet above the ground about 150 yards apart, so covered with bushes as to make it difficult to see to shoot. I had a couple of natives with me. The heat was very great during the hours we waited without any shelter, exposed to the sun; I felt as if I should be roasted. The jungle was quite impenetrable, and had been set on fire; the roar of the flames and the cracking of the timber seemed to approach very slowly, but dense volumes of smoke filled the air. A jackal was the first animal to appear; pig and deer followed; but, in reality, very little game left the jungle, and after some four hours' waiting, the heat overcame me, I fell asleep, and remained so until awoke by the Nawab coming to tell me it was no use our waiting any longer. The fact was, he had never before tried a *chasse* on so extensive a scale, and the shikarees had not carried out his orders properly. The jungle had been set on fire in three places; the heat of the flames was so tremendous the beaters could not advance in line, and several of them had got scorched. His Highness was excessively annoyed at the fiasco, being a tremendously keen sportsman, and having given himself great trouble to give me an extra good day's sport. We rode back on camels to the bungalow. The Nawab insisted on my riding his camel, and doing

driver himself, seated behind. He wore a capital shooting suit, in the same style as his ordinary dress, made of a sort of grey canvas stuff; turban to match, with a splendid emerald necklace. The convulsions of a camel rising are much the same as an elephant's; but I did not find the motion at all unpleasant, even at a trot. After a bit I took the reins myself, and, to the Nawab's intense amusement at my objurgations in Hindustani, managed to drive the animal successfully; we found a late tiffin at the bungalow, and His Highness drove me home by 6.30 p.m. His reserve had begun to thaw, and although naturally he is wonderfully silent, when alone together we conversed pretty freely; when others were present, he hardly opened his mouth.

The shops of Bahawulpore had produced their treasures, and he was so liberal in his presents that I could not accept all he offered. During dinner the conversation turned on dress, and he insisted on giving me specimens of his own clothes, and some corsages, or rather what answers to those articles, as worn by his ladies. We played billiards in the evening, but he seemed very tired after our day's work, and I begged him to go home to his harem, and not wait for my departure. My train did not leave till 2.15 a.m.; there is only one train each way daily, and the south-going train is not conveniently timed at Bahawulpore. I had arranged to start at 11 p.m. I could get to sleep in my railway carriage, which had been kept here for me, and was unwilling to keep up half the night the people who were assembled to see me off. The Prime Minister, called the Wuzeer, several other native swells, and Doran accompanied me to the station, and, having filled the carriage with flowers and fruit, champagne, ice, etc., left me to my slumbers.

March 26th.—Travelled through a very desert country, in some places white with salt, with a few bushes scattered over the sandy plains; very hot, very dusty; swarms of flies; a pretty strong breeze in the morning, which produced occasional sandstorms. The railway is undergoing considerable repairs, and we frequently made a diversion from the real line, through which

water channels are being cut and bridged. The Indus overflows its banks to very great distances and, like other Indian rivers, adopts new channels. I imagine the existence of the railway line at certain seasons is very precarious. I arrived at Rohri on the banks of the Indus at 5 p.m., crossed the river which flows with a very strong current here through a gorge in the low hills, and went on board the steam-yacht of Mr. F. Melvill, the Commissioner of Scinde, who remains at Sukkur to superintend the organisation of the transport for the Candahar columns. Mr. Hart Davis, the Deputy Commissioner, is also living on board. The yacht is lying alongside the right bank of the Indus, off Sukkur. An island called Bukkur stands in the middle of the stream, with a picturesque mosque on its bank, inhabited by a celebrated fakir. This island formerly contained a prison. It is intended to construct a railway bridge across the river, at the island; at present, the traffic is carried over by steamers. The yacht is rather like an American river steamer, and draws very little water—the cabins are all on deck.

Sukkur is the base of the columns which have advanced to Candahar. The management of the transport and supplies has been a work of great difficulty, and the extraordinary energy of Sir Richard Temple, Governor of Bombay, has been nowhere more effectively displayed than in the organisation of the system at present at work in this district. He came up himself from Bombay and rode far up the line of the advance of our troops, establishing order where all had previously been in a state of chaos. It is generally allowed to have been a great mistake that he was not entrusted with the management in the first instance. The route lies *viâ* Shikarpore and Jacobabad to Dadur, at the foot of the hills 150 miles across a desert plain. The camels, by which the transport is effected across the plain, are not suitable for the work across the mountains. The poor brutes after very hard work are driven out to graze where no grass is to be found, and they have consequently died in thousands, from over-work and starvation. One of the divisions no sooner reached Candahar than it received

orders to return; and I met officers here, who had undergone the march up and down, having spent only ten days at Candahar. A new order has just been received to send up a vast amount of extra supplies; they have now five months' provisions at the front, so it looks as if a further advance were intended. I do not gather that the troops have undergone much hardship, except that there was occasionally a scarcity of water; but the native camp-followers have suffered terribly. The poor fellows were sent up without a supply of warm clothing, and succumbed in great numbers to the cold.

The population at Sukkur consists principally of Scindees and Beloochees (Mahommedans); the few Hindoos are mostly bunyahs; the natives wear more clothing than in most parts of India; very baggy trousers, and extraordinary hats, in shape like our own tall hats reversed, with a broad brim round the flat top, and painted in broad stripes, generally black and pink. Colonel Hogg, whom I met at Poonah, is here in charge of the transport.

March 27th.—Took an early walk with Mr. Melvill to see the depôts and stores, which are partly empty now, as the new supplies just called for are not yet come in. I pity the 3rd Native Infantry in camp; the hot weather is coming on fast, and this is one of the hottest places in India. Their tents are very thin, and their encampment is situated in the burning sand with no relief from the scorching sun and dust. Returning to the river we saw six elephants swim across the Indus; they did not much appreciate the plunge, and the mahouts had no little trouble to get them in. It is quite deep a few feet from the shore; they suddenly plunged out of their depth, and at times no part of them was visible above the water except the end of their trunk. We watched them get safely across to the island on the other side; the tremendous current carried them down a long way. The heat all day on board the yacht was such, that I was very glad to remain quiet; the myriads of flies were very trying. At 8 p.m. I left by train for Kokri. Lieut. Vyse, R.A., who has just returned from Candahar, and is going down to Kurrachee to

get his kit before making another start to join the battery to which he has been transferred in the Khyber, travelled with me. I had a very comfortable carriage, and managed to keep out the flies, but could not get the thermometer below 90°.

March 28th.—Colonel McLeod, Commissary of Ordnance with the Candahar column, joined us at breakfast. The train reached Kokri at 1 p.m., punctual to its time, which was apparently an almost unprecedented occurrence. The Indus, which is very broad here, is crossed in a ferry steamer. At the landing-place were Colonel Dunsterville's (the Collector of Hyderabad) carriages. A four-miles drive, along a very good road and shady avenues, brought me to his house. I am lodged in capital tents, for the enjoyment of which, however, the weather is becoming indeed hot. During the day the houses are already hermetically closed to keep out the hot air, but the nights are pleasant.

In the evening I drove with Colonel Dunsterville to see the tombs of the Kalhora Ameers. These are only 100 years old, but are in a very crumbling state: the coloured tiles tumbling out, and roofs very shaky. The mausoleums are square buildings, with domes, and the tombs inside, of white marble, are beautifully carved. We then visited the mausoleums of the Talpur Ameers, where the family are still buried; and the fort, surrounded by high walls of brick and mud, with battlements and towers; it formerly contained a considerable arsenal, and is now occupied by a Company of the 66th, and a Native Infantry Regiment. The residences of the former Ameers are insignificant buildings; from the tower there is a fine view of the city, with its 40,000 inhabitants (nearly all Scindee Mahommedans), which stands on a plateau elevated above the surrounding valley of the Indus. There are trees all round the city, and cultivation extends as far as the irrigation; beyond, nothing but a waste desert, bounded by the frontier mountains of Beloochistan. The streets of the city are poor, with little shops under arches.

March 29th.—A very hot morning; we drove at 6 a.m. to the river, and saw the new waterworks, which are only partly com-

pleted, for the supply of the cantonments and city. The water is pumped from the Indus into two tanks. It takes four days to filter the water, the deposit of mud in that time being an inch thick. The fishermen are a curious race, live in huts made of reeds on the banks of the river, and are associated in guilds. They float down the river on earthernware jars, paddling with their feet, like the sernai-wallahs in the Ganges, their nets being attached to long poles.

We drove back to the gaol, which is rather crowded with 980 prisoners, and looks as gloomy and bare as an English prison; in India trees and gardens are generally cultivated within the prison walls; the punishments much the same as usual. The water supply is very limited; indeed, at present there seems to be very little water for the prisoners to wash in. A daily bath is usual throughout India, but the Scindees seem to be unlike their fellow countrymen in this respect; however, the new works will shortly supply the prison with the requisite quantity of water. The prisoners receive from 1 lb. 8 oz. to 1 lb. 3 oz. of food per diem, besides 'doll' (a kind of porridge) and vegetables; meat twice a week, when the sentence exceeds three months. There are many boy-prisoners; the warders are prisoners, but receive no pay; the Scindees are very orderly; cases of flogging are very rare.

We drove on to the lacquer workshops; the lacquer is a gum which exudes from holes bored by insects in the bear-tree; the workmen use their hands and feet equally; their turning tools are very curious. I watched the whole operation of making a box; the wood is fixed to a stationary spike, and then turned with a bow; the first layer of lacquer is yellow, and the surface is made rough, so as to receive the various colours which are subsequently put on. Played lawn-tennis in the evening, and visited the club and library.

March 30th.—Drove, with Colonel D., to pay a visit to Mir Hassan Ali Khan, son of Mir Nasir Khan, one of the Ameers who were dethroned and exiled to Calcutta, in 1843. He is the representative of the Shadadana branch of the Talpur Ameers,

defeated at the battles of Meeanee and Dubba by Sir C. Napier. On our way down we pass by the site of the Residency where Outram was attacked by the Beloochee troops. The Ameer's palace stands in a luxuriant garden on the banks of the Indus, a mass of roses and flowers of all kinds; the house, like those of most native princes, a series of rooms without a corridor; the carpets and silks are very pretty; one room a mass of mirrors, another full of clocks; very comfortable chairs and rocking-couches. The Ameer is a most civil old fellow, and very keen sportsman; his hair is dyed, and he wore a sort of yellow tartan jacket, very loose, red and white striped silk trousers, with his shirt outside. His harem is another building in the gardens. At 12.30 p.m. I left Hyderabad, Colonel Dunsterville accompanying me to Kotri. For the first time I had a *contretemps* with the baksheesh. Having seized a favourable opportunity of giving, to the man I had taken for the Khansamah, a sum of money for distribution amongst the servants, I returned to the drawing-room, when presently the man came in and presented the money to my host, saying that as a Government servant he could not accept baksheesh. The proceeding was so unusual that I was rather taken aback, but thought it best to pretend I had given it to him to get me change. My train left at 2 p.m. on a broader gauge than the Indus valley line, traversed a flat desert with the mountains of Beloochistan within sight, and reached Kurrachee at 7 p.m., where I was met by Colonel Lambert, the Collector and First Magistrate. His establishment is broken up, as his service is nearly over and he is going home; so, lodging at his bungalow, we had our meals at the Scinde (or Sindh, as it is now spelt) Club close by. The climate here is a very pleasant change to that up country; there is a damp, cool sea breeze instead of the hot winds of the Indus valley.

CHAPTER XI.

KURRACHEE—VOYAGE TO BOMBAY—BARODA—AHMEDABAD.

March 31st.—The British India steamer for Bombay to-day is a small one, and calls at four ports, taking a day longer than the direct steamer on Friday, so I settle to enjoy a few days rest at Kurrachee. Colonel Lambert takes me a drive through the city, during which the back of the carriage comes in collision with the roof of one of the shops; but, luckily, the carriage is the stronger of the two, and part of the roof is carried away! A busy, very dirty, dusty town, with myriads of flies and very nasty smells. At the gaol we found 500 prisoners, at very easy labour. They must be a very docile lot, for hundreds of them sleep in the same open enclosure, or under covered sheds, without any chains beyond the ordinary fetters. There were two murderers awaiting their sentences; one a religious fanatic, who had probably been hired to kill a man of another sect, which he accomplished openly in the street; the other had killed a woman from motives of jealousy. I found a man sentenced to life imprisonment for repeated acts of theft. In the evening we drove about three miles to Clifton, the sea-side residence of the *élite* of Kurrachee, where my friend, the Nawab of Bahawulpore, has a house, which he had offered to lend me. The shore is very sandy and flat; the breeze goes down in the evening, and it was very hot. There is a very curious cave in the sand, alive with pigeons, and inhabited by a Hindoo fakir, a dirty, naked old fellow. Capital dinner at the club, and whist in the evening.

April 1st.—Major Grant, the Judicial Commissioner, took me to the law courts. A civil appeal was brought before him, and the city magistrate was engaged in hearing an opium case. I

should be sorry to sit all day in court in that temperature. The breeze, however, at Kurrachee, is so strong that punkahs are rarely used. Drove again to Clifton in the evening, and dined with General and Mrs. Howard-Vyse.

April 2nd.—At 7 a.m., drove with Colonel Lambert down the Napier Mole to the harbour, about five miles. The mole was commenced by Sir C. Napier, and crosses a lagoon to the deep water. Captain Parker, Harbour Superintendent, met us with his steam-launch at the landing-place, and we steamed out and rounded the head of the mole on the opposite side of the harbour, which has been constructed, under his superintendence, 1500 feet beyond the lighthouse rock into the sea, to protect the entrance to the harbour from the south-west monsoon. On our return we went alongside a barge with Afghan divers at work, dredging the harbour —very fine men; their wages 30 rupees a month. A 2lb. blast was let off under water, which gave our boat a good shake. We landed at Manora, on the western side of the harbour, and went up a tramway in a car pushed by natives, to the bungalow of Captain Price, the civil-engineer in charge of the harbour works, who explained the maps and plans in connection with them. Went to look at the new four-gun battery recently erected in anticipation of war; the guns cannot, unfortunately, be fired without the probability of their destroying the lighthouse close by and knocking down the cliff, on the edge of which they have been placed, and which is continually yielding to the influence of the sea. We went up into the lighthouse; the light revolves in 16 minutes, with a flash every two minutes, and is seen for 20 miles. We breakfasted with Captain and Mrs. Price, in a charming bungalow overlooking the sea.

Returned to Kurrachee at 12, when Colonel Lambert took me over his kutcherry (government offices). I was rather amused at the natives, who are so proud of any distinction in their dress that they retain the tickets on their government clothing, or any number or mark there may be on it, and display it at every opportunity. It is curious to see the

masses of records kept at these government offices. We drove again to Clifton, in the evening.

With respect to the security-prisoners, I find that there is a great difference between the way justice is administered in Scinde and the system I found in vogue in the Punjab. Instead of the reputed law-breakers being condemned by the Deputy-Commissioner, without a chance of appeal, these cases are settled in Scinde by the magistrates of lower grade, many of whom are natives, subject to appeal to the Collectors. The cases are very rare in Scinde ; I only found two at Hydrabad and three at Kurrachee.

April 3rd.—At 5 a.m., I started with Mr. Mackenzie, Deputy Collector, and drove ten miles across country, in unicorn fashion, to Mugger Pir, a kind of oasis in the hills, where there is a sacred tank in which some thirty alligators are shut up. They used to roam about the country, but have been enclosed for security, as they occasionally attacked people. It is a hideous sight to see these huge monsters crowded in and around a small tank of filthy stinking water; the place is inhabited by Mussulman saints and Hindoo fakirs, who seem to live together harmoniously. A goat was killed, thrown into the tank, and soon devoured by the monsters, who readily awoke from their torpor at the sight of such a meal. There are hot springs and bathing-places; and in a smaller tank near, we found a huge alligator, who got very furious, opened his huge jaws, and lashed his tail about—one blow of which would break every bone in one's body. While we were breakfasting, some shikaree privates of the 66th turned up from shooting in a neighbouring swamp, but they had had no sport. Tommy Atkins thoroughly enjoys his sporting expedition in India. I have often met soldiers going out two or three together for a shikaar. They get leave to stay out two or three days, and tell me the natives are invariably extremely civil; they generally have a native or two to wait upon them.

There are some cocoa-nut palms and other trees around the Mugger Pir but in the plains the only plants are a few milk-

bushes and cactus shrubs. The wind is so strong and prevalent in Kurrachee, that it is necessary to have shelter for the lawn-tennis and badminton courts.

Colonel Lambert invited some of the *élite* to a dinner at the club. Having been elected an honorary member of the club, I naturally ordered my bill for my few days' expenses; it was, however, impossible to get it; nothing would induce Colonel Lambert to allow it to be brought to me. My whist account was pretty well balanced, but he insisted that my winnings exactly covered my expenses. It is hopeless to attempt to pay for anything of this kind in India.

April 4th.—Went to see General Masters' collection of skins and heads, and Major Swinhoe's collection of butterflies and moths. The manner in which the latter takes the impressions of the butterflies on gum, and then washes the gum off the paper, is very curious. Left Kurrachee at 2 p.m., and drove to the port. Captain Parker's steam-launch took me on board the "Abyssinia," B. I. S., 1100 tons, and we started at 4 p.m., in a strong west breeze, with rather a swell on the sea, for Bombay. Mrs. Dick-Cuningham and two officers are the only first-class passengers, but there are a good many natives forward.

April 5th.—We had done 160 miles by noon; a very hot day, the sea smooth, no land in sight. The "Abyssinia" does her best to roll; these steamers ply between Bussorah, in the Persian gulf, and Bombay. There is a tame antelope on board, with the most extraordinary digestion; he will eat anything offered to him, except what a man may have held to his lips, and whether he sees a man do it or not, nothing will induce him in that case to touch it. He drinks off a glass of brandy or champagne with avidity, and does not seem to get a bit tight in either case.

April 6th.—201 miles at noon since yesterday, sea smooth, breeze aft, and very hot; sleep on deck, with plenty of rats running about.

April 7th.—Anchor in Bombay Harbour at 4.15 a.m.; 300 miles in 60 hours from Kurrachee, and find a steam-launch and

dock-yard boats waiting to land me at the Apollo Bunder. Reach Government House, Malabar Hill, after five miles drive. The Governor of Bombay, Sir Richard Temple, resides here when at Bombay, in preference to Parell Government House, and no wonder. The situation is delightful, at the end of the rocky promontory of Malabar Hill, with sea on three sides, and open to every sea-breeze. The principal building contains a large reception and dining-room, with an ante-room between them, and broad verandahs all round; there are several bungalows in the adjoining garden for the Governor and his staff. The view over the bay towards the city, with mountains in the background, is magnificent. Reading and answering letters occupied a great part of the day.

In the afternoon we went to the city and listened to the band on the esplanade, and after dinner drove up to some new gardens, which have recently been laid out, at the top of Malabar Hill, where the Governer's band played delightful music.

Bombay is certainly very unlike any other city in India, and appears *facile princeps* in respect of trade, wealth and prosperity. It is surrounded by water, and abounds in palms and verdure. There are fine boulevards and open spaces, splendid Government buildings, somewhat placed as if they were specimens of various styles of architecture, from which a selection was about to be made, but still, very imposing. The native city has high picturesque houses and densely crowded thoroughfares; every variety of type amongst the natives, every colour and diversity in dress, from the naked coolie to the semi-European-attired Baboo. The whole place wears a prosperous business-like aspect. The railway stations on the Baroda line, which skirts the sea shore, are very pretty, like Swiss châlets.

April 8th.—At 6 a.m., drove with the Governor to the Apollo Bunder, and embarked with his three A.D.C.'s, Sir Frank Soutar, Commissioner of Police, and Captain Carew, Indian Navy, in a steam-launch. We steamed up the harbour and went across to see the working of the hydraulic dock, on Hog Island, which

I had visited when here in December. A steamer was to be docked, scuttled, and submerged, to kill the white ants with which it is infested. We saw the dock raise the vessel bodily out of water, while Arab divers fixed the blocks attached to the iron chains which kept her upright. This process naturally occupied some time. Sir Richard and I went down to the floating cradle and minutely examined the arrangements; we afterwards inspected the machinery, which I had also seen on my previous visit to Bombay.

We then re-embarked, and breakfast was served in the launch while we were crossing to Butcher Island, formerly the site of a Portuguese fort and marine depôt, now the station of the Torpedo School. We visited the quarters of the Royal Engineers and saw the Madras Sappers under instruction. There is a fine view of the magnificent harbour from the Fort, and the bay was pointed out where the merchant vessels could be safely anchored in case of war. As we returned, the Governor called my attention with great satisfaction to the marvellous masses of native shipping. It was really a splendid sight, these thousands of native boats engaged in the coasting trade, all moored side-by-side, as far as the eye could reach, and crowded with their naked crews, and gave some idea of the vast importance of Bombay. We landed at 12, and after some shopping in the town, I got home at 2 p.m. for tiffin.

At 5 p.m., started again with the Governor, in carriage and four, with an escort of the body-guard, to visit the public buildings; we were everywhere received and conducted about by the heads of departments. Amongst those we went over were the Secretariat, where are the Government offices, the Council-room, and a fine library; the University and Hall of Convocation, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott; the Public Works Office, the Law Courts, the Post Office, and Telegraph Office. The native merchants have contributed largely towards the public buildings. I heard an instance of one of them having given £40,000 for this object; he is now a poor broker.

The excellent private band played during dinner. The sea-breeze subsides in the evenings, which causes the nights and mornings to be very hot.

April 9th.—Major Rivett Carnac, Military Secretary, took me over the Governor's stables, containing many varieties of horses, Australian "whalers," Arabs, Belooches, Turcomans, Afghans, etc. I drove into Bombay, and decided to leave by the "Bokhara" on the 21st.

Favre, who had preceded me pretty much on the same route since we parted at Dehra, and who has parted company with Naville, already on his voyage to Europe, turns up from Matheran, where he had been to see the scenery of the Ghauts, and we drove down with the Governor at 5 p.m., and continued the round of the public buildings. We visited the high school, the central hall of which is very fine; the Gocondas hospital, the most gorgeous and luxurious, I imagine, in the world; it contains 120 patients, but is more like a palace than a hospital; it was founded by a wealthy native, who gave half the money, the Government adding the other half;—St. Xavier's Roman Catholic College, where we met the Archbishops of Bombay and Goa, a plain, but very extensive building, with 700 students;—the School of Art, where an exhibition of fine arts has just been held;—the European hospital, temporarily converted to this purpose from barracks, and well adapted for the purpose; it contains many sailors of different nations. There would not have been time to return to Malabar Hill, so the Governor had arranged we should dine in the council-room at the Secretariat; after which he took us to the Grant Road station, whence we (Favre and I) started at 9.35 p.m. for Baroda. The journey is horribly dusty, and the line crosses several very broad rivers on magnificent bridges, notably that over the Nerbudda.

April 10th.—We reached Baroda at 9 a.m., and were met by Mr. Melvill, whose brother recently met his death so heroically in Zululand; he is the Resident at the court of the Guicowar—Gaekwar is the more recent spelling,—we are very well lodged at

the Residency, the scene of the ex-Guicowar's murderous attempt on the former Resident, Colonel Phayre. The heat here is intense, and innumerable ants and insects abound in my room.

During the morning we took a drive in the greatest heat I have experienced, through the city, with its picturesque, but tumbledown houses, to the Moti Bagh, the Guicowar's summer palace, containing quantities of little rooms, some of them underground, which are cooler; a gorgeous bed was pointed out, which was lent for the Prince of Wales, and which, to the dismay of the Resident, he learnt, at the eleventh hour, was numerously inhabited. His Royal Highness is said, luckily, not to have been devoured. Thence to Mahommedan and Hindoo temples, where vast numbers of the poor or idle are fed daily at the Guicowar's expense;—to the Native Military Hospital, airy and good; I only found four sick, and, on inquiring after the others, was told they had gone home to eat their dinners! —to the old Palace and Durbar Hall, which must have been very wretched in their best days. The troops on duty present a very indifferent appearance. The army consists of 8000 men, but only 3000 of these are drilled. The gold and silver guns, gold and silver carriages, are costly curiosities, and denote the marvellous whims of former Guicowars. By this time the heat fairly drove us home.

At 5 p.m. I paid my visit to the Guicowar, Maharajah Syaji Rao, Sena Khas Khel Shamsher Bahadur; he received us at the top of the stairs, and walked with me, hand-in-hand, into the room, where I found Her Highness the Maharanee Jamnabai Sahib, widow of Maharajah Khanda Rao, the predecessor of the Guicowar, who was recently deposed from his sovereignty during the Viceroyalty of Lord Northbrook. She was invited to select a member of the family as his successor, and her choice fell on the son of Kashi Rao, a member of a collateral branch of the reigning family, and who, the child of poor parents, running about probably naked in the village, became Guicowar of Baroda, one of the first princes in India, and the possessor

of millions of money. The Guicowar was dressed in white, with a very small turban, and wore a pearl and ruby necklace. He speaks English very well, and is a very pleasing boy of about 16, with excellent manners. The Maharanee, who adopted him as her son, is a very nice-looking woman, with fine eyes and a very pretty figure. She wore black embroidered muslin, thrown over her in graceful folds, and a great amount of jewellery; a ring in her nose, massive anklets on her bare feet. The purda (the veil which covers the faces of Hindoo ladies) was completely thrown back; her countenance and manners are most pleasing. Mr. Melvill interpreted during our conversation. A little daughter was also present, her only child, who, had she been a boy, would have succeeded to the sovereignty; a very pretty girl, decked out in splendid pearls. The jewels were brought in and displayed on the table; they are worth £2,000,000, and are magnificent; splendid tiaras and a wonderful necklace of pearls and diamonds. The visit was very interesting. The Maharanee, in spite of her enlightened ideas and leaning towards civilisation, hardly ever receives a European. She is the only Hindoo princess I have seen. The usual ceremonies are observed—garlands, attar and pan, etc., on our departure. The Guicowar is certainly most dignified and gentlemanlike, and has made a more favourable impression upon me than any Hindoo prince I have met.

We continued our drive to the works in progress for the construction of an enormous palace for His Highness, and also to the buildings for the new gaol. Amongst those who dined in the evening was Major Westmacott, belonging to one of the native regiments stationed here. He is to be one of the party I intended to join for sport from Ahmedabad, and has been a great shikaree—as he has to his cost lost the use of one arm from a contest with a panther. From what he tells me, I fear there is no chance of my being able to accept the arrangements which have been made for tiger shooting. The distance of the proposed sport from Ahmedabad is too great for the

time remaining at my disposal. I ought to have at least three weeks to make it worth while to join the expedition.

April 11th.—Good Friday. Church at 7 a.m.; punkahs going, and very hot notwithstanding. At 5.30 p.m. the Guicowar, with a suite of three gentlemen, returned my visit. I received him at the entrance to the bungalow, and conducted him hand-in-hand to the sofa, where he sat on my right. He leaves Baroda to-morrow morning for his summer residence near Surat. He studies with his tutor daily, from 11 till 5, and several other boys are educated with him. They say he is very studious; he speaks English, Mahrattee and Guzerattee fluently, and works at gymnastics and wrestling with one of the trained wrestlers; except during his studies, he is entirely under the influence of the Maharanee, and sleeps in the same room with her and the little daughter. Arrangements are going on to bring about his marriage with a Tanjore princess. His visit lasted about half-an-hour, and we went through the usual garland, attar, and pan ceremonies at his departure. We drove in the evening and paid a visit to Major Westmacott, 20th N. I., and saw his collection of skins, heads, and the Cutch-work cups he has won at races.

April 12th.—Started at 4 a.m., and drove with Favre, Major and Mrs. Nutt to the Guicowar's Makarpure Palace, about eight miles from Baroda, a sort of Chinese-looking building. There is a huge room on the first floor, with countless chandeliers, and very broad verandahs all round. A large party of the *élite* of Baroda was assembled, and we started, some riding, some in bullock carts, to the Preserves, three miles away, where black buck abound. Here I got into a bullock cart with the cheetah. It was rather droll, lying in the cart alongside the brute—he was hooded, but might have made himself very unpleasant if he had felt so inclined. The sport then commenced. We saw several big herds, but they were very wild, and there was no getting near them. The fact was, our party was much too large; and the ground being quite level, with very little covert,

the antelopes were very shy. At last we got a run, and the cheetah, springing from the cart, gave me an awful whack over the face with his tail. In the first run he only brought down a small doe, and the next time a buck; but after the proceeding has been once seen it is poor sport; the ground was very rough, the heat very great, and I soon had enough of it.

At 8.30 a.m. I suggested that the time had arrived when I might have a stalk; the party returned to the palace, and the cheetahs were sent home. I remained alone with a native shikaree, and began my stalk alongside him on a little pony, but as we could not communicate at the critical moment, that plan did not answer. I started off alone on foot, and having spotted a good buck, managed to move a herd forward, so as to be able to run and cut him off; he was one of the last of a lot; I shot him high in the back, as he gallopped by, ran up and stuck him with my knife. While the gralloching was going on I saw three good buck feeding, not more than 400 yards off, and stalking nearer, hit one of them high in the fore leg. He made away as hard as he could, but I saw him lie down in a thicket, a quarter of a mile off. I got near him and found I had only one round, so I signalled to a native to get me some ammunition. His coming up put the beast away and I had about an hour's run after him. He lay down several times and bounded off as often as I came up within shot; however, at last I knocked him over and had the satisfaction of joining the party at breakfast with two fine bucks; the first was being carried in on a charpoy by a woman and a boy! We had a remarkably hot drive home, by 1 p.m.

One is not used in India to walking and running about in the sun, and I had a good sleep till it was time to start for the Arena, which is famous throughout India for the barbaric splendour of the Oriental sports. The spectacle is unique of its kind, and of all the wonderful sights I have witnessed during my travels, nothing has impressed me more than this pageant, which the Guicowar had arranged for me. We arrived about 5 p.m.,

drove into the great amphitheatre, and took our places in a pavilion erected near one end of it. The crowds of people were enormous, many thousands in every variety of costume and colour. On a bank, immediately opposite, was a long line of elephants, gorgeously caparisoned; numbers of attendants in and around our pavilion, and the wrestlers and others connected with the sports paraded below. The Prime Minister sat next me, and seeing some vacant chairs in the front row, I asked him to beg some of the native swells to sit down. He did not take any notice, and when I asked him again, he amused me considerably, by saying, "I do not think their rank is high enough to sit near your Lordship." The sports commenced by the performances of two parrots, which went through acrobatic feats on a pole, turned head over heels, loaded and fired toy cannons, strung bows and shot arrows, etc. Then followed wrestling; the competitors very fine fellows; some of the contests lasted so long that the men had to be separated; after which, rhinoceros fights, during which the beasts had water spurted over them by their attendants; then elephant fights; two "must" elephants, who charged each other in grand style; one of them had his tusk shattered, and a great bit of it was brought up to me. The most curious spectacle was the manner in which they were separated; rockets were fired between them, and their hind legs were caught with iron bands, with spikes inside; these were then strapped together, and they were led away by a chain attached to the foreleg. Bullock fights followed; one of the bullocks, getting the worst of it, galloped off, treading down the bars at the entrance, and started off down the streets of the city. Then ram fights; and lastly, a man, with a lance, on horseback was pursued by an elephant. It looked a dangerous proceeding, but he managed his horse splendidly. There was a big tree and a tower in the arena, round which he dodged when pressed, and he cantered about, sometimes letting the elephant get as near him as possible consistent with safety.

By this time it was getting dark, so we intimated "bâs"

(enough). The behaviour of the crowds was marvellous; they evidently took immense interest in all that was going on, but were wonderfully quiet and orderly, and except for an occasional buzz of applause hardly a sound was to be heard. It may be thought that these performances are cruel; but in reality I do not believe they are; at all events they may be favorably compared in this respect with many of the English sports and pastimes, and the animals apparently enjoy the fun. The prime minister, Rajah Sir Madava Rao, K.C.S.I., is absent at Madras, but his deputy, Kazé Shahabudin, received us in the afternoon, and dined, amongst others, at the Residency in the evening.

March 13th.—Easter-day. Church at 7 a.m. and 6 p.m.; very hot. We accompanied Favre to the station in the afternoon; he returns to Bombay to embark for China and Japan, and intends going home *viâ* America. It is already so hot here, that one evening Mr. Melvill proposed that the house, which is always shut up during the day, should remain so until after dinner, it being cooler inside the house, even after dark, than outside. The air was so hot that after sunset I found it cooler sitting still in the verandah than meeting the air in an open carriage. We were shown to-day Colonel Phayre's rooms, and the manner in which it was attempted to poison him.

April 14th.—I had expressed a wish to see the wrestlers at home, so it was arranged that I should visit two of their establishments with a native assistant of the Political Agent. They go through their practice in a covered shed, with a deep layer of soft earth on the floor;—begin with gymnastics on a pole, then perform all kinds of acrobatic feats on the ground, and all the different intricacies of wrestling. Children go through the performance also. A kind of holy shrine is attached to their habitations, and religion is connected with their profession. They wear hardly a vestige of clothing, and are a very abstemious, severely-disciplined race. They complain that the

present Government does not give them nearly as good an allowance as that of the former Guicowars.

I found Mr. Melvill and Major Westmacott at the station to see me off; nothing could have exceeded the kind hospitality of Mr. Melvill; I left by train at 8.30 a.m., for Ahmedabad, arriving at 11.10 a.m. The civil authorities are all away, the collectors having gone off to superintend the relief of a famine, caused in the district by the havoc of locusts, and General Schneider, commanding the district, very kindly entertains me at his quarters, a tomb, which has been converted into a bungalow, in the so-called camp, about three miles from the city. A detachment of the 15th Regiment and a Native Infantry Regiment are all the troops stationed here. This is, on the whole, perhaps, my hottest time in India. "Thermantidotes," *i.e.* revolving machines with fans, which send air, cooled through wet grass, into the room, and punkahs are at work; the houses are shut up all day.

Drive at 5 p.m. into Ahmedabad, a very fine, large city, with a broad street running through it, and gardens at one end. Visit Hatho-Singh's magnificent Jain temple; the quadrangle contains a quantity of niches all round, with three Buddha-looking gods in each, one big and two little ones; a fine white marble building in the centre over the sacred shrine; also the magnificent mosque of Ahmed Shah; and the remains of the bridge which was washed away four years ago in a flood of the river. Wood carving, silver work, and ornamented shields are the *spécialités* of Ahmedabad.

The Jain religion is supposed to have had its origin either previously to or simultaneously with Buddhism, about 500 B.C., and bears somewhat the same relation to the Hindoo faith as the Wahabee to the Mahommedan. The reputed founder of the faith was Parsvanatha, who probably originated a religious schism from the Hindoo creed, in opposition to the sacerdotal influence of the Brahmins. They believe in a series of saints called Jinas, in the transmigration of souls,

and in the eventual extinction of the universe. Their habits are very strict; they do not acknowledge the rites of sacrifice, and on no account take life. They practice the confession of sins, and submit themselves to penances and fasting. Unlike Buddhists, they have never been a very numerous sect, and the few Jain worshippers now existing are principally to be found in the Bombay Presidency.

April 15th.—Took an early drive under the lofty walls of the city, and amongst the ruins of ancient buildings. Passing by pretty minarets, and the remains of the Dutch settlement (tombs, obelisks, and domes), five miles out, we arrived at Shah Alum's tomb and mosque; he died in 1475 A.D. The ornamentation of the sandstone, of which the buildings are constructed, is very beautiful. Then to the fine old Kankria tank, which is in process of restoration for the water supply of the city. There were quantities of curious birds about an island in the lake, and the breeze over the water was very refreshing. We returned to the city through the Astoria Gate; visited Rana Seepree's mosque and tomb, considered as a specimen of architecture unique;—the tomb of Ahmed Shah, a magnificent white marble sarcophagus;—the Jumma mosque, where Hindoo pillars support the Mahommedan arches, as at Ajmere;—the gaol, where a Parsee is superintendent.

There were 700 prisoners instead of the 350 for which there is proper accommodation. The building is an old one and has been converted into a prison; there is a circular edifice in the centre where the prisoners sleep. They are divided according to their length of sentences; those undergoing one year and under are kept together; those from one to five years; and those of five years and upwards. There is very little sickness or punishment; there were fifteen cases of flogging last year; there are no security-prisoners. Two meals are allowed a-day; the food is considered scarcely sufficient for those who have labour outside the prison. There were about sixty female prisoners. I found a most extraordinary case. I chanced to

ask the sentence of a prisoner, by name Vithal Narbheran; was told—and also read the documents in connection with the case,—that this man had been convicted on December 9th, 1878, of rioting, which led to homicide, and was sentenced to three years' rigorous imprisonment, by the native Acting Sessions Judge. He appealed, and the result of his appeal was, that the High Court of Bombay considered the judge had not given him a sufficiently severe sentence; and having done four months of his term, he learnt one morning that his sentence had been "enhanced" by the High Court of Bombay, on March 24th, 1879, from three to ten years. This mode of reducing the number of appeals ought assuredly to be successful!!

The amount of musquitoes at Ahmedabad is tremendous, and the heat of to-day gave me some idea of what the Europeans suffer who are compelled to remain in the plains during the hot season. I left at 1.40 p.m.; the trains on the line go pretty fast; the heat, dust, and noise were very disagreeable, and my comfort was not improved by getting a cinder in my eye, which I could not get rid of until it was extracted by the doctor at Government House.

CHAPTER XII.

BOMBAY—DEPARTURE—VOYAGE HOME.

April 16th.—Reached Bombay at 5 a.m., and thus concluded my travels in India. My rooms in the Governor's bungalow at Malabar Hill are delightful, and long and very interesting are the conversations we have in his spacious verandah on every variety of subject in connection with India. Sir Richard Temple is certainly the most energetic man, in mind and body combined, that I have ever met; he has held high offices in various provinces of India, and his wide experience and eminent abilities are generally admitted to be without equal throughout the Empire. His position here has given him every opportunity of studying and becoming thoroughly acquainted with the Central Asian question, Persian affairs, and the conflict of British and Russian interests; and he has the most agreeable manner of imparting his vast information.

At 5 p.m. I drove with the Governor to the Jamsetjee Jeejeeboy Hospital and Medical College, over which we were conducted by the principal, Dr. Cook; there are 700 patients, surgical and sick cases. We visited the library and museum where the effects of every variety of disease were depicted in wax models. We drove to the Botanical Gardens, and to the Esplanade, where crowds of many nations were assembled to listen to the excellent band of the 7th Fusileers. The "G. I. P." and "B. and B." Railway Volunteers dined at Government House, and His Excellency made a capital speech on the volunteer organisation, which, in the event of disturbances in India, would be of incalculable value.

April 17th.—At 10.30 a.m., drove with Rivett Carnac to the High Court, where Justice Bayley was trying a case of murder. The prisoner had, out of jealousy, stabbed his brother-in-law three times in a shop open to the street. It is very amusing

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to hear the native pleaders and the examination of native witnesses. The evidence was conclusive, and the prisoner was condemned to death.

At 5 p.m., Sir Frank Soutar drove with me through all the principal streets of Bombay. We walked about the bazaars and the Crawfurd Market, a splendid building, in the gardens of which all kinds of birds and monkeys were exhibited for sale. We had a look at the ourang-outang brought from Borneo, a savage beast, with huge head and hands; his strength is said to equal that of five men. We visited the Byculla Club on our way home.

Sir Richard Temple had arranged to hold a levee and reception, that I might meet all the native Sirdars and gentlemen. It began at 9 p.m. with those on the *entrée* list, including the secretaries of Government, and officers, etc., who were received separately. We then went across to the spacious verandah where His Excellency and I stood on a gold-embroidered carpet while hundreds passed by. The Governor pointed out, and, indeed, gave the history of many of the principal people—Persians, Parsees, Hindoos, Mussulmans, Brahmoos, and swells from Cattywar and the Deccan, etc. The levee lasted more than two hours, and the heat was very great. I had interesting conversations afterwards with several of the distinguished natives.

April 18th.—Lunched, at 2 p.m., with Mr. Manochjee Cursetjee, a Parsee gentleman, who has travelled several times in Europe, and was received with great honour at Southampton, on his first visit to England. He has been the first to break through the rigid customs of the natives, and to introduce ladies into society. His son, who was educated at Cambridge, was also present. They took me afterwards to the Alexandra Institution, for native young ladies. There are 50 on the books, 35 of whom were present—five Hindoos, the rest Parsees. Their work and drawings were exhibited. They recited English verse and prose, sang, played the pianoforte, etc., and, when I left, sang "God Save the Queen."

I joined the Governor at the Alfred (Sailors') Home, over which Captain Morland took us. It is a gorgeous building, and contains room for 150 sailors, officers and men. They pay a rupee and a half a day, or six annas for a meal, and it is very much frequented. We went on to the Elphinstone College, a branch of the University, where Mr. Wordsworth, the principal, received us. The students are principally Parsees; the fees amount to 12 rupees a month. Then to the Victoria Gardens.

Amongst the guests at dinner, in the evening, were some Parsee ladies and gentlemen. I had a long talk with the Governor afterwards on Parsee manners and customs and the education of natives, which he fears is devoted too exclusively to the study and cultivation of art, to the detriment of scientific attainments.

The Parsees originally came to India in the seventh century. They were expelled from Persia after the Mahommedan invasion, under the Caliph Omar, and settled on the western coast of India; they have ever since kept up their religion, worshipping God under the symbols of the sun and fire. Their prophet is Zoroaster, and their sacred book, the Zand-Avasta. They have never mixed with the natives. They now number under 100,000, and are principally of the mercantile class in Bombay.

In the countries I have passed through, the people speak a variety of languages. In Ceylon, Cingalese and Tamil. From Tuticorin, to about 100 miles north of Madras, Tamil is the language. In the Nizam's dominions, Telugu; in the southern part of the Bombay Presidency, Canarese; in the Deccan, and about Poonah, Mahrattee. From Bombay to Calcutta, Hindi, Hindostani, and Bengali. In the Himalayas, about Darjeeling, Nepaulese and Bhotanese. In the Punjab, the language of the Sikhs and other inhabitants is Punjabi; at Peshawur and in Afghanistan, Pushtoo. Scinde and Guzerat have each their own dialect, and several other languages are spoken in different parts of India. Hindostani is, however, the language of about half the population.

I have already been frequently asked, and have no doubt the question will often be repeated at home, with what I have been most struck during my travels? This is not easy to answer, but I can enumerate some of the scenes and incidents which have left the strongest impression:—The beauties of scenery and tropical vegetation in Ceylon; the gigantic temples of Madura and Seringhum; the magnificence and regal entertainment of Government House, Madras; and there, also, the wonderful surf during the cyclone; the Oriental Court and receptions at Hyderabad; Hindooism at Benares; the glorious Himalayas at Darjeeling; the cities of Lucknow, Jeypore, and Delhi; the Fort and the Taj at Agra, and the Mahommedan palaces at Futtehpore-Sikri; camp life and sport in the Dehra Doon; the fair at Hurdwar; Peshawur and the Khyber Pass; my visit to the Nawab of Bahawulpore; the Arena at Baroda; and Bombay, with its palatial buildings, wonderful native town, splendid situation, and the delightful hospitality of Sir Richard Temple.

April 19th.—Sir Frank Soutar took me for a long drive in the environs of Bombay, through vast woods of cocoanut palms, beyond Reach Kandy, to the gardens of a rich native, over the bridge connecting the island of Bombay with the mainland; by the works of the sewer-outfall, cotton mills, Parell and Dadur.

During the day I received visits from Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeeboy, and others. In the afternoon, while the Governor attended a meeting, I visited the Asiatic Library, in the Town Hall; we went on together to the Gymkhana, the afternoon resort of Bombay society, dressed at the Secretariat, and dined with Mr. Justice Bayley, at the Byculla Club. Admiral Corbett, Commander-in-Chief of the East India station, was of the party. In the evening we went to a Volunteer fête in the Victoria Gardens, which was wonderfully well managed in spite of the enormous crowd; any number of bands and fireworks; a most ridiculous Fine Art Exhibition, baby-show, and prize competition for the best riddles. The winner of the first prize gave: "Why is the Governor of Bombay like a cotton mill? Because he is always spinning

yarns," in allusion to his predilection for making speeches, which he will doubtless be able to gratify at some future time as M.P.

April 20th.—Took an early stroll round the sacred tank of Walkeshwar; went, with Rivett Carnac, to lunch with Mr. Justice Bayley. Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeeboy, his brother, and two Mahommedans, completed the party. Went to the Cathedral at 6 p.m.

April 21st.—My last day in India. I had arranged with Monetjee Goculdas to fetch me at 6 a.m., to visit his cotton mills, but it was half-past 7 before the Governor, who had been going over the Central Asian question for my edification from an early hour in the verandah, would allow us to start. I was shown all over the factory, where 1,500 people are employed, men, women, and children. In spite of the absence of factory laws, I think the people are very well cared for. They require tenfold the superintendence of European workpeople, and seem to take very good care they are not over-worked. I saw children at school, and some workmen who had been accidentally injured, now pensioned or kept on at light jobs. I heard a good deal about the iniquity of the reduction of the cotton-goods import-duty, considering the disadvantages against which the Indian merchants have to contend as regards the inferiority of the raw material and native labour, and about the serious loss which the revenue will incur; and I was told that the Indian trade would be ruined in order that the British Government might secure the Manchester vote.

I breakfasted with Frith, the A.D.C., at the Bombay club, finished my business and shopping, and returned to luncheon at Government House. At 3 p.m. drove off with the Governor in a carriage and four, with escort, etc.; took leave of him at the Byculla station, whence he started by special train for Tanna. I drove on, accompanied by Rivett-Carnac and Frith, to the Apollo Bunder, where the admiral's galley was waiting to take us on board the flagship "Euryalus"; several of my Bombay friends being at the Bunder to say good-bye.

Admiral Corbett regaled us with champagne, etc., and while we were on board, H.M.S "Ready" asked leave to part company for a cruize to the Persian gulf, not a pleasant station at this season. I made out young Alfred Paget on the forecastle. At 6 p.m. the galley took us on board the P. and O. "Bokhara," where Captain Orman was very civil, and shewed me the excellent cabin most obligingly reserved for me by Captain Kelloch, the agent for the Company. Sir Frank Soutar and others had come off to say good-bye, and I was glad to find Mr. Brandt, my host at Trichinopoly, Mr. Wordsworth, of the Elphinstone College, Major Currie, Commandant of the Governor's body-guard, and other Indian friends, on board as fellow-passengers.

Arakan and the chuprassies had brought my luggage off. I was really sorry to part with that most excellent fellow, whom I had the good luck to engage the morning after my arrival in Ceylon, who has served me throughout my journeys without a fault, and who under all circumstances and at all times has been a perfect servant.

At 7.30 p.m., on a dead calm very hot evening, I heard the first revolution of the screw, and realised that my visit to India was over. With the exception of two nights unavoidably spent at an hotel at Kursiong, on my way to and from Darjeeling, I have been uninterruptedly and everywhere entertained and have received the greatest kindness and hospitality ever since I landed in Ceylon, nowhere more so than at Bombay from the excellent host I am just leaving. With hardly an exception, every individual I have met with has done his best to make my stay as agreeable as possible; and this record of civility may be further extended to some, whose acquaintance I have not even had the pleasure of making, but who offered hospitality, or gave me valuable assistance and information. I am under great obligations to Sir Andrew Clarke for the comfort and facilities afforded me during the many thousand miles travelled by railway, and to Col. Baker, who rendered me great assistance

from Calcutta on several occasions. The climate has been charming. No accident nor *contretemps* of any kind, not even a day's illness, has occurred to affect my arrangements or mar my enjoyment, and good luck has attended me throughout my travels.

The voyage home was very calm and fine, the P. and O. "Bokhara" being a very comfortable ship, and Captain Orman, an excellent fellow, was good enough to give me the free run of his cabin. Many of the passengers were very agreeable companions. From Alexandria, the "Travancore" took us on to Venice, calling at Brindisi, where many passengers landed, as well as at Ancona. We found the Mediterranean very cold, the sea in the Adriatic rather rough, and the weather so thick at the northern end that we ran beyond Venice, but, luckily, sighted the outward-bound P. and O., and got back into the proper course. We landed on the afternoon of May 8th, and I arrived in England on Thursday, May 15th.

DISTANCES TRAVERSED.

October 15th, 1878.—May 15th, 1879.

Date.	Station.	Distance.
Oct. 15	Folkestone to Paris	190 miles.
„ 19	To Marseilles	540 „
„ 20, 21 (noon) ..	LAT. N. 42.06 LONG. E. (PARIS). 8.45	293 „
„ 22 „ ..	40.19 12.07	205 „
„ 23 „ ..	36.57 15.44	295 „
„ 24 „ ..	34.54 21.12	292 „
„ 25 „ ..	32.53 26.37	295 „
„ 26 „ ..	Port Said	185 „
„ 27	Suez Canal	38 „
„ 28 (10 a.m.) ..	Suez	52 „
„ 29 (noon) ..	LAT. N. 25.27 LONG. E. (PARIS). 33.02	315 „
„ 30 „	21.16 35.53	294 „
„ 31 „	17.00 38.17	294 „
Nov. 1	13.22 40.41	258 „
„ 2 (4 a.m.) ..	Aden	152 „
„ 3	„	
„ 4 (noon ..	12.32 43.58	80 „
„ 5 „	12.08 48.50	289 „
„ 6 „	11.05 53.58	317 „
„ 7 „	10.19 58.50	300 „
„ 8 „	9.16 63.37	296 „
„ 9 „	8.23 68.37	304 „
„ 10 „	7.18 73.28	300 „
„ 11	Colombo	240 „
„ 15	To Kandy	70 „

DISTANCES TRAVERSED—(*Continued.*)

Date.	Station.	Distance.
Nov. 17	To Logie Elphinstone	48 miles.
„ 19	„ Nuwara Elija	24 „
„ 21	„ Colombo	110 „
„ 25	„ Tuticorin	149 „
„ 27	„ Madura	101 „
„ 29	„ Trichinopoly	96 „
„ 30, Dec. 1 ..	„ Madras	332 „
Dec. 6, 7	„ Shahabad	423 „
„ 8	„ Hyderabad	122 „
„ 12, 13	„ Poona	372 „
„ 14	„ Bombay	120 „
„ 20, 21	„ Mhow	425 „
„ 22	„ Indore and back	26 „
„ 23	„ Khundwa	73 „
„ 24, 25	„ Allahabad	493 „
„ 27	„ Benares	101 „
„ 30, 31	„ Calcutta	471 „
Jan. 5	„ Barrackpore	16 „
„ 6, 7	„ Kursiong	318 „
„ 8	„ Darjeeling	18 „
„ 11	„ Kursiong	24 „
„ 12, 13	„ Calcutta	335 „
„ 20, 21	„ Bankipore (Patna)	338 „
„ 22, 23	„ Lucknow	392 „
„ 27	„ Cawnpore and Agra	203 „
Feb. 1	„ Futtehpore-Sikri	24 „

DISTANCES TRAVERSED—(*Continued.*)

Date.	Station.	Distance.
Feb. 2	To Bhurtpore	13 miles.
,, 3	,, Deeg	24 ,,
,, 4	,, Goverdhun and Muttra ..	23 ,,
,, 5	,, Bindrabun and Agra	53 ,,
,, 8	,, Jeypore	150 ,,
,, 13	,, Ajmere	83 ,,
,, 15	,, Ulwur	176 ,,
,, 16	,, Delhi	97 ,,
,, 23, 24	,, Dehra	157 ,,
,, 24	,, Mussoorie	15 ,,
,, 25	,, Dehra	15 ,,
,, 26	,, Khansaro	24 ,,
,, 27	,, Raiwallah	7 ,,
Mar. 3	,, Hurdwar	8 ,,
,, 4	,, Roorkee	20 ,,
,, 5, 6	,, Umritsur	235 ,,
,, 6	,, Lahore	32 ,,
,, 10, 11	,, Rawul-Pindi	171 ,,
,, 12	,, Peshawur	102 ,,
,, 14	,, Ali Musjid	20 ,,
,, 15	,, Peshawur	20 ,,
,, 17	,, Rawul-Pindi	102 ,,
,, 18, 19	,, Lahore	171 ,,
,, 21	,, Mooltan	208 ,,
,, 22, 23	,, Bahawulpore	62 ,,
,, 26	,, Sukkur	222 ,,

DISTANCES TRAVERSED—(*Continued.*)

Date.	Station.	Distance.
Mar. 27, 28	To Hydrabad (Scinde)	228 miles.
,, 30	,, Kurrachee	168 ,,
Apr. 4–7	,, Bombay	510 ,,
,, 9, 10	,, Baroda	255 ,,
,, 14	,, Ahmedabad	65 ,,
,, 15, 16	,, Bombay	312 ,,
,, 22 (noon) ..	LAT. N. LONG. E. (GREENWICH). 18.27 69.47	180 ,,
,, 23 ,, ..	17.34 65.09	270 ,,
,, 24 ,, ..	16.38 60.26	277 ,,
,, 25 ,, ..	15.30 56.08	259 ,,
,, 26 ,, ..	14.22 51.50	259 ,,
,, 17 ,, ..	13.11 47.18	274 ,,
,, 28 ,, ..	12.30 43.55 {to Aden 140, from Aden 68}	208 ,,
,, 29 ,, ..	16.08 41.14	275 ,,
,, 30 ,, ..	20.03 38.53	272 ,,
May 1 ,, ..	24.02 36.41	269 ,,
,, 2 ,, ..	27.40 33.54	268 ,,
,, 3 ,, ..	Suez	156 ,,
,, 4 ,, ..	To Alexandria	225 ,,
,, ,, ,, ..	At sea	20 ,,
,, 5 ,, ..	LAT. N. LONG. E. 33.51 25.13	268 ,,
,, 6 ,, ..	36.61 21.34	250 ,,
,, 7 ,, ..	40.18 18.29	260 ,,
,, ,, ,, ..	Brindisi	27 ,,
,, 8 ,, ..	At sea	168 ,,
,, ,, ,, ..	Ancona	120 ,,

DISTANCES TRAVERSED—(*Continued.*)

Date.	Station.	Distance.
May 9 (noon) ..	Venice	126 miles.
„ 12, 13 „ ..	To Paris	694 „
„ 15 „ ..	„ London	275 „

Total, by sea	10,279 miles.
„ land	10,217 „
Total	20,496 miles.

LIST OF MY HOSTS IN CEYLON AND INDIA.

Colombo ..	.. Lt.-General Street ..	.. Commanding Troops.
Kandy ..	.. The Honble. J. Douglas	.. Colonial Secretary and Lt.-Governor.
Dimbula ..	.. Mr. Graham Elphinstone ..	Coffee Planter.
Nuwara Eliya	.. The Club	

Tuticorin ..	.. Mr. Allen	.. Merchant.
Madura ..	.. Mr. Martin	.. Collector and Magistrate.
Trichinopoly	.. Mr. Brandt	.. Judge.
Madras ..	.. The Duke of Buckingham, G.C.S.I.	Governor of Madras.
Shahabad ..	.. The Nizam	
Hyderabad	.. Sir Richard Meade, K.C.S.I.	Resident.
Poonah ..	.. Lt.-Col. W. Hicks ..	.. Asst. Adj.-General, Bombay Army.
Bombay ..	.. General Warre, C.B.	.. Commander-in-Chief, Bombay Army.
Mhow ..	.. Colonel Blundell ..	.. Commanding 3rd Hussars.
Indore ..	.. Sukharan Martand	.. Brahmin.
Khundwa ..	.. Mr. Fisher	.. Deputy Commissioner
Allahabad	.. Sir George Couper, Bart., K.C.S.I.	Lt.-Governor of the N.W. Provinces and Oude.
Benares ..	.. Mr. Brodhurst ..	.. Judge.
Calcutta and Barrackpore	Lord Lytton, G.M.S.I., G.C.B.	Viceroy of India.
Darjeeling	.. Mr. Abbott	.. Assistant Commissioner.
Calcutta ..	.. The Hon. Sir Ashley Eden, K.C.S.I.	.. Lt.-Governor of Bengal.
Bankipore	.. Mr. Halliday ..	.. Commissioner of Patna.
Lucknow ..	.. Colonel Reid ..	.. Commissioner of Oude.
Cawnpore ..	.. Mr. Prinsep	.. Judge.
Agra ..	.. Major-General Trevor	.. Commanding the District.
Bhurtpore and Deeg	The Maharajah of Bhurtpore	
Muttra ..	.. Mr. Keane	.. Judge.
Jeypore ..	.. Colonel Beynon ..	.. Resident.

Ajmere ..	.. Captain Lock ..	.. Principal of the Mayo College.
Ulwur ..	.. Major Law	.. Resident.
Delhi ..	.. Mr. G. Smyth ..	.. Deputy Commissioner.
Dehra, Mussoorie, and in Camp.	Mr. Hercules Ross ..	.. Superintendent of the Dehra Doon.
Hurdwar and Roorkee.	Captain Tickell, R.E.	.. In charge of the Ganges Canal Works.
Lahore ..	.. The Hon. R. Egerton, C.S.I.	Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab.
Rawul Pindi	.. Mr. Wilkinson ..	.. Deputy Commissioner.
Peshawur ..	.. Mr. Donald Macnabb	.. Commissioner.
Ali Musjid	.. H.M. 51st Regiment.	
Mooltan ..	.. Mr. Corderey ..	.. Commissioner.
Bahawulpore	.. The Nawab.	
Sukkur ..	.. Mr. F. D. Melvill ..	.. Commissioner of Scinde.
Hydrabad ..	.. Colonel Dunsterville	.. Collector.
Kurrachee	.. Colonel Lambert ..	.. Collector.
Baroda ..	.. Mr. P. S. Melvill, C.S.I.	.. Resident.
Ahmedabad	.. Major-Gen. Schneider, C.B.	Commanding the District.
Bombay ..	.. H. E. Sir Richard Temple, Bart., G.C.S.I.	Governor of Bombay.

DELHI MEMORIAL.

The base of the Monument has seven tablets with the following inscriptions :—

I.

In Memory of
The OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS, BRITISH AND NATIVE,
Of the DELHI FORCE,
Who were killed in action or died of wounds and disease, between the 20th May and 20th September, 1857.

This Monument has been erected by the Comrades, who lament their loss, and by the Government they served so well.

Br.-Genl. J. Nicholson, Commanding 4th Infantry Brigade.
Col. Chester, Adjt.-Genl. of Army.
Capt. C. W. Russell, 54, N. I. Orderly Officer.
Capt. J. W. Delamar, 56th N. I. Orderly Officer.

II.

List of Regiments present at the Siege of Delhi, between May 30th and September 20th, 1857.

Head Quarters, 1st Brigade Horse Artillery.
1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, Troops Horse Artillery.
Head Quarters, 3rd Brigade Horse Artillery.
2nd and 3rd Troops Horse Artillery.
3rd Company, 1st Battalion Foot Artillery.
3rd Company, 3rd Battalion Foot Artillery.
1st, 2nd, 4th Company, 4th Battalion Foot Artillery.
Head Quarters, 6th Battalion Foot Artillery.
4th Company, 6th Battalion Foot Artillery.
1st, 2nd, 3rd Companies Sikh Artillery.

Detachments Artillery Recruits.
Engineers.
6th Dragoon Guards.
9th Lancers.
4th Irregular Cavalry.
1st Punjab Cavalry.
2nd Punjab Cavalry.
5th Punjab Cavalry.
Hodgson's Horse.
H.M. 8th Foot.
H.M. 52nd Light Infantry.
H.M. 60th Rifles.
H.M. 61st Foot.
H.M. 75th Foot.
1st Bengal Fusiliers.
2nd Bengal Fusileers.
Sirmoor Battalion.
Kumaon Battalion.
Guide Corps.
4th Sikh Infantry.
1st Punjab Infantry.
2nd Punjab Infantry.
4th Punjab Infantry.
Belooch Battalion.
Pioneers unarmed.

Capt. R. C. Fagan, Artillery.
Lieut. E. H. Hildebrand, Artillery.
,, H. C. Perkins, ,,
,, T. E. Dickens, ,,
Lieut. F. E. Tandy, Engineers
,, P. Salkeld, ,,
,, E. Jones, ,,
Capt. T. M. Greenhill, H. M. 24th Foot, Assistant Field Engineer.

III.

List of Actions fought at or near Delhi, with Delhi Field Force, from 30th May to 20th September, 1857 :—

Battle of Hindun	May 30
,, Chazroodernugur	,, 31
,, Badler Serai	June 8
Affair at Hindoo Rao's	,, 9
,, ,, ...	,, 10
,, ,, ...	,, 11
Attack on Flag Staff Tower and Subzee Mundi	,, 12
,, Metcalfe Picquet..	,, 13
,, Kissengunje	,, 17
,, British Camp	,, 19-20

Attack on Subzee Mundi	June 23
,, ,, ...	,, 27
,, ,, ...	,, 30
,, Alipore	July 4
,, British Camp	,, 9
Action of the Subzee Mundi	14 & 18
Affair of Trevelyan Gunje	,, 20
Action of Metcalfe House	,, 23
Action of Kissengunje	Aug. 1
,, Koodsea Bagh	,, 12
,, Battle of Nufurghbah	,, 25

The Siege.

No. 1 Battery made and armed	Sept. 7
,, 2 Breaching Battery made and armed	,, 8, 9
,, 3 ,, ,, ...	,, 10, 11
,, 4 Mortar Battery ,, ...	,, ,,
,, 5 ,, ,, ...	,, ,,
Breaching Bombardment	,, 11—13
STORMING OF DELHI	,, 14
Capture of Magazine	,, 16
,, Palace	,, 19
City finally vacated by the enemy	,, 20

Assist.-Surgeon S. Moore, 6th Dragoon Guards.

Lieut.-Col. R. A. Yule, 9th Lancers.

Lieuts. W. W. Pogson and W. R. Webb, H.M. 8th King's Regiment.

Lieut. W. H. Mountstern, H.M. 8th King's Regiment.

Lieut. J. H. Bradshaw, H.M. 52nd Light Infantry.

Capt. F. Andrews and Ensign W. H. Napier, H.M. 60th Rifles.

IV. and V.

Return of Casualties, Delhi Field Force, from May 20th to September 20th, 1857:—

CORPS.	Effective strength of all ranks on September 11.	Killed.				Wounded.				Missing.		Total. — Officers and Men.
		Officers.		N.C. Officers and Soldiers.		Officers.		N.C. Officers and Soldiers.				
		Europeans.	Natives.	Europeans.	Natives.	Europeans.	Natives.	Europeans.	Natives.	Europeans.	Natives.	
Staff	..	4	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	13
Artillery . . .	1,350	4	1	43	26	23	1	216	49	..	2	365
Engineers . . .	722	3	2	4	34	19	1	6	60	..	9	138
6th Dragoon Guards .	123	1	..	18	..	2	..	9	..	..	..	30
9th Lancers . . .	391	1	..	26	..	2	..	64	..	..	..	93
4th Irregular Cavalry	78	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	3
1st Punjab Cavalry .	147	..	..	..	1	1	..	..	5	..	..	7
2nd Punjab Cavalry .	114	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	3
5th Punjab Cavalry .	107	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	3	..	..	4
Hodson's Horse . .	462	..	..	..	..	1	5	..	5	..	..	11
H.M. 8th Foot . .	322	3	..	41	..	7	..	129	..	..	..	180
H.M. 52nd L.I. . .	302	1	..	18	..	4	..	73	..	5	..	101
H.M. 60th Rifles . .	390	4	..	109	..	10	..	266	..	..	..	389
H.M. 61st Foot . .	402	2	..	30	..	7	..	112	..	5	..	156
H.M. 75th Foot . .	459	5	..	79	..	14	..	184	..	3	..	285
1st Bengal Fusiliers .	427	3	..	95	..	11	..	210	..	..	..	319
2nd Bengal Fusiliers .	370	4	..	79	..	6	..	156	..	..	..	245
Sirmoor Battalion .	212	1	..	..	85	6	8	..	219	..	..	319
Kumaon Battalion .	312	1	..	..	20	2	3	..	33	..	5	64
Guide Corps . .	585	2	5	..	65	6	10	..	215	..	..	303
4th Sikh Infantry .	414	1	2	..	43	3	7	..	106	..	..	162
1st Punjab Infantry .	664	3	3	..	71	5	5	..	141	..	..	228
2nd Punjab Infantry .	650	1	1	..	41	2	4	..	103	..	..	152
4th Punjab Infantry .	541	1	..	..	9	..	2	..	59	..	..	71
Belooch Battalion .	322	1	..	..	7	..	1	..	48	..	1	58
Pioneers unarmed .	..	..	..	1	24	..	1	1	128	..	..	155
Total . . .	9,866	46	14	543	426	140	49	1,426	1,180	13	17	3,854

Lieut. N. A. Humphreys 20th N.I. attached to 60th Rifles.
Ens. E. L. Phillips, 11th N.I.
Lieut. J. Cubbitt and Ens. S. B. Elkington, H.M. 61st Regiment.
Capt. E. W. J. Knox, H.M. 75th Regiment.
Lieuts. T. R. S. Fitzgerald, A. Harrison, R. Briscoe, H.M. 75th Regiment.

	Officers.		N.C. Officers and Soldiers.	
	British.	Native.	British.	Native.
Killed	46	14	543	426
Wounded	140	49	1,426	1,180
Missing	—	—	13	17
Total	186	63	1,982	1,623

Lieut. W. Crozier, H.M. 75th Regiment.
Major G. O. Jacob, 1st Bengal Fusiliers.
Capt. G. G. McBarnett, 55th N. I. attached to 1st Fusiliers.
Lieut. E. Speke, 65th N. I., attached to 1st Bengal Fusiliers.
Lieut. S. H. Jackson and 2nd Lieut. D. E. Sherriff, 2nd Bengal Fusiliers.
Lieut. C. Gambier 38th, N. I. attached to 2nd Bengal Fusiliers.

VI.

Inscription on No 1. in Hindustani :—

Ens. O. C. Walker 45th N. I., attached to 2nd Bengal Fusiliers.
Ens. E. C. Wheatley, 54th N. I., attached to Sirmoor Battalion.
Lieut. J. H. Brown, 33rd N. I., attached to Kumaon Battalion.
Lieut. J. Yorke, 3rd N. I., ttached to 4st Sikh Infantry,
Capt. D. G. Law, 10th N. I., attached to 1st Punjab Infantry.
Lieut. E. J. Travers, 2nd in command, 1st Punjab Infantry.

VII.

Inscription on No. 1 in Hindi :—

Lieut. W. H. Lumsden, Adjutant, 1st Punjab Infantry.

Ens. J. S. Davison, 26th N.I. attached to 2nd Punjab Infantry.

Lieut. R. P. Homfray, 4th Punjab Infantry.

Ens. Q. Battye, Commandant of Cavalry Guide Corps.

Ens. A. W. Murray, 42nd N. I. attached to Guide Corps.

Ens. C. B. Bannerman, Belooch Battalion.

THE END.

W. S. JOHNSON, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross, W.C.